

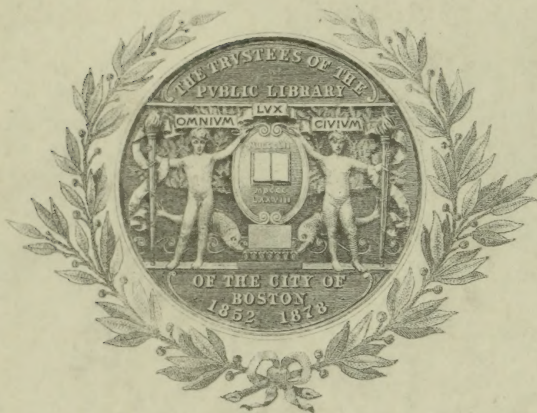




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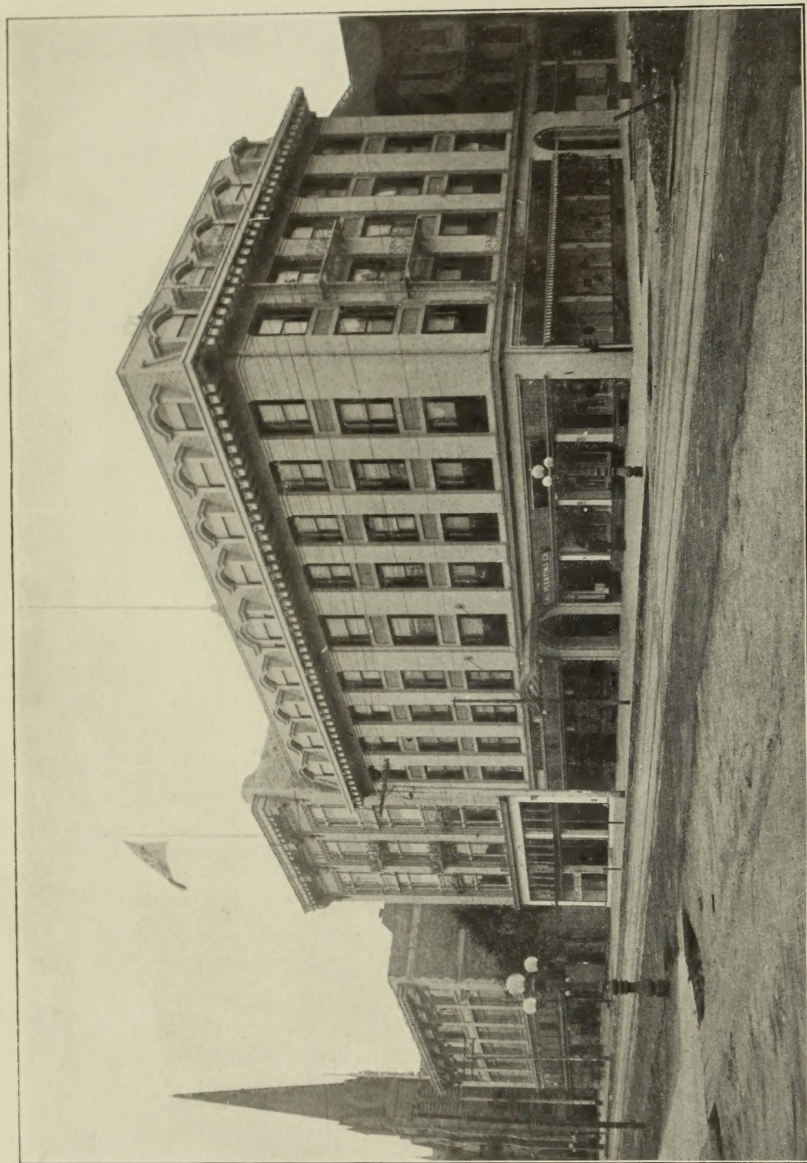
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Lobster Salad  
Lettuce-and-Fresh Salmon Salad  
Fresh Salmon Salad, with Jellied Macedoine  
Small Baking Powder Biscuits  
Small Parker House Rolls  
Chopped Ham Sandwiches  
Chopped Ham-and-Egg Sandwiches  
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Sardine-and-Egg Sandwiches  
(Mayonnaise and Crisp Crackers)  
Strawberry Sherbet and Vanilla Ice Cream  
(In one cup)  
Vanilla Ice Cream (Junket), Strawberry Sauce  
Raspberry Bombe Glacé  
Raspberry Parfait  
Grape Juice Lemonade  
Grape Juice Punch (half frozen)  
(In punch bowl)  
Wedding Cake  
Brides Cake  
Rolled Almond Wafers  
Vienna Macaroons



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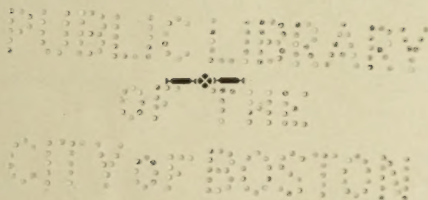
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# The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

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No. 1

## The Woman's Exchange of Oakland, California

THE Woman's Exchange of Oakland, expresses in a section of its by-laws: "That the object and purpose of the organization shall be to promote mutual co-operation among women, and in furtherance thereof to maintain a depot for the reception and sale of the work of needy women and, generally, to administer non-sectarian benevolence in such manner as the Board of Directors may determine." This tells a little of the object of the work, but does not give any idea of its scope. To tell how far reaching the work is would be almost impossible, for having about three hundred consignors, each of these individuals having at least one person dependent upon her, and many times a whole family, it is very much like an endless chain. Many of the consignors are widows, some are in a sadder position even than a widow, having been deserted by their husbands and left with little ones to support. Some have husbands who have become invalids and the burden of support has fallen on the wife. One little woman was on the verge of losing her home by not being able to pay the mortgage interest. An opening

was made for her at the Exchange, her goods became popular, sold well, and from her sales she has not only paid off the interest but the mortgage also, and her home is now her own. There are many deserving women who must earn their living wholly or partially, who are not fitted to take clerical positions nor enter into the competition of the business world, and yet who have talents in either the art of cooking or making dainty fancy articles. It is to help these women to



BAGS AND WORK-BASKETS

help themselves, that the Exchange is working; to give them a place where their goods may be disposed of without their names coming before the public, and so they can maintain their lives in as retired and private a manner as they wish. To guard against anyone entering goods who only cares to earn *pin-money*, each person, to become a consignor, must sign a card, saying she is obliged to, wholly or partially, support herself. Each consignor is known by number, and the fee to the Exchange is \$1.00 a year for those living in this county, \$1.50 for all others, and 10% is the commission to the Exchange on all sales. Last year the Woman's Exchange paid to its consignors \$24,615.95. Besides this from twenty to twenty-five women are regularly employed at the Exchange.

Seventeen years ago, the Woman's Exchange of Oakland was born and cast its first rays of sunshine and comfort in the hearts and lives of women who suddenly were called upon to put their shoulders to the wheel, when serious financial reverses came, in time

of widespread strikes in the business world, and suffering and privation visited many households. Then a small store was taken where these brave women could place their wares for sale, and the financial returns meant much to the distressed families. From that modest beginning the Exchange grew, step by step, adding a small lunch room, and then, as its popularity grew, a larger one. Two years and a half ago the opportunity came to secure two of the stores in the new Thayer Building, then being erected in what promised to be the future retail business district. The opportunity was grasped, and with care and serious thought, the two stores, were arranged and fitted up to suit the needs of Exchange work. It cost a large sum to have the kitchen and pantries furnished with everything new from a small sauce-pan to three large gas ranges, steam table, shelving, and large ice chests, etc., to say nothing of the dining room fittings, new show-cases and basement storerooms, etc.



A PART OF THE STORE, AND LUNCHEON-ROOM





ONE VIEW OF THE LUNCHEON-ROOM

All this took a large slice of the hard-worked-for bank deposit that we once thought might mean a home of our own, but the results were so satisfactory that not one cent was spent with regret. The new show-cases, larger windows and more spacious quarters meant better facilities for displaying the goods, both fancy work and food, and that meant better sales and more income for the consignors, the great point always before the board of directors and managers.

The Exchange opened its new home with a Housewarming Reception, when nothing was sold, but every inch of space from basement to front door was open for inspection. Tea and cakes were served in the Private Tea Room. The color scheme of the Exchange is golden brown and yellow, which is carried out in woodwork, tinting, carpeting and curtains. Each lunch table is always made attractive by a vase of fresh flowers, varying as to season, but the aim is always to carry

out the color scheme of yellow, having daffodils, chrysanthemums, coreopsis, or California poppies, and only varying when the Holidays call for California Christmas Berries—then the rooms are also garlanded with evergreens and wreaths, and the Christmas spirit pervades the air. In our new home we have besides our regular luncheon room, another which we call the "Private Tea Room." This also is furnished and decorated in golden brown and yellow. This room is used by parties wishing to give private luncheons, card parties or afternoon teas, and judging by its popularity, it has met the public need. In this era of apartment houses and hotels many ladies are not situated so they can conveniently entertain at their rooms or homes, or do not care to have the trouble, so they find it a great convenience to entertain their friends at the "Private Tea Room" of the Woman's Exchange. After expressing their wishes to the Housekeeper as to the

ménu and color of flowers desired, they are free of all care and responsibility, for the Exchange is prepared to furnish the daintiest and most delicious refreshments, from the simplest to the most elaborate, and everything cooked and served perfectly. Each entertainment brings forth many compliments for the delicious home cooking, "nothing restauranty, not even the service," as hostesses often say. The Private Tea Room has its own special gold and white china, fine glassware and table appointments. The maids for these occasions wear white uniforms. During the last year another improvement has been added to the service. In November we gave to the public what we called our Thanksgiving offering: it was a beautiful afternoon tea service of finest Haviland in gold and white, with brass trays to hold each service and brass hot water kettles to be placed on each table, so that each hostess could serve her guests just as if she were at home. This is for the regular afternoon trade,

not the Private Room. There are many who prefer the famous Exchange hot waffles and coffee of an afternoon, and for them fascinating coffee pots with gilt handles are the feature. To go to the Woman's Exchange for "afternoon teas" is the correct thing, and each day adds to its popularity, especially after the theatre matinées.

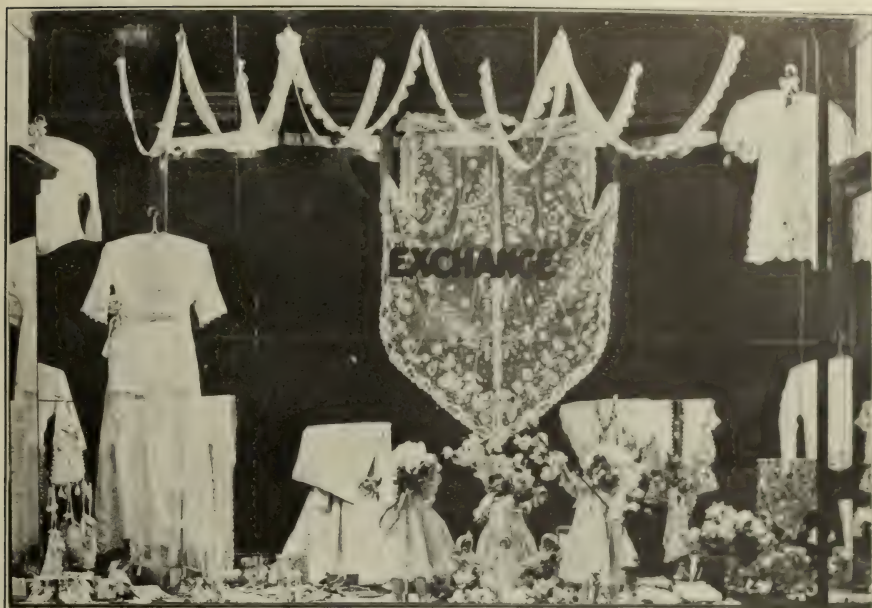
It is not alone to the ladies that the Exchange caters, but to the gentlemen also, for whom tables are reserved at lunch time and a comfortable dressing room is provided. The gentlemen seem thoroughly to enjoy the restful atmosphere and refinement of the Exchange, as well as the home cooking. Many a jolly party of gentlemen friends gathers about the tables, while, at other tables serious, quiet business talks are going on. Many Lodges order their sandwiches and salad from the Exchange, saying they are better than anyone else can furnish.

It is the aim of the Woman's Exchange of Oakland to step ever on-



A FOUR O'CLOCK TEA-SERVICE IN PRIVATE TEA-ROOM





WINDOW DISPLAY OF HANDMADE LACES, LINENS, ETC.

ward and upward. To cater to the tastes of those who appreciate refinement and daintiness in service and excellency in home cooking. To have an atmosphere of harmony and love so prevailing among employees, consignors and the board that nothing but success can come, and the customers will recognize it.

It is the desire of the Art Committee to have constantly more new designs in fancy work. There is always a ready sale for well-made, dainty fancy work in crochet, embroidery, painting, lace work, place cards, china painting, dressed dolls, sachets and needlework of all kinds. Novelties are greatly sought after, and the latest at the time of writing are paper flowers. Some will gasp in horror at the thought of paper flowers, but these are such works of art, that even Californians, in the land of flowers, are enthusiastic over them because of their wonderfully natural appearance, especially the roses.

The Food Committee is constantly on the lookout for new ideas in cakes,

bread, preserves, pastries and candies. Every month the sales increase in this department and the fame of the delicious cakes, Parker House rolls, mince pies, plum puddings, etc., spreads farther and farther.

The clerks in both Art and Food Departments have great pride and taste in displaying the goods, thereby helping the sales. Quite a number of customers living out of town, have standing orders for Saturdays and large boxes of goodies are carefully packed and shipped. A specialty is also made of packing lunches for picnics and tourists.

Every Monday consignors are paid for all sales made the previous week. Whether it has been a cash or charge sale, matters not, the consignor never has to wait for her money. The Woman's Exchange of Oakland is run entirely for the benefit of consignors, the profit from the lunch room helping to pay the expenses of the salesroom, for, of course, it is easy to understand that a commission of 10% on sales could not begin to pay the expense of clerks, rent, bookkeeper, superintendent, etc. The Board of Direc-

tors and Managers give gladly and freely of their time, asking and receiving nothing in return for their hours of care and thought, but feeling amply repaid for all,

in the gratitude so often expressed by employees and consignors in words and happy faces. Service, well done, brings its own reward.

## Mother's Garden

A languorous haze has softened the poppy's  
crimson glare;  
The breath of fresh-cut clover lies sweet in  
the placid air,  
A dreamy spirit hovers o'er the silent after-  
noon,  
That tangles olden fancies through the golden  
web of June.

And in the fine brocading of the interwoven  
threads,  
Grows slowly forth a vision of my mother's  
garden beds,  
Set out with Johnny-jump-ups and pinks and  
mignonette,  
And honesty and anise and rosy bouncing-Bet.

A regiment in gold and blue, the iris-flags  
uprise;  
The pansies tremble, all a-wing, like velvet  
butterflies;  
The bridal-wreath flings o'er the fence its  
sprays of milky-white,  
And, scarlet-cupped, the hollyhocks set somber  
nooks alight.

They thrill me with the wistful grace of faded  
yesterdays,—  
Those dear old dainty blossoms that my  
mother loved to raise;  
And, as to cherished fabrics clings the breath  
of summer bloom,  
So clings about her memory their subtle  
dream-perfume.

HARRIET WHITNEY DURBIN.

## Two and June

By Alix Thorn

AND you never told me," said Amelia turning reproachful, gray eyes on her hostess, "you never told me, Dorothy, that you had other guests."

"Why, no more have I," and Mrs. Comstock loosened her veil as the car turned into the stone gateway; "that's only my cousin, Dr. Danforth, by the summer house. He don't count, he's often with us. Did you happen to observe his scholarly stoop and the ponderous tome under his arm? He's a Professor, Amelia, filled with learning, a recluse bent on finishing his latest scientific work." The car slowed up by the *Porte-cochère*. "He'll not notice you fair maid; I doubt if he'll discover you are in the house. He even has his meals served in his den."

"Hm-m" was Amelia's sole response, as the young women went slowly up the broad stairs to the charming guest room.

"Forgive me, my dear," she continued, "for taking you to task as if I were engaging this house for the season instead of visiting you for a month," dropping a light kiss upon Dorothy's smooth cheek, "but you know, dear, how worn out I am with good times, and others, yes, and with men, too, and my one idea was to escape from everything, find you and June and the country, and just luxuriate in outdoors. Naturally, I *was* surprised to find a man here."

"Forgive you, there's nothing to forgive!" glowed her hostess understandingly, "back to Nature may be your slogan; I will confess that opening up a country house before the first of May, when winds are unexpectedly chill and drear, and undesired rainy days happen along, has its drawbacks. It is wonderful to see the spring coming on, (oh, I know, who better,) and, incidentally, it's proper, too,—but, Amelia, oh, Amelia,



tell me how was town looking today, and yesterday, and the day before; I *cannot* get in often—and now, now unpack those trunks of yours—here's Jane to help you, and let me feast my eyes on new gowns, and gowns, and more new gowns."

It was beautiful, next morning, to stand at an opened window and watch the panorama of early summer as seen from her bedroom, and Amelia, musing eyes fixed upon green meadows where daisies and buttercups were growing, upon blue hills that met the bluer sky, and mysterious forests with their wealth of foliage, could only sigh her content. What were gaily decked shop windows, and all the hollow passing show, compared to this! She recalled a fragment of a half-forgotten verse—"I was born for rejoicing, a summer child truly," and breathing deep of the sweetly fresh air, she turned reluctantly away as the breakfast gong sounded.

Joyfully she wandered in the box enclosed garden, visiting each well-ordered bed as if the sturdy budding stalks were little country folk awaiting callers, she, herself, dainty as a flower, in her pink frock, seemed to melt harmoniously into the summer picture.

Resting both dimpled arms upon the sundial, she laboriously deciphered its blurred message:

"Light and Shadow by turns, but always Love," and smiling, looked up in time to see a tall dark figure disappearing around a rhododendron thicket; doubtless the Doctor, on serious work intent and suddenly a tiny frown appeared between Amelia's level brows.

"Light and shadow by turns," she repeated, "but always love"—after all what was a garden but an empty space; a little laugh broke the stillness, where was Dorothy?

"Its glorious to have you here," exclaimed impulsive Dorothy, that afternoon, squeezing Amelia's hand, as they sat together in the car, rushing along toward the station. The master of the house, who had been away on a two

day's business trip, was due in half an hour, and Mrs. Dorothy had some errands to do at the village store, before the train should arrive.

"I'm rather keen about country," continued her young hostess, "every well-regulated person should be, but it's congenial spirits *with* country, that one needs. Directly you arrived, Amelia, I saw my chalet with new eyes, and realized how delicious the drives were, how fortunate I was to have all this," with a vague waving of her ringed hands.

"I feel as if I could never tire of it," was her guest's satisfying rejoinder, watching flowery hedges, full-leaved trees, and country fields, fly past, while the odorous wind fanned her face, fluttered the lacy ruffles of her hat, and played with the shining tendrils of her hair. She felt like some free, detached thing, a part of all the new life and gladness, about her.

Amelia understandingly took the vacant place by Hartley, the chauffeur, and left the reunited pair to the seclusion of the back seat, to visit undisturbed. Dorothy's voice was high with happiness, as she detailed every separate happening during her lord's absence, and the contented rumble of her Jimmie's deeper tones rose above the steady hum of the machine. Amelia, "masterless maid," told herself that she refused to feel the undesired third, that this was what she needed, required, but suddenly sat straighter, for a tall man in knickerbockers stood uncovered by the roadside, as the car passed, his irreproachable cap in his hand.

"Why if that isn't cousin John," cried Dorothy, waving wildly from the back of the car, "what walks the man takes."

"He's getting a fine coat of tan, I'll say that much for him," responded Mr. Comstock, "good fellow, John."

That evening as she sang her tender songs in the half-lit drawing room, her full tones flooding the summer dusk with melody, Amelia was conscious of a longing for something she would not define

if she could. She had her desire, the quiet hours she craved,—but, rising, she stepped out on the balcony—was that a huge firefly that glowed in the shadowy garden? No, for it was stationary. Doubtless the doctor's cigar, for Billy was in the billiard room. Amelia's finely cut lips parted in a smile that might have been described as scornful, and went back to the piano, where she performed surprising feats with one hand, all the airs in the medley being markedly cheerful ones, and then Dorothy's voice summoned her to the library.

"I wish I were a widow, a sprightly widow," said a gay voice on the terrace below his window, "oh, yes I do, Dorothy, dear, and then I could indulge in the distracting costume the French have designed for one thus bereaved. I've seen it, drapery somber, yet airy, white ruffles inside a demurely coquettish cap, floating veil not too long, adorable bow of some size, under the chin, and the—"

Slowly rising from his chair, Doctor Danforth peeped decorously out, keeping well within the shadow of the curtains, and saw a slim young person standing by his cousin Dorothy. Her charming face was raised to the cloudless sky, her slim hands clasped appealingly, and the low dropping sun seemed to crown her bright hair with a nimbus, in place of the somber decoration she sighed for.

"What a surprising young woman that must be," remarked the Doctor, addressing a case of petrified shells, "evidently the guest of whom Dorothy spoke. Think she came a week ago. The costume of a French widow! Now why should that attract her?" and he found it somewhat difficult to settle down to his notes. "Perhaps I am tired," he explained to himself, ruffling up his dark hair, "it's not advisable to put oneself through too strenuously. The costume of a French widow, did she say?"

The voices on the terrace had died away; he took off his glasses, abstractedly turned the leaves of the book before

him, and finally closed the bulky volume.

Two days after this Dr. Danforth, coming into his den after an exhaustive search in the library for a reference book, stopped spellbound by the desk. Across his opened book lay a long spray of sweet briar roses, blushing pinkly, as if at their own temerity. The room was filled with their elusive fragrance, and, lo a miracle! Maiden June, herself, seemed to have blithely stepped across the threshold of his book-haunted den.

That same afternoon Dorothy and her guest, at their tea drinking on the vine-covered piazza, stared, wide-eyed and astonished, with uplifted cups, to see a tall figure in white flannels come up the steps in leisurely fashion.

"And am I to have a cup, too?" inquired Dr. Danforth ceremoniously, "or is it intrusion for a mere man to join this feminine function?" Mrs. Dorothy speedily recovered herself.

"My dear John!" she exclaimed graciously, "how delightful! No Cranford this; you are entirely welcome, and tell me, how many lumps and how much cream, and—why, see here; you two haven't met! Amelia, this is my cousin, Dr. Danforth—John, this is my guest, Miss Anderson. Now you both know each other—" and the young matron busied herself with the cup of tea for the newcomer.

It was Amelia who offered him the dainty sandwiches and the little cakes, and who smiled in the doing, her cheeks a trifle flushed. In the right lapel of that learned gentleman's coat was fastened a single frail blossom—what but a pink briar rose!

"You are making a study of botany, perhaps, Dr. Danforth," innocently inquired Amelia, her grey eyes fixed upon the rosy flower.

"I regret to say that I have not specialized in that line, but plan to do so in the future," was the Doctor's reply. "Have you, yourself, given much thought to the subject, Miss Anderson?" with a steady glance at the young woman near



him.

When Greek meets Greek decided Dorothy's friend, but aloud—"Flowers are chiefly interesting to me for the good I can do with them, sending them to hospitals, or," the corners of her mouth lifting in spite of herself, "to—well, to shut-ins, and,—and the like."

"Oh, to shut-ins!" repeated the Doctor, caressing the little rose in his lapel, "truly, a beautiful thought."

"Have another sandwich, do," said Amelia; her color had deepened. "I think, Dorothy, that your cousin is longing to have his cup refilled."

"Do you think it is my fault, Billy?" said Dorothy pitifully as they stood on the piazza a full week later watching two figures who were crossing the level stretch of lawn, evidently making for the garden—the Doctor and Amelia, side by side—"don't tell me it's my fault! How could I guess that such a—well, such a bookworm, a hermit as John, should suddenly turn into a Squire of Dames! Why, poor, dear Amelia came down here to escape from men, she *told* me so, and now look, look, Billy!"

Dorothy's Billy laughed silently,

watched with evident enjoyment the absorbed pair until the garden's greenness gathered them in. "Your fault, nonsense!" he cried, "it's a man and a maid and June madness, just that combination John forgets his books; Amelia has ennui—let them alone, and don't, for heaven's sake, blame yourself."

By the sundial the Doctor paused, and, for the first time read the motto, adjusting his glasses to decipher it. "Light and Shadow by turns, but always Love." Read it to himself, and then read it aloud to Amelia, while a restless yellow butterfly poising on the dial's gray edge lingered as if listening.

"But I beg of you," cried the Doctor as they were reluctantly leaving the garden, it being prosaic lunch time, "I beg of you to give up your cherished idea of wearing a French widow's costume. To make it appropriate, nay more, possible I should have to leave this earthly sphere, and,—and I don't want to go, especially now, Amelia."

"Pouf!" was Amelia's rejoinder, "I confess I have lost all desire to wear it—I don't want to," raising eloquent eyes to his, "especially *now*, John."

## Her Scrap Book

Between these worn covers of faded green,  
I find the treasures which her fair hands  
clipped,  
With gentle comments written in between,—  
Mute evidence of the rare sweets she sipped.

Through all the dull monotony of her days,  
There ran, like lilting treble of a brook,  
The singing heart, that showed in sunny ways,  
So subtly, yet, it seals this little book.

Here she found solace from the fretting care,  
Some inspiration for the heavy task,  
A comfort for the moments of despair,  
Mayhap the soul-slime, where I loved to  
bask.

The little lyrics which she found rang true,  
The haunting melody, the sweet refrain;  
And here, some golden hair with knot of blue,  
I find 'twixt leaves, much blurred, as if by  
rain.

This keep-sake, now that she has gone away,  
Is mine to guard full long with jealous art,  
To share the sweetness of her well-spent day,  
And all the matchless music of her heart.

ELEANOR ROBBINS WILSON.

# Her Letters

By Myra Williams Jarrell

On Board S. S. Colonna,  
Bound for The Port of Unattainable  
Desire.

June 20.

CAN there ever be perfect frankness between a man and a woman? Sometimes I wonder. You have asked me to be perfectly frank with you during the interim between the parting which has just taken place, and my return from this runaway trip. You see, I have read your steamer letter,—read it while all the others lie as yet unopened. Yes, I will be frank,—as frank as what you are pleased to call my elusive nature will permit. I have read your letter three times,—and as I write it is open before me. But then your letters, like your conversation, are brief and to the point.

I called this a runaway trip, advisedly, for though I wear your ring upon my finger, I am literally running away from you, and trying to run away from, not with, myself.

Now that I can think it over calmly, without your compelling presence, I do not know why I yielded to your entreaties, last night, before sailing, when I had successfully withstood them since my pinafore days. Perhaps it was a wee bit of terror at the thought of the illimitable waste of water which would separate us, after having had you tagging at my heels every minute since your college days, and before.

And the calm assurance with which you pulled this ring from your pocket, Royal,—it is a beauty, and I am as vain as a peacock over this, my first diamond,—was almost disconcerting.

Yet here am I, scarcely out of sight of the dock where you stood so short a time ago, never removing your eyes from me as we sailed away, and away, and away,—and I am writing to you. And

I am writing to you to say that even though I have read your letter three times, and am replying to it before opening any of the others, I do not think that I love you.

If you were other than you, I might be indifferent, and indifference is fatal, in matters of this sort. You never bore me,—I am not indifferent to you,—there are times when I think I hate you, and in the latter clause lies your best hope. When a woman is indifferent to a man, he might as well cast his net into another stream. But a little hate does not matter.

You see, with my usual contradictoriness, I am bidding you hope, in the same sentence in which I tell you that I do not love you.

*Hester.*

On Board, Three Days Out,  
June 23.

Sea travel is glorious to one who knows no fear, either of the water or of sea-sickness. I regard my poor, crumpled aunt with pity, as she regards me, when she is not too ill to regard anything,—with astonishment. For this is my first real whiff of salt air, my first experience in ocean motion, yet I take it like an old tar. You have told me that you are a good sailor. Perhaps,—no, I will not say it. There is too much evidence now on the side of the question that your wealth has influenced my decision. Frankly, it has not. But, frankly, why should it not?

You, who never wanted anything in your life,—can you guess what it means to want, and want, and want, the seemingly unattainable,—all your life? Frankly again,—I have never had a dollar in my whole life with which I could be actually reckless.

If the family blood had been less blue, I could have gone to work. But somehow, work and a Makepeace are sworn



enemies. Papa has never worked himself thin in his little law practice and petty judgeships. And he would have puffed out his chest like a pouter pigeon, and have said, "What! Am I then so incapable of supporting my family that one of my daughters should go out to service?"

If any of us six had been boys, he could have let us work without sacrificing his family pride. But it was just his luck,—poor Papa, that all of us should have been girls.

And precious Mama, impracticable, charming, delicious always, likely as not to try to cook a meal in a velvet gown, with point lacé collar, hand-me-downs from this rich, at present crumpled aunt who is giving me this trip,—always coincided with Papa in everything, and most especially about that. For we have social position to burn, if we have no money, and Mama loves that social position too well to jeopardize it by having one of her daughters do any kind of labor.

Our favorite Family Joke is about the woman who was a strict utilitarian, and who said commiseratingly to Mama, on learning that she had six daughters, "Six little daughters to raise. What a responsibility!"

Mama gently explained, "They are practically raised."

The old lady's face brightened, and she beamed on Mama approvingly, and said, "That's the way to raise girls. My daughter has been practically raised, too."

Mama minded her of the comment Fan had heard on "Those charming, utterly worthless Makepeace girls," and turned away her head that the woman might not see her smile. We tell her that it was her passion for popularity that kept her from undeceiving the dear, mistaken old soul.

Are you not afraid to risk marriage with a girl reared as I have been? For our one maid, whoever or whatever she happens to be, is better fixed than any

of us girls, for, at any rate, the clothes she has are just her own, and not the common property of six.

Being of a size has had its advantages as well as its disadvantages. We have usually had one decent suit, one pretty evening dress, and one nice reception gown. The rest were rag-tags, and the first one to get into the clothes went,—the other five stayed at home. Fan and Lil were too young, anyway, to go out, Jen and Mame are almost too old, (I'm glad they can't hear that) and Let and Net, (meaning myself,) are just right.

Dont you think that this is enough for today, from a fickle-minded girl who is trying to make herself believe she does not care for you?

*Hester.*

#### On Board, the Next Day.

This seems like an Arabian Nights story come true, to me, the wonder of sky and sea, and mystery, and the fact that I really am going to see the lands I have seen only in my day dreams. Even now, I have to look closely to see "if this, indeed, be I."

My glass shows me the same crinkly, unruly hair, which *will* look like it never was combed, no matter how hard I try, the same little freckles across my nose, the same, but I shan't dissect my face, even for you.

Taken as a whole, I believe it's not bad. At least, sir, you seem not to have found it so. And the other girls all said it wasn't fair of Aunt Hester to choose me, just because I was the prettiest, and was named for her.

But they were dear about it, after all, at the last, and sewed and worked to make me presentable. I am ashamed to tell it, but I have all the clothes of the family in my steamer trunk; Heaven only knows what the others will wear, I don't!

Now you know the worst about me. But you knew it anyway, just as you know all about our hap-hazard, happy-

go-lucky, out-at-elbow existence,—I am selfish,—pure selfish!

When Aunt Hester came out from the east, to look over her motley assortment of Western nieces, to select one to accompany her on this trip to Europe, and after viewing us through her "pinch-ness," as Lil calls it, chose me, I didn't for a moment think of saying, "Oh, Auntie, please take one of the others. I'm the best looking one in the bunch, and all the goodies come to me because of that. Besides, I have a rich lover that I may marry some day, and the others have only one between them,—just like their clothes, and he's mine." (meaning Charlie, you goose!)

None of this incoherency presented itself to me at all. I was simply overjoyed that mine was the good fortune.

The stewardess says that my crumpled aunt wants me. I do hope that she has not taken the same distaste to me that she has to her food, and is sending to say that I am to go back by the next steamer.

H.

#### On Board, Sixth Day Out.

Tomorrow we will be in Liverpool. And, Glory be, I don't have to go back by return boat. Aunt Hester had begun to feel better, and had sent for me to take a walk around the deck with her. Mr. Chamari insisted upon accompanying her also. He has been so attentive to her since we sailed, having the steamer chair next but one to hers, mine being in between. I do wonder if he suspects that she is rich. You see, poverty inculcates so many unlovely things in one's mind. I am ashamed of my suspicion, and maybe, too, I am envious of this generous aunt who is giving me this trip. I suppose having plenty of money to spend makes one feel like I felt once upon a time. I think I said that I had never had a dollar in my life to be reckless with. I had forgotten, for the moment, one Day of Glorious Prodigality, as we girls called it, to distinguish it from other days. About a year ago, Papa received a more

than usually remunerative fee,—I think, probably, from some grateful Benedict for being again relegated to the "also ran" class of bachelors, by the divorce route,—and in his usual grandiose manner, Papa handed each of us girls ten dollars, and told us to do just exactly what we pleased with it.

And even then, the iceman was knocking at the back door and demanding the payment of his bill! (Jen, who is the Family Conscience, lukewarmly suggested that we use the money to satisfy a few creditors, but a loud chorus of protests drowned the feeble effort toward reform.

Poor Papa, clad in shiny-at-the-knees-and-elbows raiment and the dignity of his office, sighfully relinquished his last ten, to stop the clamor of the iceman, though Mame, who is the Family Socialist, made a speech about the Ice Trust, and the diabolical manner in which it was reaching out to crush, oppress, and swallow, the poor. I recall that her metaphors became a trifle mixed, and we all walked out, leaving her with only Papa as audience, for he was much too polite and gentlemanly to interrupt her flow of language.

I, being not so well-bred, have left the count,—for it appears he has a title—without properly introducing him. He is a beetle-browed, eagle-nosed, Laura-Jean-Libbey villain of a looker, though his manners are quite perfect,—too much so, in fact. There is the perfection of manner which is inspired by true kindness, as in Papa's case, and there is the perfection of manner which is donned with one's clothes. I do not mean that his are of that sort. I only do not know. I am sure that Fan, the Family Romancer, would find a Thill in his life, and would picture out a regular Jane Eyre sort of history for him.

They say that familiarity breeds contempt. I believe it not. I believe that the sweetest music is the familiar music. An American audience, however high-browed, will listen politely and attentive-



ly to the choicest arias sung in foreign language by a great singer, but when the same singer comes back and sings as an encore, "Home, Sweet Home," or "Swanee River," that same apathetic audience will be simply swept off its feet, by its joyous enthusiasm.

All this prelude is merely an excuse for telling you,—that,—I prefer American men,—I had nearly said—man!

Hester.

London, June 30.

It is so big, so tremendous,—it fairly takes my breath away. Now that I am here, I can believe all the statistics I have read about this huge city. I shall not attempt a description of Westminster Abbey, nor Marlborough Palace, nor the House of Commons, for I am nothing, if not original. You can read your guide book and get all the information you like,—besides, you have been here yourself.

What I *will* tell you,—would you rather hear it, I wonder?—is that I believe I am just a wee bit homesick today. I seem to little and insignificant, somehow. Now, at home, I am quite an important somebody, as you know. But Independence, Kan., U. S. A., seems a very long way from London, today.

Lil, the Family Diagnostician, would say it was something I had eaten for dinner last night that made me feel this way, but I know better.

Mr. Chamari is still pursuing Aunt Hester with attentions,—strictly middle-aged and eminently respectable attentions, it is true,—and she seems to like it. She keeps reminding me that he is a count, an Italian count, because I persist in calling him Mr. Chamari, but it only seems to amuse him. He treats me like a spoilt child, Auntie's precious little spoilt darling is how he regards me, I fancy.

No, the Count has invited us to his castle, or whatever he calls his estate in Italy, for a fortnight, and Auntie has accepted. I gave her quite a curtain lecture last

night about it. Told her I thought it was hardly respectable for her to stay under the same roof with a man who was openly courting her. That I would do what I could to maintain the dignity of the family, but that I washed my hands of any responsibility in the matter. "Your blood be on your own head," I perorated, in regular Mary Jane Holmes fashion. How Fan would have rejoiced to hear me!

You have seen Aunt Hester. Therefore, words are superfluous to describe my amazement, when she adjusted her "pinch-ness" to look at me better, as though to see if I meant it, and then, seeing that I was in deadly earnest, she threw her head back and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. But she did not explain the joke to me, and I am still wondering what I said that was so funny as to produce that effect.

H.

Castle El Rigo,  
July 14.

Here I am, and it's lovely, or would be, without the incubus! Of course I mean the Count. I can't take a step without his being at my heels. I think he wants to show Aunt Hester that he has no hard feelings about her having an impecunious niece to spend money on. I should think she would not like it, for he really pays her less attention all the time, but she does not seem to mind, and is growing cheerfuler and cheerfuler.

You don't mind the Makepeace vernacular, do you, Royal? And it does seem so good to indulge in it, for our Italian villa conversation is very uplifting, I do assure you. Let, the Family High-brow, would revel in it, while poor little I simply flounder, and swim to shore when the water,—conversation, I mean,—is beyond my depth.

If I could be left untrammelled to enjoy this feast of sky and vineyard, softly sloping verdure, the distant hills, and, lying smooth as glass at our feet, Lake Geneva,—I could be quite—almost—hap-

py. But this shadow which stalks beside me nearly spoils it all.

Sometimes, when I should be the happiest, days when the sky is bluest, and the grass greenest, and the grapes purplest, I get to thinking of them all at home,—and everything,—and a lump comes to my throat, and the hills and lake and sky melt together into one inextinguishable blur. I wonder why.

*Hester.*

The Castle,

July 20.

I have at last persuaded Aunt Hester to move on. It's all very well for her, who has been abroad nearly every year, and can come every other year until incapacitated by old age, to linger on here, but I may never have another chance to see Holland, and Germany and Switzerland—especially, now—

You know I have been told about you and Let, Royal. And it's all right,—honestly it is,—Only I was sorry the information came second hand. Leslie Wilson wrote me about it, said Mame hinted to her that you had transferred to Let, and then, when she saw the size of the diamond Let was wearing, she knew it was so. She said you had been seen with all the girls, individually and collectively, so much, that betting was about even until Let began sporting her diamond, and then folks knew.

I never wrote home about the diamond I was wearing, so Let need never know about it.

The folks knew that you went to New York with Aunt Hester and me, but I guess they did not know that you had fancied—Oh, Royal,—how *could* you write me the sort of letters I have received from you, when you did not mean them!

But I do congratulate you. Let is the Family High-brow, you know and will grace your home better than I could have done, and she hasn't nearly so many freckles as I have.

*H.*

In Castle Hateful,  
July 22.

This probably will not interest you, but I have discovered that it is I the Count has been pursuing, and not Aunt Hester. I told him he was laboring under a misapprehension, for I distinctly was *not* her heir; that I never expected anything more from her than this trip, except an occasional discarded ball gown, and that even that I would have to share with five others. (Of course there will be only four to share with, after,—well, after awhile—for—Let—will not need it.)

He laughed and said, "Oh, you funny little American, do you think *all* foreigners marry for money? I do not need to, for, behold, I, myself, am wealthy."

He said it quite simply, not at all like one of the parvenues would say it. And then he tried to put his arm around me, and I slapped him in the face, and ran away to my own apartments. I don't know what Aunt Hester will say. Probably that I am an ill-bred vulgarian, and a disgrace to her.

And maybe he'll challenge me to fight a duel, as it is a deadly insult over here to slap any one in the face. Oh, what shall I do? I am so far from home!

*H.*

A Dungeon In Castle Hateful,  
July 26.

The worst has happened. Not the duel, I guess he never thought of that. But I am locked in a dungeon, where I am to stay until I consent to become a countess. I am back in the Medieval Ages, it seems. My brain is numb with the horror of it all. I have nothing to do but look ahead to the inevitable end, for I shall never marry him, Royal. As this is in the nature of a death-bed confession, I will tell you why I will never marry him. It is because I love you with every beat of my heart.

I did not know it until he tried to kiss me. Now in my despair, knowing that you are betrothed to another, my own dear sister, I tell you all freely. I have



bribed the woman who brings my meals to me, to post this letter, bribed her with my precious diamond which I have watered with my tears. I had to give her that, for that hard-hearted wretch would accept no substitute.

She said that her life would not be worth a cent if the Count discovered her perfidy, and knowing his desperate nature, I can believe it. She tells me that poor, innocent Aunt Hester is confined in another dungeon, because he would not dare to turn her loose.

I have figured it all out. Tomorrow I shall begin the starvation process. I have told myself that each day of the three,—is it only three days? Heavens, it seems like three centuries!—but each day, I wait until the morrow.

However, I will wait no longer. Even with the hope of rescue, should this letter reach you, life has ended for me, since you no longer love me. But you can at least rescue Aunt Hester, and gather up my bones to ship home, it will be a sad comfort to the folks, particularly for Fan, who always did love a funeral—and there will be one less to share clothes with.

If I were not so sad, I would make a little verse which should go:

Six little Makepeaces sitting in a hive,  
(I have got to get a rhyme for five, even if it does not express sense or reason.)

One got married, and then there were five. (That's Let, you know.)

Five little Makepeaces sitting in the door,  
(Of course they weren't really, but this time I had to find a rhyme for four.)

One mouldered in a cell, and then there were four.

There, I knew I'd get myself to crying. A great big tear is running down my nose right now, and I am going to just sit here and cry till my eyes and nose are red, for there's nobody to see,—and nobody to care, except the Count and he don't count,—oh, truly, I did not mean to pun. You won't think that I did, will you, Royal, as unhappy as I am?

You can write me in care of the wo-

man who is mailing this. I would not give up the diamond ring until she agreed to that. If the letter is not too long coming, I may still be here to read it, though wasted, doubtless, to a shadow.

The Count has just stuck his head in my dungeon door to know if I had repented. My only reply was a cold stare, and then I turned my back upon him. His footsteps sounded heavy and sad as he walked down the stone flagging of the corridor. Farewell, try and think sometimes of the poor little American girl incarcerated in this lonely tomb, who died loving you.

Hester.

Oh, please don't come, stop where you are! I am so frightened, Royal I am horribly afraid, afraid of you! I did not realize what a wicked, wicked, untruthful girl I had been, till your cable came, saying that you were starting, that I was the only one, and giving your London address.

And now I must confess how I have tricked you. This will reach you in London, where you will have to stop a few hours before coming on to rescue me.

Oh, Royal, there isn't any dungeon, there isn't anything to rescue me from! It was all true up to the dungeon letter.

When Leslie wrote me, and I realized that I did truly love you, I conceived the plot to find out if you cared for me, or for Let. And then, when I closed my eyes and felt your arms as they closed around me that night when you put this ring on my finger,—where it still is,—and heard your dear voice saying again and again, "I love you," I knew it was not true!

Why, you have loved me all your life, and you could not change in that short time! I thought that Let's diamond must have been from Charlie, for he was headed that way when I left home. But I wanted to *know*! And on today's mail was a letter from Mame, confessing the plot they had hatched up, because they thought I might appreciate you more, if made to think I had lost you, so they had

just hinted that to Leslie Wilson, knowing that a hint would be sufficient,—and Let *is* engaged to Charlie.

I can't expect that you will ever *like*, much less, love and respect me after this awful deception. There *was* a Count, and he *did* propose and try to kiss me, and I *did* slap him, because it made me passionately angry that any other man than *you* could offer to caress me. But after that, when I went to Aunt Hester, and tremblingly told my story, she was just a darling, and never lectured me a bit, just said she wished I had been a little less impetuous, but that she never had cared about International marriages, but had kept her hands off, because she thought I seemed to like him, and she believed in his sincerity, because she had, very early in the acquaintance, delicately intimated to him, that my face was my fortune.

Then we came to this quiet little Italian town to rest up a few weeks and to give Aunt Hester a chance to study social conditions in this country, a subject upon which she is deeply interested. Thereupon I conceived my plan, knowing that you did not know to which town the Count belonged.

This is the whole disgraceful truth. I

expect you to turn back,—but, oh, dear,—if you love as *I* do, you will come on,—even though you know me now as Sapphira.

Hester.

The Next Day,  
Villa of Joy.

Just a note, to reach you in Paris, in answer to your wire, to tell you that I am *glad, glad, glad*, you are coming on to your Sapphira,—and to promise you that I will never tell you another falsehood,—though to save my life, I cannot regret this one,—now!

And yes, I will marry you now, as soon as you get here. I am as near to having a trousseau now as I ever will be, I expect, so I might as well, for you know I have the best that the House of Makepeace affords.

Besides, Aunt Hester intends to buy me some things, the idea seems to appeal to her. I know now where Fan gets her love of romance.

Make the train come fast, come fast, my dear one, for it has seemed a million years since you stood on the dock and watched me sail away and away and away! And now, never again will I sail away from you. Hold me close in the donjon of your heart,—it is where I belong.

## Out of The Rut

### Part II

#### *The Working*

Alice May Ashton

**T**HROUGH the glorious June afternoon Mrs. Brooks loitered, drinking in the warm, perfumed air, and watching the delicate shadows on the young grass. The crisp hem of her linen gown brushed the old-fashioned flowers bordering her mother's garden path, as she joined that dear lady in the spacious old arbor at the foot of the lawn.

Sinking luxuriously in a comfortable wicker rocker she smiled whimsically as she observed, "My month is up today,

mother, and like The Virginian 'I've come to report.'"

"You seem to have grown methodical," said the mother with a look of ill-concealed satisfaction.

"Oh, I expected this," retorted the daughter gaily; "You never could refrain from an indirect, 'I told you so,' mother! But I will own myself in the wrong this time, dear lady."

"I have noticed a great many things in these weeks," admitted the older woman. "Now, tell me all about it."



"I began that very night, mother. We had a pleasant, cosy evening together. Then at bedtime I asked the children to put the rooms in order; they enjoyed the responsibility of locking the doors and putting out the lights; now they do this every evening without being told, and it helps me beyond words. I have learned to have a mixture of responsibility in the tasks given the children, if I wish them conscientiously performed. Jack goes with me to the kitchen, and we make preparations for breakfast and for the morning work.

"In the morning, while I get breakfast, Jack attends to the stove and sweeps the porches and walks, and the children bathe and dress carefully, putting their rooms to air upon leaving them. I now set mine to rights just before retiring so that it is neat in the morning. Then Robert goes the rounds with the carpet sweeper through both upper and lower rooms, and Marion dusts the upper rooms. This does not hurry them, as their books and clothing are ready over night and there is no confusion as of old when everything was left until the last minute.

"The kitchen holds me until ten, and it has become a real pleasure to see what I can accomplish in that time. First I prepare dessert, and do what baking seems necessary—I do not attempt having a regular baking day as my strength will not permit; instead I do a little each day as needed. Then I wash all the dishes, sweep and dust the room, and iron or clean until ten o'clock arrives. I cannot do the whole ironing at once, but find that, done a little at a time, I do not mind it. In my favorite housekeeping magazine I read the statement, 'Really good housekeeping consists in knowing when to slight the work and when to do it well;' and I have tried to apply this to several branches of my work.

"In the corner of the dining-room by the south window is arranged my sewing corner. I pinned a piece of brown denim over the rug; placed a sewing table, a

low, comfortable chair, and the sewing machine conveniently, and set a big screen so as to conceal it from view. Any garment that needs repairing and all new materials are placed here. When my sewing hour arrives, everything is convenient to be taken up at once. I am close to the kitchen, if slow cooking is in progress, and can answer the door or telephone bell without extra steps. I am really surprised, mother, at the amount of sewing I have accomplished in a month, merely by having it ready to pick up. It is such a comfort to have the weekly mending done, and the little odds and ends of sewing caught up. We have all learned to place garments in the sewing corner as soon as they need attention, and the family dressing is no longer a sort of nightmare for me because of missing buttons and hooks and general dilapidation. On mornings when the kitchen work has been light and I am less tired than usual, I take occasion to cut out garments ready for future sewing hours when I may be too weary for this extra exertion of both mind and body.

"After sitting for an hour I feel quite refreshed, as I do not allow myself to sew furiously, and can return to the kitchen at eleven with renewed zeal. In this hour I get lunch, prepare vegetables and everything else possible for dinner, and spend any additional time until the arrival of the family in cleaning silver or in keeping cupboards in the best of order. I find this daily attention much easier than letting things go until they need a vigorous overhauling.

"Immediately after lunch the children wash the dishes while I put away the food, and the kitchen is left in perfect order, with dinner ready to be cooked.

"The hour from one to two I devote exclusively to the house. The lower rooms are dusted, the beds made, and the remainder of the time is given to the thorough sweeping of a room or to the overhauling of drawers or closets.

"At two I invariably lock the doors,

remove the dust of housekeeping battles by a quick bath, and lie down in a comfortable lounging robe. After a few days I formed the habit of dropping to sleep at once. My nap hour is so early in the afternoon that I am seldom disturbed.

"When the alarm calls me at ten minutes of three I feel wonderfully refreshed and ready for my out-of-door hour. This I take invariably regardless of weather; if callers demand my attention, I go out later. I have not missed my walk for a single day in the past month, and the physical benefits resulting from this truly surprise me. Circumstances largely determine how this hour shall be spent, but broadly speaking I try to divide them in this way: On Tuesday and Thursday afternoon I dress for calling, on Wednesday and Friday I go for a walk a little out of town where I find wild flowers and Nature in abundance, and on Monday and Saturday I spend my hour in the garden or on the lawn. On Sunday afternoon we all go for a walk or a drive together.

"I like always to get back to the house by four so as to welcome the children on their return from school. Ah, mother, you are wise in your generation! When you set aside this hour for my own personal pursuits, I felt that it would be subjected to endless interruptions because of its being the hour for the children's return. On the first afternoon I chanced to read an article addressed to mothers, which set me thinking seriously. I felt that I had not been doing for my children all that I might have done to gain their companionship and confidence, and that they were surely growing away from me just at the threshold of life when they stood most in need of a mother's love and counsel. My first step in the right direction was to subscribe for that magazine for mothers; and not only has this helped me to solve many difficulties of my own, but it has also brought matters to my attention that would never otherwise have occurred to me. Even in

this short time I feel that I have made an improvement as a mother.

"I spend a little of 'my' hour at the piano, and the children have naturally joined me; we now have several duets, which Robert and I play while Marion plays her violin. This has proved to be a new bond of interest, into which the children are already planning to draw their father. Sometimes the hour is spent in contriving some home improvement, and in this, too, the children join gladly; we have planted flowers, worked in the garden, and made the porches and back lawn pleasant for summer use. Frequently from real or feigned fatigue, I elect to lie in the hammock, when they read to me or offer a confidence that is growing very dear to my heart. They now seldom fail to appear at four o'clock and to remain at home the greater part of the remainder of the day.

"At five o'clock I begin dinner. While in the kitchen where I can examine refrigerator and cupboards for supplies on hand, I plan meals for the next day and make out the grocery list; this is a great help next morning. Being at this time quite rested from my morning work, I sometimes iron a little, or I put up a can or two of fruit or vegetables. Sometimes I spend the time while dinner is cooking in the sewing corner, or on the back porch with book or magazine. Just now I am having a great deal of help in the dinner getting. The necessities of a possible camping trip have interested Robert in culinary matters, and he is very anxious to learn how to do plain cooking. Marion dislikes being outdone by her brother, so she has also invaded the kitchen. Quite frequently my extra time at the dinner hour is, therefore, given up to cooking lessons, but I am already reaping the reward for my patience in that direction. One day last week Marion and I went for a trolley ride into the country, while Robert remained at home and planned and prepared the dinner; it was a success in every way.



"After dinner the work is divided thus: Marion puts away the food and sets the table for breakfast; Robert gathers up the dishes and sets the clean ones away; I wash them, and Jack dries them. Then I fold my hands until bed time."

Mrs. Brooks smiled at her mother's interested expression.

"And you find it a success, Isadore?"

"Mother, I most certainly do! This routine is sometimes broken in upon—there are 'tired days' and 'company days' and days when things go wrong in general, but I must honestly confess that I am surprised at what method will do for housework."

"Now that you really see that, change the plans to suit yourself. I suggested them merely as a start for you—everyone has ways of their own in these matters," granted the mother generously.

"No, mother, your way is good. I can see how I might improve it, if I were strong and well, but for a woman of limited strength this separating of duties is best. I get more actual work done than I have in years, yet I am less weary at night because I have stopped each time short of fatigue, and because the orderly manner of doing the work prevents nerve strain."

"And you will learn more and more, as you go on, daughter."

"Why, I have already, mother dear, so many things! For one thing, I have learned that it is possible to eat in the kitchen and yet to do so in the daintiest manner, and that it is wise for a weak, over-worked mother to do so whenever possible. Marion became interested, and we planned it together. 'Why, our dear old Revolutionary grandmothers that we are so proud of did it,' she exclaimed, 'so why may not we?' So we chose the corner by the east window. We put up two or three pictures and white muslin curtains. A rug was spread under the table, and a four-paneled screen shuts off the rest of the kitchen. We are as nice and

cosy as possible, and serve our meals with the same care that we should in the dining-room. So many houses are built like ours with a generous-sized butler's pantry between kitchen and dining-room which so multiplies the necessary steps!

"I have learned to take as much work as possible to the back porch and so increase my hours in the open air; this is a great benefit to jaded nerves.

"I have learned to prepare the work the day the laundress comes and thereby save much time and confusion. This any mistress can do much easier than anyone, no matter how capable, who comes to the house only frequently. Not only does the woman accomplish much more work for me, but she does it easier as she often asserts.

"In order to keep the children interested in the home management I allow them as many conveniences as I can for the work. Robert became interested in a window brush; I allowed him to purchase one of them and he now keeps the outside of the windows clean. Marion wished for one of the new antiseptic dusters, so I had her send for one—they are only a quarter—and we find it a real convenience. She now thinks we should have one of the dustless floor cloths, and we are planning to get one. These expenditures are not great, yet they give the children a feeling that they are giving real, intelligent help.

"You do not realize, mother, what you have done for all of us! I do not mean that my housekeeping is perfect, or that there is nothing more for me to learn, for I have taken only my first step. But it is all so different from the 'hit-and-miss' way of living that we have followed so long. Jack enjoys the change so much, and the new home interests are keeping Robert with us so much more. I am actually improved in health and appearance, and am finding time to be a companion for my daughter for the first time in years."

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## Questioning

What lies beyond the brink of broken years?

As one who seeks, eyes downcast on the ground,

I day by day complete my little round

Of duties, stumbling where the mist ne'er clears,

By doubt perplexed, appalled by formless fears.—

Oh, dearly loved who never shall be found

Beside me any more!—Beyond the bound

What waits? I question, trembling, blind with tears.

Ah, as God lives, by whom all is controlled,

No fear can be in all the vast Unknown!

There must be light behind the shadows thrown

Athwart the world,—and there shall love unfold

All beauty and all joy of good foretold

To hope; there every heart shall find its own!

STOKELY S. FISHER.

A youth should always be regarded with respect. How do we know that his future may not be superior to our present?

### INDUSTRIAL KNOWLEDGE

THE growth of interest in domestic affairs is both rapid and widespread. The best-patronized schools and departments of schools, today, are technical and vocational in character. This is necessarily so: such are the conditions of life. In the future the high cost of living problem can never be other than most urgent and pressing. The means of production are not keeping pace with the forces of consumption. The transfer of food products from producer to consumer is not free and natural. It is only by intelligent and persistent endeavor that we can cope with conditions like these.

Secretary Wilson suggests one remedy for the present high cost of living. He says, "Why do not consumers buy directly from the farmers? A distribution of farm products in this simple way has already begun in England, where co-operative organizations of farmers are selling by direct consignment, to the co-operative organizations of consumers. . . . Farmers' co-operative selling associations are numerous in this country, but co-operative buying associations among the people of cities and towns are few. Aside from buying associations maintained by farmers, hardly any exist in the country."

Here again intelligence and skilful training are called for. In the hands of the people, themselves, seem to lie the means to remedy their ills. Wise and intelligent co-operation can bring about many good results. Economics, in its several branches, should be taught and practiced universally in our public schools. We must know our needs, then work to attain them.

### GRADUATION AND THE COMING HOUSEKEEPERS

IN the present season of High School graduation and College commencement, an immense number of potential housekeepers enter the domestic field. The mothers have been waiting patiently for their daughters through the long



years of their educational training, and now gladly welcome them to a share in the home life. The strain of study is considered by careful and indulgent parents about all that young girls in their teens ought to bear. Leisure hours and holidays are usually devoted to recreation, and the student years are kept pretty free from practical duties. But Commencement Day opens the door of home in a new way to the conscientious daughter. The wise mother now makes it plain that she expects a new helper. And help to be efficient must be systematic. The daughter, if she amounts to anything in the home, must have a definite place of her own to fill. Certain regular duties should be assigned her as her own part. Such a readjustment of things is not always easy. The mother may be one of those self-sufficient housekeepers who are so reluctant to yield any part of their work to another. The daughter may be a bit selfish, and full of plans for her own pleasures and pursuits. Happy is the home where selfish motives are overruled on both sides, and there is a hearty spirit of co-operation between mother and daughter.

Now is the test of the value of the years of study. If they have accomplished any good results at all, they have trained the mind to quick and accurate observation, and to habits of reasoning. These qualities are invaluable in house-keeping. They are in constant practice in cooking; and they are demanded throughout the house from attic to cellar, from kitchen to drawing room. It is in the indirect, rather than in the direct results of an educational course, that its practical value is demonstrated. Language, literature, history, mathematics and science may not teach a girl how to make a loaf of bread, but they ought to train her to be clear-headed, cool, observing, resourceful, to have good judgment, to be logical, to be persevering. With such an equipment, a girl of average ability should not be long

in grasping the essentials of domestic science. Since the principles of household economy have been enunciated in a lucid and scientific manner, the field awaiting the future housekeeper is worthy of the finest minds.

#### OLD FAVORITES IN NEW FORMS

**I**N the constant demand for novelty which is natural in every family, the housekeeper is often at a loss for a new dish. She reviews the old repertory with a sigh that some new beast or vegetable cannot be invented at will. In default of altogether new material, there are two ways of securing novelty. The first is by fresh combinations of ingredients, the second, by variations in the outward form. What an infinite number of permutations and commutations there are, for example, possible to the simple fundamentals of butter, eggs, flour and sugar, by which the making of cakes can never come to an end. Even so slight a change as a different flavor makes a pleasant surprise. And supposing that one's knowledge is limited to two or three kinds of cake, each may appear in so many forms as to seem a different cake every time. The shapes and sizes of baking tins are innumerable: round, square and oblong, stars, hearts, clover leaves, flowers and animals, and so on indefinitely. The commonest gingerbread seems a delightful treat, baked in the pretty three-sided cakes of the Golden-rod pan. So, too, with breads: one often sees a caterer's window filled with rolls in all sorts of forms. It is like serving a new dish every day to provide, successively, pointed Vienna rolls, tea rolls, Parker House rolls, round rolls, and bread sticks.

It is the purpose of this magazine to help continually along both these lines towards variety in food. Entirely new recipes are forthcoming every month, in which familiar ingredients are so rearranged as to produce seemingly new creations. A special point is made of suggesting novel ways of serving old

favorites. So the progressive house-keeper is helped out of the old rut and takes a lively interest in what seems a new culinary art.

### THE GOOD OLD WAYS

**B**UT there are always conservative souls who cling to the good old ways. Our grandmothers were famous cooks in their day, and we shall never forget how delicious the old-fashioned dishes tasted to our childish palate. In our search for novelty we should be foolish to neglect the achievements of past generations. It is worth while to hold fast to the old favorites, as well as to revive some that are well-nigh forgotten. Our magazine keeps this feature in mind, and contains a judicious proportion of the best cooking traditions of the past. Our aim is too broad to overlook the old-fashioned element in due measure.

### THE HOWS AND WHYS

**U**NDERLYING all the practical advice we offer, the aim of our magazine is to inculcate the fundamental principles of cooking, and to explain the whys and wherefores as well as the hows. The art of cooking rests on a definite basis. There is a reason for everything, a reason explained by chemistry, physics, biology or bacteriology. Experts are constantly studying and formulating these principles, and the best results of modern investigation are embodied in our pages. There is a right way to do each domestic task, and so far as we know, we desire to show that way, and to explain why the others are wrong. None can pretend to be infallible, and none can expect to say the last word on all the important subjects of culinary art. It is an inexhaustible study. Our aim is to keep up-to-date in all these subjects and give our readers the best approved results. E. M. H."

### THE GOOD OF LIFE

**I**T is essential for the community and state that each citizen should be

brought up to fully understand that his one duty towards himself and others is to make the most out of *this* life, to develop in himself the possibilities nature has given him, and be as happy as possible. In this way he contributes most to the happiness of others. Let it be fully understood that melancholy and pessimism, though possibly attractive, are sins if they lead to inactivity—as serious as any sin in the world. They have to be avoided by strict self-control. Life is in itself rich, beautiful, and full of possibilities. Let the young man learn to see that, and not pine for what is not. It should be always remembered that it is not the views that a man holds or the dogmas he believes in that are of importance for his fellow-creatures: it is his acts.—*Fridtjof Nansen, in Hibbert Journal.*

### CHINESE PROVERBS

**T**O make a man of yourself you must toil, if you don't you won't. Strike a flint, and you'll get fire; strike it not, and you'll not get even smoke.

If an ox won't drink, you can't make him bend down his head.

Cheap things are not good; good things are not cheap.

He has the mouth of a Buddha, the heart of a snake.

Who know, don't talk; and even so  
The Chatterers who talk, don't know.

All unskilful fools  
Quarrel with their tools.

A stick's a stick whether short or tall,  
A man's a man whether great or small.

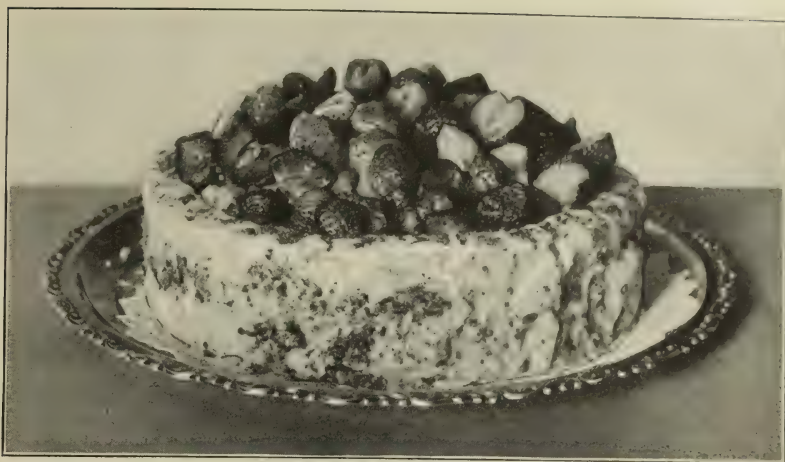
The two words pure and leisure no  
money can buy.

If Right, though Right without a Flaw,  
Is all you have, don't go to Law.

The most important thing in life is to  
be buried well.

The position of the Censor is more  
dangerous than is that of the foremost  
spearman in battle,





STRAWBERRY SPONGE TART

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Brook Trout au Bleu

**L**ET two quarts of water, half a cup of cider vinegar, one tablespoonful of salt, one-fourth a green pepper or half a chili pepper, three young carrots, one onion, two sprigs of sweet basil and four or five parsley branches simmer one hour, then press through a fine sieve and reheat to the boiling point in a shallow broad basin. Ten minutes before time to serve put into the liquid (court bouillon) as many fresh-caught and carefully cleaned trout as the boiling liquid will cover, without ceasing to boil. The skin will shrivel and break; then let simmer from six to eight minutes longer. Drain the fish, dispose them upon a hot napkin on a plate, and surround with parsley. Serve Hollandaise or drawn butter sauce in a dish apart.

### Lobster-and-Halibut en Casserole

Use a slice of halibut weighing about a pound and a half and a cooked lobster of the same weight. Remove the fillets of halibut and cut each in three pieces; remove the lobster flesh and cut the tail and large claw portions in pieces about the size of the fish. Cover the body bones of the lobster and the trimmings of the fish and one onion, cut in slices, one carrot in slices, two branches of parsley and one branch of sweet basil with cold water; let simmer half an hour, strain and set aside until ready to use. About twenty minutes before time to serve, put the pieces of fish in a buttered casserole and add a teaspoonful of grated onion, half a teaspoonful of salt and enough of the hot fish stock to cover the fish; cover the casserole and let the

fish cook about fifteen minutes. Add three crackers, rolled to meal, and three tablespoonfuls of butter, in little bits, and mix thoroughly; then add the lobster, cover and let become very hot, when the dish is ready to serve.

### Scalloped Clams, Rockport Style

Take a quart of clams, remove and set aside the soft part, discard the black neck and chop fine the remainder of the clams. Add the chopped clams to the juice and soft part. Mix one cup and a half of cracker crumbs with a scant two-thirds a cup of melted butter. Butter an earthen au gratin dish and fill the dish with alternate layers of the buttered crumbs and prepared clams, having the first and last layer of crumbs. Season the crumbs with salt and pepper. Let

carefully with a damp cloth and spread in a well-oiled broiler. Brush over with butter and broil over coals about ten minutes on the flesh side and five minutes on the shell side; or, cook in the oven about fifteen minutes. Set the lobster on a hot platter and crack the shells of the large claws. Serve melted butter in a dish apart. If preferred the meat may be removed from the shell before the dish is sent to table. The shell, if retained, helps to keep the lobster hot while it is being eaten.

### Broiled Lobster

The above is the usual way of cooking broiled, live lobster, but, cooked according to this special formula, the meat is more moist and less hard. Cook the lobster in court bouillon about fifteen minutes. (A



BROILED LIVE LOBSTER

bake nearly one hour in a slow oven. Or, if the dish is shallow (two layers of clams), bake about half an hour. Serve at once.

### Broiled Live Lobster

With a strong, pointed knife make a deep, quick cut at the mouth of the lobster, then draw the knife, firmly but quickly, through the body and entire length of tail; with the fingers spread open the lobster to the center, and take out the stomach (or lady) and the intestinal vein, which runs from the stomach through to the tip of the tail; wipe

recipe for court bouillon is given under Brook Trout au Bleu.) Then split lengthwise, sprinkle generously with melted butter and let cook about five minutes, less rather than more, in a well-oiled broiler over a rather dull fire. Break open the claws, set on a hot plate, and surround with parsley. Serve melted butter, highly flavored with cayenne in a sauce boat.

### Sardines with Potato Salad

For one pint (generous measure) of cold, cooked potatoes, cut in cubes, chop, fine, one slice of mild onion, one-fourth



a green pepper, three olives, three branches of parsley and one tablespoonful of picalilli. Add the chopped mixture

Before setting the fish into the oven begin the preparation of the sauce. Slice an onion and a green pepper very fine;



SARDINES, WITH POTOTO SALAD

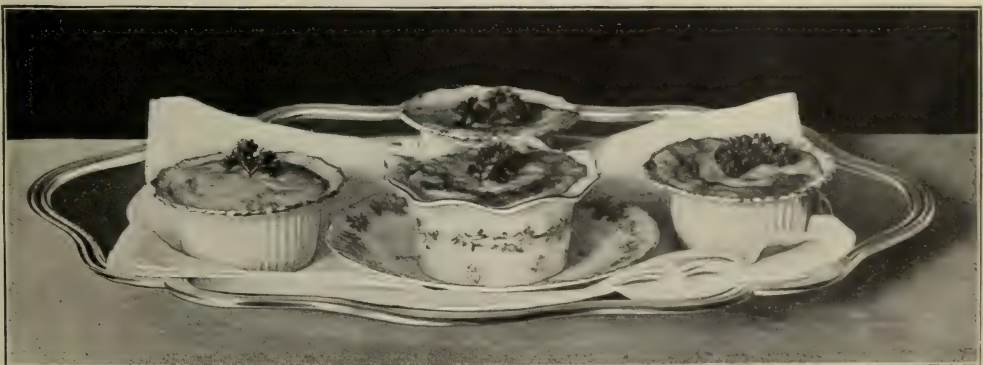
to the potatoes with half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil and one tablespoonful and a half of cider vinegar. Mix all together thoroughly and turn into a salad bowl. When ready to serve dispose sardines, freed from oil on a soft cloth, against the salad and entirely around it. Finish with a tablespoonful or more of fine-chopped cooked beets above the sardines. Serve with Boston brown bread.

### Fresh Mackerel, Baked, Creole Style

Split a carefully cleaned mackerel and

let cook in two tablespoonfuls of oil or butter eight or ten minutes, stirring constantly; add one-fourth a clove of garlic, chopped fine, and two tablespoonfuls of flour; when the flour is absorbed and cooked, add a cup and a half of tomato, half a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and stir until boiling; let simmer ten minutes, then pour over the mackerel in the dish and let cook in the oven a second fifteen minutes. Before serving add six canned mushrooms, cut in quarters.

### Scalloped Chicken and Kornlet



SCALLOPED CHICKEN AND KORNLET

set into an agate dish; brush over the flesh side with melted butter and set into the oven to bake for fifteen minutes.

For a can of kornlet and one cup of chicken or veal, chopped fine, make one cup and a half of white or tomato sauce.

Butter an au gratin dish, or a dozen individual dishes. Put the three articles into the receptacle, in layers, having the first of kornlet and the last of sauce. Use kornlet as the alternate layer, each time. Let bake from ten to fifteen minutes. Serve hot as the chief dish at supper or luncheon.

### Fricassée of Veal

Cut veal steak, from the leg, into pieces an inch and a half long, roll these in flour and let cook in hot, salt pork fat until well-browned, turning as needed, that the meat be browned on all sides. Pour in boiling water or light stock to cover the meat, and let simmer until tender, an hour or more. For three cups of material, melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in this cook three tablespoonfuls

of an article in which to shape the potato. Fine-chopped parsley, sprinkled over the shapes of potato, is an improvement to the looks of the dish.

### Chicken Creole

Clean two spring chickens and cut into pieces at the joints; season with salt and pepper.

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a stew pan and, when it melts, add the chicken. Let this brown slowly for five minutes. Have ready three large onions, sliced; add these to the chicken and let them brown, (every inch must be nicely browned, but not in the slightest degree burned.) Add two tablespoonfuls of flour; let this brown, then add a half dozen large, fresh tomatoes, sliced, and let these brown, cooking very slowly,



FRICASSÉE OF VEAL

of flour and a scant teaspoonful of salt, and set aside to cool; then add some of the liquid from the meat and stir until smooth and boiling; then return the whole to the meat. Have ready, cooked, well-seasoned and hot, about a pint of string beans, and a quart of mashed potato. Press potato into a cup, then unmold on a hot platter; repeat until a border is formed on the dish, having the shapes of potato, a little distance apart. Set string beans between the shapes of potato and pour the meat with sauce into the center of the dish. A round-bottomed, ice-cream server is a conven-

allowing the mixture simply to simmer. Add chopped parsley, thyme and bay leaf, and two cloves of garlic, minced fine. Let all brown without burning. Cover and let smother over a slow but steady fire. The tomato juice will make sufficient gravy. Add half a dozen green peppers (sweet), taking the seeds out before adding, and slicing the peppers very fine. Stir well. Let all smother steadily for twenty minutes, at least, keeping well covered and stirring occasionally. When well smothered, add one cup of consommé; let cook again for a full hour, very, very slowly over a



very steady fire, and season again to taste. Cook ten minutes more, and serve hot.

beaten dry. Set the blazer into the hot water pan, cover and let cook until the egg is set.



CHICKEN SOUFFLE, READY IN BLAZER

### Chicken Soufflé, Chafing Dish Style

In the blazer melt a tablespoonful of butter; in this cook one tablespoonful of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper; add one cup of chicken broth or milk, and stir until boiling, then stir one-fourth a cup of soft, sifted bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of scraped onion, and one cup of chopped chicken; stir until again boiling, then beat in the yolks of two eggs, beaten light, and fold in the whites of the eggs,

### Cabbage Salad, French Fashion

Cut a small new cabbage in quarters and let stand in ice water to chill; swing in a cloth until dry, cut out and discard the hard center, then shred very fine; shred also, a green pepper, freed from seeds and veins, exceedingly fine, and prepare a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley. For a pint of material, mix half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of mustard and pepper, four tablespoonfuls of oil and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. When thoroughly blended dispose on a serving dish. Gar-



CABBAGE SALAD, FRENCH FASHION

nish with figures cut from slices of cooked beet and with lengthwise quarters of hard-cooked eggs.

### Yvette Salad

Take equal measures of celery, cut in thin slices, or sprigs of cress, lean, cooked ham or corned beef or tongue in tiny cubes and half as much of pimentos, cut in half-inch squares. Dress with mayonnaise dressing.

### Green Peppers, Stuffed

Dip, one by one, three green peppers into boiling water; after a moment, remove and with a cloth rub off the outer skin; cut them in halves, lengthwise, and remove seeds and veins. Chop, fine, a slice of mild onion and let cook in a tablespoonful of melted butter; add a tablespoonful of fine-chopped, cooked ham

Serve as the main dish at luncheon or supper, or as an entrée at dinner. This stuffing may be used for artichokes.

### Asparagus Sprew, Buttered

Cut off the tips of asparagus stalks. These tips should be two inches in length. Set these to cook by themselves in boiling, salted water. Cut the remainder of the tender stalks into half-inch lengths and cook as usual. Have ready squares of toasted bread; drain the water from the asparagus, dip the edges of the toast in the hot asparagus water and spread generously with butter. Put one-fourth a cup of butter into the bits of asparagus with salt and pepper as needed; shake until the asparagus has taken up the butter, then dispose on the toast. Set the tips above the sprew, sprinkle with melted butter and serve at once.



ASPARAGUS SPREW, BUTTERED

and let cook one minute; add a tablespoonful of flour, and when blended with the butter add half a cup of broth and stir until boiling; add four cooked mushrooms, chopped, half a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley and half a cup of raw sausage meat. Season with a generous fourth a teaspoonful of salt, and when thoroughly mixed let cook five to ten minutes, stirring occasionally; add about half a cup of sifted, soft bread crumbs and use to fill the prepared peppers. Spread buttered cracker crumbs (one-third a cup of butter, two-thirds a cup of crumbs) over the mixture and let bake until the crumbs are browned.

### Stewed Cabbage

Remove any imperfect leaves from a head of new cabbage, cut in quarters and discard the hard portion in the center. Let stand in cold water about an hour; drain and shred rather coarse. Cover with boiling water and let cook, partly covered, from half to three-fourths of an hour; drain in a colander and return to the fire with (for a quart) a cup of cream and stir until boiling; add a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, and a tablespoonful of butter, in little bits. Let simmer two or three minutes, then serve.



## Stewed Cabbage, Hollandaise

Cook the cabbage as above and return to the fire. Beat one-third a cup of butter to a cream; beat in the yolks of three eggs, one at a time, half a teaspoonful of paprika, a teaspoonful of salt and the juice of a lemon; stir this through the hot cabbage; let cook a moment, without boiling, when the dish is ready to serve.

## French Artichokes

Two distinct portions of a French or globe artichoke are eaten: the heart or bottom which holds the purple (white when suitable for cooking) flowerets, and the lower ends of the sepals. In the illustration these two portions are shown as one dish. Often the choicer part, the bottoms, or hearts, are served separately, one as a service. Then the sepals forming the calyx, with sauce in the center, are served without the heart. The calyx of one artichoke constitutes a service. This custom is quite universal in clubs, restaurants and hotels where large numbers are served à la carte. To eat the lower ends of the sepals, take a sepal in the fingers, dip the lower end into the sauce provided, and draw the lower part of the sepal, between the teeth, to separate the edible from the unedible por-

and cut the stem close to the sepals. Rub over the cut surface of the stem with the



FRENCH ARTICHOKE, HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

juice of a lemon, to keep it white. Set to cook in boiling, salted water and let boil until the heart is tender. Pull back the sepals, to rest on the plate in a circle around the heart; with a spoon lift the flowerets (white or purple) from the heart, to which they are attached. The outer flowerets resemble the sepals in shape, the inner ones are like the purple or white part of a thistle. At this season of the year artichokes are plentiful and sell for about fifteen cents each.

## Artichoke Bottoms, Stuffed

Cook the artichokes and free them of sepals and flowerets; trim them neatly and set on a buttered dish; stuff with D'Uxelles preparation, cover with but-



POP OVERS

tion. Hollandaise, Bechamel or drawn butter sauce are suitable.

## French Artichokes, Boiled

Pull off all coarse or discolored sepals,

tered cracker crumbs and set into the oven long enough to brown the crumbs.

## D'Uxelles Preparation

Peel and blanch an onion; chop and

let cook in two tablespoonfuls of butter; add a cup of chicken broth and let simmer until the onion is tender; press through a sieve and add enough cream to fill a cup (with purée and cream.) Melt one-fourth cup of butter and add half a cup of flour; when cooked add the purée and cream and stir until boiling. Chop one-fourth a pound of mushrooms and cook in two tablespoonfuls of butter until dry; then add to the sauce, with salt to season.



CURATE FOR AFTERNOON TEA

## Pop Overs

Beat one whole egg and one yolk until light; add half a cup of milk and beat thoroughly, then sift in one cup of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt and beat (Dover or Holt egg beater) until perfectly smooth, then beat in a second half cup of milk. Have hot on the stove half a dozen earthen pop-over cups; turn in the mixture and remove the cups to the oven. Let bake about fifty minutes in a rather hot oven.

## Strawberry Sponge Tart

Bake a sponge cake in a round tin with straight sides. The cake made with potato flour, given many times in this magazine, is one of the best for this purpose. Score the top of the cake half an inch from the edge, then remove the center to have a cake rather thicker than half an inch on the bottom and sides. Boil one-fourth a cup, each, of granulated sugar and water two or three minutes, then beat in confectioner's sugar to make a frosting; spread this over the top edge and sides of the cake, sprinkling it with fine-chopped pistachio nuts as fast as it is spread—(the frosting dries very quickly.) Fill the cake with one or two baskets of strawberries, cut in halves and mixed with sugar. Serve a pitcher of cream separately.

## Rolled Almond Wafers

Use large eggs; beat the whites of four eggs until pretty light, beat about half as much as for cake; beat in four ounces of blanched almonds, chopped exceedingly fine, two level tablespoonfuls of sifted flour and half a cup and two level tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread on well-oiled baking sheets in two and one-half inch squares. Bake to a delicate amber color in a rather quick oven. At once roll them on the handle of a wooden spoon into cylinder shape. Serve plain or filled with whipped cream.

## Vienna Macaroons



Work the white of an egg (unbeaten) into half a cup of almond paste. When the egg and paste are evenly blended, gradually work in three-fourths a cup of powdered sugar. Beat thoroughly with the hand. This should make a rather soft paste, but one that can be handled if taken a little at a time. Use powdered sugar on the board and pin, and pat into a sheet one-eighth an inch thick. Cut into ovals, crescents; re-lift to a tin, buttered and dredged with flour, then pipe meringue on each, dredge with granulated sugar and let bake in a rather slow oven. For the meringue, beat the whites of two eggs dry, then gradually beat in half a cup of granulated sugar.

### Cranberry Sauce, Evaporated Cranberries

To one package (about one cup and a half) of evaporated cranberries, add two cups of cold water and let stand about two hours. Cook in a porcelain-lined dish about ten minutes, press through a sieve, stir in at once, while hot, a cup to a cup and a half of sugar and turn into a serving dish. The straining may be omitted.

### How to Boil Rice

When properly boiled rice should be snowy white, perfectly dry and smooth, and every grain separate and distinct. To attain this end, put a quart of water on the fire, and let it boil, with a teaspoonful of salt. Blanch a cup of rice in cold water. When the water commences to boil well, add the rice. Stir occasionally and gently with a wooden spoon. The boiling water will toss the grains of rice, and prevent them from clinging together. As soon as the grains commence to soften, do not under any circumstances stir or touch the rice again. Let it continue to boil rapidly for about twenty minutes, or until the grains begin to swell out and appear to thicken. This is easily ascertained by touching one of the grains with your finger. When it has reached this stage, take the cover off,

pour off the water, and set the pot in the oven, so that the rice may swell up. Let it stand in the oven about ten minutes. Do not let it brown, but simply dry,—that is, let the water that rises dry out of the rice. Take it off and let it stand a few minutes. Then pour out into a dish. Every grain will be white and beautiful, and stand apart, because the drying in the oven will have evaporated the moisture, leaving the rice soft, snowy white and perfectly dry. Boiled rice is delicious, served with chicken, turkey, crab, shrimp or okra gumbo, as also with many vegetables, all daubes, and with gravies of all kinds. It is the standing dish on every Creole table.

### Things to Remember in Boiling Rice

Never set the rice to cook in cold water, or you will have a thick mushy dish that is most unpleasant to the sight, and equally so to the taste. Always use boiling water. Boil rapidly from the time that the pot is covered until it is taken off, for this allows each grain to be tossed away from the other constantly, and also allows it to swell to three times its normal size. The constant motion of the water prevents the grains from sticking together. Do not stir from the moment it begins to boil, for it will be noticed that, when the rice is first put into the water, it will cease boiling till the rice is heated. Stir occasionally during this period, to keep it from sinking to the bottom and burning, but do not touch it with a spoon or fork, or anything, once it has commenced boiling. Following implicitly the directions about setting in the oven, and allowing the rice to "sweat," as the old Creoles say, you will then have a dish that is not only very beautiful and tempting to the sight, but most delectable to the taste.

To blanch rice set it, in plenty of cold water, over a quick fire, let boil two minutes, drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Then set to cook in some form of boiling liquid.

# Menus for a Week in June

*"There is abundant evidence that all classes of vegetables and fruits may be held in a sound condition without the use of preservatives."—Jordan.*

SUNDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Strawberries Hot Baking Powder Biscuits or Pop Overs Cocoa Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Lamb Broth, with Rice Veal Cutlets, Breaded, Tomato Sauce Asparagus Sprew, Buttered Strawberry Ice Cream Vienna Macaroons Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Broiled Live Lobster, Melted Butter Southern Beaten Biscuit or English Muffins, Toasted Shredded Pineapple, Sugared	<b>Breakfast</b> Calf's Liver and Bacon, Radishes White Hashed Potatoes Twin Mountain Muffins Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Baked Bluefish Cucumbers, French Dressing Mashed Potatoes Dried Peach Pie Cream Cheese Coffee <b>Supper</b> Mexican Rabbit Shredded Pineapple Tea Almond Wafers	WEDNESDAY
MONDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Broiled Bacon Fried Bananas, Fried Mush Yeast Doughnuts (reheated) Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Cream of Spinach Soup Broiled Lamb Chops New String Beans French Fried Potatoes Rhubarb Pie Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Potato Salad, with Sardines Boston Brown Bread or Graham Bread Strawberries Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Broiled Hamburg Steak, Bacon Fried Potatoes, Spider Corn Cake Cocoa Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Loin of Veal, Stuffed, Roasted Cranberry Sauce (Dried or canned in water.) New Onions, Boiled Lettuce, French Dressing Grape Juice Sherbet Cookies Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Scalloped Kornlet and Veal Bread and Butter Strawberries, Tea	THURSDAY
TUESDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> French Omelet Creamed Potatoes Corn Meal Breakfast Cake Stewed Peaches (evaporated) Cocoa Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Fricassée of Veal Mashed Potato, String Beans Lettuce, French Dressing Chocolate Éclairs Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Cold Boiled Tongue, Sliced Thin Cold String Beans, French Dressing Nut Bread Stewed Prunes Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Salt Codfish Balls, Cucumbers Nun's Toast Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Potato Soup Broiled Schrod Asparagus, Hollandaise Sauce Strawberry Sponge Tart Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Cream Toast Scrambled Eggs Evaporated Peaches, Stewed Tea	FRIDAY
SATURDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Brook Trout, Fried Cucumbers or Pickles New Potatoes, Baked Yeast Doughnuts Coffee Cocoa	<b>Dinner</b> Tomato Bouillon Veal Croquettes Andalouse Salad Tapioca Custard Pudding, Vanilla or Wine Sauce Half Cups of Coffee	
		<b>Supper</b> Gnocchi à la Romaine Bread and Butter Stewed Prunes Tea	



# Menus for a Week in July

*"Half an hour's perfect rest before dinner is the best preparation for the principal meal of the day."*

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Wild Strawberries  
Pop Overs  
Cocoa, Coffee

## Dinner

Spring Chicken, Fried  
Kornlet Fritters  
Tomatoes and Lettuce  
French Dressing  
Cherry Pie  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Halibut Newburg  
Olives  
Lettuce Sandwiches  
Ginger Ale

## Breakfast

Creamed Salt Codfish on Toast  
Eggs Cooked in Shell  
Yeast Doughnuts  
Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Fricassée of Veal, Mashed Potato  
String Beans  
Cabbage Salad, French Fashion  
Gooseberry Pie  
Cream Cheese  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Veal Scaloped, with Kornlet  
Beet Greens  
Bread and Butter  
Stewed Prunes  
Tea

WEDNESDAY

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Salt Codfish Hash  
Buttered Toast  
Bananas  
Coffee, Cocoa

## Dinner

Leg of Lamb, Roasted  
Mint Sauce  
New Potatoes Fried (whole) in Deep Fat  
Turnips  
Tapioca Custard Pudding,  
Vanilla Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Hot String Beans  
Blueberry Tea Cake  
Cocoa, Tea

## Breakfast

Scrambled Eggs  
Sliced Tomatoes  
Yeast Rolls (reheated)  
Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Boiled Breast of Lamb  
Young Turnips  
Boiled Potatoes  
Blueberry Pie  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Lamb Broth, with Rice and Carrots  
Browned Crackers  
Bread and Butter  
Blueberries  
Oatmeal Macaroons  
Tea

THURSDAY

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Broiled Schrod  
Maitre d'Hôtel Butter  
Radishes or Cucumbers  
Creamed Potatoes  
Buttered Toast  
Grape Juice

## Dinner

Round Steak en Casserole  
Kohl Rabi, Buttered  
Lettuce and Peppergrass, French  
Dressing  
Cottage Pudding, Raspberry Hard Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Dried Lima Beans, Stewed  
Raspberry Short Cake  
Tea

## Breakfast

Sardines on Toast, Brown Sauce  
Raspberries  
Pop Overs  
Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Boiled Salmon, Egg Sauce  
Green Peas, Boiled Potatoes  
Cucumbers, French Dressing  
Blueberry Sponge  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Cheese Custard  
Dried Peaches, Stewed  
Chocolate Gingerbread  
Tea

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Lamb's Liver, Fried  
Broiled Bacon  
Broiled Tomatoes  
Spider Corn Cake  
Cocoa, Coffee

## Dinner

Breast of Veal, Stuffed and Pöeled  
Half Cups of Coffee  
Banana Fritters  
Stewed Cabbage  
Mashed Potatoes  
Chocolate E'clairs

## Supper

Scalloped Clams, Rockport Style, or  
Sardines, with Potato Salad  
Hot Boiled Rice with Milk  
(for children)  
Cookies  
Tea

# Inexpensive Luncheons for Tea Rooms, Restaurants, Public Institutions and Private Houses

- Stewed Lima Beans, Buttered
- Hot Boston Brown Bread (reheated)
- Prune-and-Lemon Jelly
- Coffee
- Potatoes, Dijonnaise (individual casseroles)
- Corn Meal Cake
- Cottage Pudding, Strawberry Hard Sauce
- Coffee
- Salt Codfish Balls *en Surprise*
- Philadelphia Relish in Lemon Cups
- Yeast Rolls
- Strawberries
- Coffee
- Fricassée of Veal, Mashed Potato
- Stringless Beans
- Hot Tapioca Custard Pudding
- Strawberry Hard Sauce
- Coffee
- Lamb's Liver, Broiled Bacon
- Broiled Tomatoes
- Dark Graham Bread
- Lemon Sherbet
- Coffee
- Round Steak, Carrots, Turnips, Potatoes
- In individual Casseroles
- Stewed Cabbage
- Hot Boiled Rice, Caramel Sauce
- Tea
- Rechauffé of Veal, Creole Style
- New Peas
- Yeast Rolls
- Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce
- Coffee
- Creamed Corned Beef
- Stewed Tomatoes
- Entire Wheat Bread and Butter
- Coffee
- Blueberry Pie
- Corned Beef and Potato Hash
- Radishes
- Fruit and Nut Rolls
- Cocoa
- Veal Croquettes
- Peas, with Carrots
- Sliced Tomatoes, Fresh Dressing
- Rhubarb Pie
- Coffee
- Rice Croquettes, Cheese Sauce
- Cress-and-Tomato Salad
- Coffee Jelly
- Chocolate Cake
- Strawberry or Raspberry Shortcake
- Toasted Crackers, Cheese
- Cocoa
- Veal Broth, with Macedoine of Vegetables
- Yeast Doughnuts
- Strawberries
- Tea
- Salmon Croquettes
- Cucumbers, French Dressing
- Yeast Rolls
- Pineapple Milk Sherbet
- Sponge Drops
- Coffee
- Clam or Fresh Fish Chowder
- Toasted Crackers
- Stewed Cabbage
- Frozen Apricots, Cookies
- Broiled Schrod, Maître d'Hôtel Butter
- Mashed Potatoes, Cucumbers, French Dressing
- Rolls
- Rhubarb Jelly, Whipped Cream
- Macaroni Milanaise
- Blueberry Tea Cake
- Cocoa
- Cheese Croquettes
- Lettuce and Tomatoes, French Dressing
- Graham Biscuit
- Small Cream Cakes
- Dried Beef, Creamed
- Green Peas
- Rye Meal Biscuit
- Chocolate Cake





## Serving Meals Without a Maid

By Janet M. Hill

**T**O serve a meal comfortably without a maid, a small, light dinner wagon is of undoubted value. When this is not at hand, a small serving table, preferably on castors, may take its place, in part.

Another aid to comfortable service is a servette in the center of the table. With a very light touch the servette may be turned at will by anyone seated at table; this makes it possible for each individual to help himself to water, bread, butter, sugar, cream or any article of which a second supply may be desired. Also the plates prepared by the host or hostess may be set, in turn, upon the servette and thus be sent round to those for whom they are intended.

For service without a maid the preliminary laying of the table is the same as when a maid is employed, except that bread, butter, water and such articles as belong to all courses up to the dessert are in place on the table, when the meal is announced. At breakfast, the coffee cups will be on the table on a tray, with the coffee service, and, at luncheon or supper, the tea or cocoa cups will be in place with appropriate service, when the meal is announced. At dinner, it will usually be found more convenient to serve coffee in the living room, the change of room giving the hostess an opportunity to bring in the appliances without feeling hurried.

### COURSE I

Consommé, with Asparagus Tips  
Rolls                      Olives                      Radishes

### COURSE II

Filet of Beef, Roasted  
Mushroom Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes, Vienna Style  
Cress and Sliced Tomatoes, French Dressing

### COURSE III

Frozen Apricots  
Swedish Sponge Cake  
Coffee

When dinner is announced, each cover should be laid as follows: dinner plate, holding plate of soup, at center of cover, one inch from the edge of the table; at right of plates and next to it will be found a dinner knife with soup spoon near; at left of plate and next to it, a dinner fork with napkin near. At the tip of the knife is the glass of water and at the left of the glass a small dish holding two olives and two radishes; at left of this a small butter plate holding a ball or pat of butter. The latter article is often omitted; its presence or absence from the cover depends on the traditions of each particular family. On each napkin is a roll. In the center of the table is a small bowl of flowers, or the "servette" may occupy this space. On the servette or on opposite sides of the flowers are a plate of rolls and a dish with olives and radishes. The carving knife and fork, the gravy ladle and an utensil for serving the potatoes are in their proper places before the host. A pitcher of water and an extra supply of butter are on the side-board.

The soup being eaten, the hostess removes two service plates holding soup plates, spoons and the relish dishes, one

in each hand, or she removes four plates on the wheel tray at one time. The beef, mushroom sauce, potatoes and warm dinner plates are brought in on the wheel tray and set down before the host. The hostess returns to the refrigerator for the green vegetables, already on the plates or in a salad bowl, and the dressing. The dressing may be poured over the vegetables in the kitchen or brought on in a bowl. If the salad is on the plates, it is set down at the place where the relish plates were set. The salad is eaten with the dinner fork. The hostess refills the glasses with water and seats herself.

This course being finished, the hostess removes a dinner plate and salad plate, one in each hand, until all are withdrawn. Or she removes several on the wheel tray, bringing back on the tray

the apricots in sherbet glasses, resting on small plates, also the cake. Before leaving the kitchen she sets the coffee to boil. She now crumbs the table, sets a plate of ice before each, a spoon beside it, and passes the cake. Thus completing the service of the meal in the dining room. When the guests rise from the table, she returns again to the kitchen, pours the coffee and brings it to the living room on a tray, with spoons and a bowl of sugar. Or the coffee pot is brought in on the tray with the cups and the coffee is poured after she is seated.

Of course, the beef and sauce are in the warming oven, on serving dishes, when the dinner is announced. With serving dish and spatula in readiness, the dishing of the potatoes can be quickly done.

## My Lassie's Skill

She cooked me a feast, that was "nifty" at least,

In a chafing dish over a flame,  
And they say she delights, not in suffragette rights,

But in joys that the kitchen may claim;  
But a skeptic was I, and I made no reply,  
Though I sought for a girl of that stamp,  
'Till she made me a stew and a roast and a brew,

On the little stove out at the camp.

She talked rather well, for a very long spell,  
Of a woman as queen of the home,  
And they said she could sweep and immaculate keep

A house from its cellar to dome;  
But I doubted their truth, for so fair in her youth

Was the lassie—but sunny or damp  
She made a delight, morning, noonday or night,

Of the little shack out at the camp.

A prey to her wiles, to her charms and her smiles,

To the city I followed her back,  
And I pictured the scene, when I whispered  
"My Queen,

I am confident nothing you lack,  
You will make me a wife the delight of my life,"

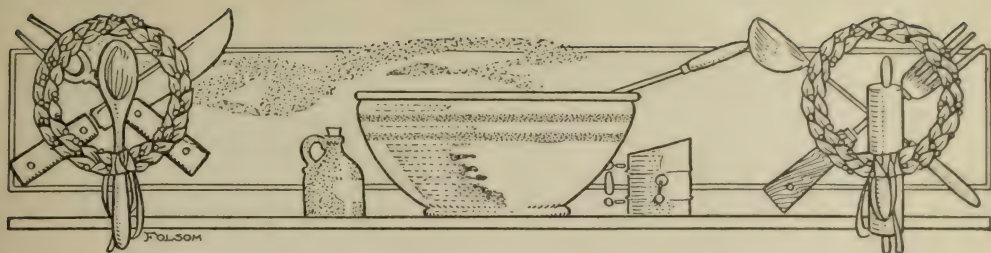
But, picture my wrath at the scamp,  
When her finger I found by another's ring bound,

And, alone, I went back to the camp.

LALIA MITCHELL.







# Lessons in Elementary Cooking

By Mary Chandler Jones

Teacher of Cookery in the Public Schools of Brookline, Mass.

## LESSON XXI

### *Baking Powder Substitutes*

**B**ESIDE yeast and baking powder for lightening batters and doughs, we can use several other means for introducing a gas, which may expand upon heating in the oven and so produce the required lightness of the finished article. Aerated bread is bread into which carbon dioxide gas has been forced under pressure. This, of course, cannot be a process used in an ordinary kitchen, but we find several mixtures, which are lightened by the air that is beaten into them and held by the sticky white of the egg, or by the gluten of the flour. Let the pupils recall the omelet and notice that the lightness of that depends almost wholly upon the thorough beating and condition of the egg before cooking. The effect of too rapid or too slow cooking is also well illustrated in the omelet.

One of the simplest forms of batter lightened by air is that which may be called by different names and used in different ways. Yorkshire pudding may be prepared by this recipe and baked in the pan with the meat, basting it with fat from the meat; or in hot, greased gem-pans. The latter method of baking does away with the necessity for cutting the cake while warm, though it seems a little less like the traditional Yorkshire pudding. The mixture may be baked in the hot gem-pans and served as a breakfast

cake or "popover," and, again, it may be served with a sweet sauce or with maple syrup and answer very well for a simple dessert.

### Popovers

1½ cups of flour	½ a teaspoonful of
1½ cups of milk	salt
2 eggs	

Sift together the salt and flour and add the milk gradually, to form a smooth mixture. Beat the eggs very thoroughly and then beat the egg into the mixture of flour and milk. Beat with the egg-beater for one minute, then pour at once into the hot, buttered pans and bake about thirty minutes in a hot oven. They should rise very high and be somewhat hollow inside.

Another form of cake which shows the lightening power of the air is found in

### Cream Cakes

1 cup of hot water	3 eggs
½ a cup of butter	1½ a teaspoonful of
1 cup of sifted flour	salt

Boil together the water and butter and, while it is boiling, add the flour and salt and stir it into a smooth, thick paste. Cool this mixture and add the eggs, unbeaten, beating each one into the paste before adding the next. Beat thoroughly, then drop by teaspoonfuls on a buttered pan or tin sheet. Do not place them too near each other, as they will spread a little

in rising. Cook about twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. They may be shaped in round cakes or long and narrow cakes, like *éclairs*, but the round ones are more satisfactory. When they are baked, remove from the tin and, with a very sharp knife, cut open and fill with whipped cream or any desired filling.

### Filling for Cream Cakes

1 cup of milk	½ a teaspoonful of
½ a cup of sugar	flavoring
1 egg	Speck of salt
4 teaspoonfuls of	
flour	

Mix together the sugar, salt and flour and moisten to a smooth paste with a little of the cold milk. Scald the remainder of the milk and then add it, gradually, to the paste of flour, milk, etc. Let it boil, with constant stirring, until free from all starchy taste. Cool slightly and pour it over the beaten egg, then cook over hot water until it thickens and is smooth. Remove from the heat, add the flavoring and strain.

(Why must the cream cake mixture be cooled before adding the egg? Why must the filling be cooked at the boiling point and then cooled, before adding the egg? Give a reason for each. Why cool the filling before adding flavoring?)

These cakes may be frosted with the simple water frosting given in Lesson XX.

Another form of baking powder substitute may be found in the use of soda with cream of tartar or soda with sour milk or molasses. From our experiments we have seen that some acid substance is needed to set free the gas from the soda. In using soda with cream of tartar we are practically using a home-made baking powder—prepared by putting the two together in the proportion of a little more than twice as much cream of tartar as soda. The advantages and disadvantages of this home preparation of baking powder were discussed in a previous les-

son. Soda may, however, be advantageously used in the making of batters with sour milk, when, as sometimes occurs, there is an abundance of this article. The lactic acid in the sour milk sets free the gas from the soda.

### Corn Cake with Sour Milk

½ a cup of flour	½ a teaspoonful of
1 cup of corn meal	salt
1½ cups of sour milk	1 egg
½ a teaspoonful of	1½ tablespoonfuls of
soda	butter

Mix the flour, soda, salt and corn-meal. Beat the egg thoroughly and add it with the milk; then bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven, in hot, greased gem-pans.

Again, we have seen, both in our experiments and also in the molasses puff, that molasses sets free the gas from soda. This fact is useful to us in the making of gingerbread, ginger snaps and brown bread. Sometimes both sour milk and molasses are used in the same mixture.

### Hot Water Gingerbread

1 cup of molasses	2 teaspoonfuls of
½ a cup of boiling	ginger
water	½ a teaspoonful of
2 cups of flour	salt
1 teaspoonful of soda	3 tablespoonfuls of
	melted butter

Mix and sift together the dry ingredients. Add the water to the molasses and stir this liquid into the dry mixture. When thoroughly blended add the butter and beat vigorously. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven, by the general rule.

(What material in the ginger bread makes it especially necessary to guard against burning the cakes?)

### Sour Milk Gingerbread

½ a cup of molasses	½ a teaspoonful of
½ a cup of sour milk	salt
1 cup of flour	1½ tablespoonfuls of
1 teaspoonful of soda	melted buter
1 teaspoonful of gin-	
ger	

Mix and bake like the hot water gingerbread



## Brown Bread

1 cup of molasses	2½ cups of corn meal
2½ cups of sour milk	3 teaspoonfuls of
1 teaspoonful of salt	soda
2½ cups of graham meal	

Mix and sift together the dry ingredients. Mix the molasses and sour milk and beat the two mixtures together with a spoon until they are thoroughly blended. Steam in a tight tin for three or three and a half hours. The water must not cease to boil during this time. This may also be baked in the oven.

## Ginger Cookies

1 tablespoonful of cold water	¼ a teaspoonful of salt
½ a cup of molasses	½ a teaspoonful of soda
½ a tablespoonful of ginger	Flour enough to make a dough that may be rolled.
3 tablespoonfuls of butter	

Mix as in the recipe for gingerbread. Cut in the last of the flour with a knife, as in making baking powder biscuits. Be careful not to handle the cooky dough, as it is likely

to become tough. By putting the dough on the ice or in a very cold place for some time (over night if possible) before rolling it, less flour will be required on board and rolling-pin when rolling. This is an advantage, as too much flour makes the cookies hard and dry. Use about one-third, at a time, for rolling, leaving the remainder of the dough to keep cold. Roll about to one-fourth an inch in thickness and cut with a biscuit cutter. Bake in a fairly quick oven on a greased tin. Be very careful that they do not burn.

Let the pupils review, briefly, the different methods of lightening various forms of bread-stuffs, cakes, muffins, etc. Give the advantages and disadvantages of each. Which depends upon a process of growth? Which upon chemical processes? What must be present in each and every case? What effect upon this gas has the heat in baking? Review the general rules for baking and discuss the ill effects of too great or too slow heat.

## The Massolette

("Prof. Metchinoff of Paris, who discovered that sour milk germs will ward off disease and keep people young, has invented a chocolate-drop called the Massolette, which is filled with curative sour milk germs."—*Scientific News Item*.)

While Eskimos on gumdrops dote,  
And school-girls fudge are taking,  
The maids who throng to matinées,  
A wiser choice are making.

The chocolate bon-bon, which so oft  
The youthful fancy pleases,  
May now a double duty bear,  
And cure them of diseases!

For sour milk microbes now are caught  
And kept in candy cages,  
Until they thirst to right each ill  
That through the system ranges.

Old men no more are Oslerised,  
The business world will need them;  
Old maids may still have scores of beaux,  
If massolettes we feed them.

With every chocolate-drop we chew,  
The friendly germs come running;  
Grey hairs, rheumatics, wrinkles, too,  
They chase with speed and cunning.

NELLIE FRANCIS MILBURN.

# Changing the Winter Diet for a Summer One

By Jessamine Chapman

**A**S the warm, sunny days of spring and summer approach, we find our winter appetites waning. A longing for "something *green* to eat" possesses us as well as the desire to behold the bright green of nature about us.

The question of changing the winter dietary for a spring and summer one is important and requires thought on the part of the housekeeper. There are certain conditions which are not always under her control, in making this change:—namely, the products put on the market, the limit to be spent in food, and the tastes of those to whom she must cater. She must, however, make a selection from the foods offered by the market, and then prepare it so as to furnish variety and appeal to the capricious appetites of her family. Her menus should vary from day to day, week to week, and season to season.

## I. The Amount of Food in Summer

The summer diet should vary little in the *total heat value* contained therein from that of winter, although its bulk may be deceiving. If a person is as active in summer as in winter, it stands to reason that the same amount of fuel will be needed to run the body machine. The food of the Esquimaux differs little in quantity from that of the tropic inhabitant. The heat required by the body is regulated rather by the amount and kind of clothing than by the amount and kind of food eaten. Therefore, it is not a matter of cutting down the total food supply, in order to reach the highest mark of comfort from our summer diet, but rather care must be taken *not to reduce the amount materially*, if one still remains as active.

## II. The Character of the Summer Diet

### 1. *The reduction of meat.*

It requires energy on the part of the digestive organs to digest food, and some foods require more energy than others, and hence more fuel, to do this. The proteins (obtained mostly from flesh foods) require more heat to burn than either the fats, starches or sugars. They are always chosen first as fuel for the body, hence are called "*quick fuels*." In addition to this fact, meats contain certain stimulants which "whip" the cells of the body into greater activity, requiring more heat for this increased metabolism. For meats in the summer diet it is well to substitute, often, less stimulating foods, yet containing the necessary proteins. Such a diet furnishes protein in eggs, milk, cheese, nuts, and vegetables, such as peas and beans.

### 2. *Introduction of green vegetables and fresh fruits.*

These are bulky and contain little fuel, but they are excellent appetizers, refreshing without stimulating. They also furnish valuable salts,—calcium, magnesium, iron, etc., replenishing the body with the very things lacking in a concentrated winter diet. They prove superior to any spring tonic put on the market.

### 3. *Increase the amount of liquid.*

More liquid will be a result of increasing the green vegetables and fruits. This is advantageous on account of the greater loss of water from the body by free perspiration. The diet will appear to be more abundant than it really is on account of the increase in bulk. In this fact lies one of the recent cures for obesity.

## Three Rules to Follow

In general, there are three rules the housekeeper may use in changing her menus from winter to summer.

1. Make the diet to a larger extent vegetarian. Reduce the amount of meat (the "*quick fuel*").



2. Do less cooking.

Substitute green uncooked vegetables and fresh fruits for cooked ones. Serve fruits and cold desserts more.

3. Make the diet more simple.

This can be done without losing enthusiasm for "good things to eat," because there will be less work in the preparation of foods selected. Surely this privilege should be allowed in hot weather.

## Some Sample Menus

### BREAKFASTS

#### I

Fresh strawberries on stems  
Shredded wheat biscuits  
Cream and sugar  
Coddled eggs Toast  
Coffee

#### II

Fresh cherries in cantaloupes  
Broiled bacon Corn bread  
Coffee

#### III

Sliced bananas and corn flakes  
Baking powder biscuit Honey  
Coffee

### LUNCHES

#### I

Lettuce-and-radish salad  
Nut sandwiches  
Stewed rhubarb  
Cup cakes Cocoa

#### II

Cottage cheese-and-watercress salad  
Nut Ginger-bread  
Fresh Pineapple Tea

#### III

Stuffed eggs  
Drawn butter sauce  
Lettuce sandwiches  
Nuts and ripe olives  
Strawberries and cream

### DINNERS

#### I

Lima beans (dried)  
Baked sweet potatoes Spinach

Stuffed tomato salad  
(Mayonnaise dressing)  
Pineapple Mousse  
Coffee

#### II

Cheese Croquettes  
Green peas Potato Salad  
Macedoine of fruits  
Whipped cream  
Coffee

#### III

Fruit cocktail  
Stewed carrots and peas  
(German style)  
Fresh asparagus on toast  
Steamed Cherry Puffs  
Coffee

Note the absence of meat in these menus, the protein being obtained from the cereals, eggs, cheese, and nuts.

The amount of fresh vegetables, prepared as simply as possible, is a characteristic to note. The substitution of fresh fruits, as easy and satisfying desserts, is to be noted. The one hot dessert, cherry puffs, can be steamed over the carrots and peas with no trouble. The mixing of these is of the simplest of batters—flour, milk, and baking powder being the only ingredients besides the cherries.

The following are substitutes the housekeeper may bear in mind all during the summer months and feel content with the result.

1. Fruit cocktails, fruit juices, etc. instead of *soups* to a large extent.

2. Milk and egg dishes (soufflés, omelets, creamed dishes) cheese, nuts, instead of steak, roast, stew.

3. Salads made of green vegetables and fruits, instead of meat and fish salads.

4. Sherbets and ices, instead of ice creams. Stewed fruits and fresh, instead of fruit pies. Gelatine, rice, tapioca, and custard desserts, instead of rich cake, steamed suet puddings and complicated mixtures.

# Teaching Children Housework

By Nellie Francis Milburn

**D**R. G. Stanley Hall, the great educator of teachers, affirms that children should never be expected to do things thoroughly. It is enough that they should be able to do them at all. It is an injurious strain on the nervous system, when they try to attain precision and perfection. The little awkward fingers can only attempt to sew, weave, draw or paint under the guidance of the teacher in the school-room, but the knowledge is begun in this way, and later in life the trained muscles and educated brain will enable them to be useful workers.

The principles explained by Dr. Hall may be applied to the natural duties of children in the home.

It is clearly recognized by many teachers and parents that the training in household duties should begin at an early age.

Young children always enjoy household tasks. Imitation is one of the first faculties to be developed, and the child of four or five years will be happy if given a toy broom to play at sweeping, or a set of dishes that it can wash and wipe, "Just like mother."

A child can be easily entertained and at the same time be learning something useful if allowed to help the mother in all the household tasks.

In washing dishes the mother can wash and wipe all the heavy utensils, but ask the child to cleanse or dry small dishes or pieces of silver, and then can have it carry a few dishes at a time to the china closet where the mother can afterwards arrange them. In this way many steps are saved for the mother and yet the child is not made tired and disgusted with work.

I remember once hearing a little girl say: "Oh, our cook is going to leave and I'm so glad. I hope it will be a long

time before we get another."

Surprised at this statement I asked her the reason why she was pleased, and she answered: "Why we have such good times helping mamma do the work. We play games when making beds or sweeping and pretend we are brownies or fairies. Mamma tells us stories while we are wiping dishes, and John plays he is an Express train and carries dishes to the cupboard for us; and, then, when we get all the work done, mamma lets us make fudge or taffy or have a little dinner."

If a mother postpones the teaching of household tasks until children have reached the age of ten or twelve years, she finds it almost impossible to interest them in these duties.

The social instinct has now been developed and they bitterly resent being kept away from their young companions. Besides this, music lessons, and school lessons which must be studied at home occupy a considerable amount of their time at this age.

One of the most essential things is to teach children orderliness, and this should be commenced before a child is two years old. Indeed, a very young child can find entertainment in picking up its toys and putting them into the proper receptacle.

Much labor is saved the mother, if children attend to their own belongings and put away their own clothes. It is an excellent plan to have a row of hooks placed low in a closet so that each child can easily hang up its own garments. Each child should have its own particular corner of the closet and its own bureau drawer, upon which no one else should be allowed to infringe. It should have its own washcloth, towel and comb, always kept in the same place.

Of course, it is not to be supposed that



a child under eight years of age can be of real help in performing household tasks. The mother must take more time to "show how" and assist the little one in its efforts than she would consume in doing the work herself, but she is building for the future and will in a few years reap rich rewards for the time and patience expended.

An able-bodied boy of twelve, who has been taught how to wash dishes, sweep and dust a room, or make beds, can save a tired mother many hours of hard labor, and at the same time be kept under her eye. If the work is made pleasant, he will really enjoy the active occupation.

The spirit of comradeship is engendered by the little son or daughter working directly with the mother. A golden bond is formed that attaches them to home and mother.

In the difficult problem of keeping boys at home in the evening, it may be asserted that there is no surer way of making a boy love his home than by making him feel responsible for a certain portion of the household work and management.

In one happy household of young people, the two young men always help mother and sister wash and put away the dishes after the evening meal, and take turns helping prepare and clear away the Sunday dinner, in order that mother may not be too tired to go to church.

Boys see nothing derogatory in housework, if the subject is presented to them in the right way.

When the teaching of cooking was introduced into the public schools in our town, the boys wanted to enter the class with the girls. When asked the reason, one bright lad replied: "Why we boys go camping every summer, and fine it would be, if we could learn how to do

our own cooking!"

Several instances of the practical advantages of giving boys a knowledge of housework have come under my observation.

In one instance, a family consisting of mother, father and a boy of twelve years, resided in a suburban village. When the mother was confined to her room with rheumatism, the little fellow, who had been accustomed to assist her, took charge of the entire work of the house for several weeks until she was able to be about again. During this period he arose early in the morning, and while the father was feeding the horse and milking the cow, the boy prepared breakfast and carried a nice tray of food to his mother. He then strained the milk, washed dishes, swept and dusted the rooms, etc., and always had an appetizing supper waiting for his father in the evening. Of course, the cooking was simple, as the father brought bread, cakes, and pies from town. The whole family was kept comfortable and the boy was cheerful in his work and received much praise for his usefulness.

In another case, the mother of a family died, leaving a husband and five small children, the oldest being a boy of ten years, and the only girl being but six. A relative took the young baby and kept it for several years. The father was a farmer, who was trying to pay for a good farm and could ill afford to employ a housekeeper. With some assistance from their father, these children carried on the work of the home while they were attending school. No doubt there were many defects in their management that a trained housekeeper might criticize, but the children were healthy, good and happy, and grew up to be useful, capable men and women. What more than this can be asked for?



# From the Ends of the Earth

By Sarah Graham Morrison

SOMEONE has said that misguided souls who live to eat should never make a journey around the world, and when one thinks of the scant fare at Jaipur in northern India and the greasy onions which smothered everything in China, he is almost of the same mind—at least, while traveling; but months later, when he unearths some old menus from the ends of the earth and glances over them again and recalls the spicy odors of foreign dining-rooms and remembers the different “boys” who waited upon him, it seems quite worth while to make a trip to alien parts for nothing else than merely to eat.

I found several old menus in my desk to-day; also my Alaskan totem-pole, on the back of which, below the seal of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, was printed

## ALASKA CRUISES STEAMSHIP “SPOKANE”

Commander, HOWARD C. THOMAS

SEASON 1909

### LUNCH

Consommé Julienne

Sirloin Steak à la Stanley

Sweet Breads with Truffles

Macaroni in Cream

Lobster à la Newberg

Cold: Roast Beef, Roast Lamb

Roast Turkey Ham Ox Tongue

Cucumber Salad

Asparagus

Boiled, Baked and Mashed Potatoes

Boiled Rice

Peach Pie Blackberry Pie

Rock Cake

Assorted Pastry

Stewed Apricots Assorted Jams

Stewed Apples Preserved Pears

Peach Ice

Fruits in Season

Cheese:

Swiss Edam Oregon Cream

American Roquefort

Tea Coffee Chocolate

Cocoa Milk

Tuesday, August 17th, 1909.

International Boundary.

I turned it over once more to look

again at the curious heads and animals in reds, blues, greens, yellows and purples, and I thought of “the land that listens, . . . the land that broods, steeped in eternal beauty, crystalline waters and woods.”

The next was a large folder from The Grand Hotel, Ltd., Yokohama, Japan. Framed in a characteristic Japanese border in the upper half of the cover was a water scene—a bed of pink lotus at one side, on the other, an arbor of overhanging wistaria, while above and below this picture was a spray of the double pink cherry blossoms and a cluster of chrysanthemums. But the back! What memories of Dai Nippon! Fujiyama, matsu trees, the Geisha girl in *kimono, eri*, and *obi*, standing in a garden of iris, a gray-tiled house, the pagoda, the stone lantern!

Inside, surrounded by an equally artistic and delightful border of matsu and cherry bloom, to the left I read:

### DINNER

Tuesday, May 14th, 1907

#### RELISHES

1 Assorted

#### SOUP

2 Brunswick

#### FISH

3 Tai, Sauce Riche

#### ENTREES

4 Spaghetti Venisienne

5 Calf Head, Venaigrette

6 Filet of Beef, Sauce Perigueux

7 Boiled Mutton, Caper Sauce

8 Veal Curry with Rice

#### VEGETABLES

9 Boiled Potatoes 10 Mashed Potatoes

11 Asparagus, French Dressing

12 Green Peas

13 Sugar Peas

#### ROASTS

14 Ribs of Beef

15 Chicken, with Dressing

#### DESSERT

16 Pudding Americaine

17 Genevoise Glace

18 Glace Apricots

19 Apples 20 Persimmons 21 Oranges

22 Dried Figs 23 Strawberries

24 Lady Fingers 25 Edam Cheese

26 American Cheese 27 Cream Cheese



- |                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 28 Swiss Cheese  | 29 Roquefort Cheese |
| 30 Assorted Nuts | 31 Raisins          |
| 32 Coffee        | 33 Tea              |

Guests are particularly requested not to smoke in Dining Room before 8.30 p. m.

On the opposite page was the programme of the Grand Hotel Band:

1. Lucrezia Borgia Gavatina, *by Donizzetti*
2. There's Nobody Just Like You  
*L. O. Smith*
3. Bell of New York, March.....*Clark*

and so on for nine numbers.

The beauty of that menu was that we were expected to order by number.

"A land not like ours, this land of strange flowers,  
Of demons and spooks with mysterious powers—  
Of gods who breathe ice, who cause peach-blooms and rice  
And manage the moonshine and turn on the showers."

My third was a smaller folder, with the legend at the top, "Hamburg-Amerika Line" and below, an exquisite arrangement of sea flowers and animals floating in the depths. The "Musik-Programm" was on the back and read:

1. Neptun-Marsch
2. Triton in der Unterwelt
3. Seejungfer's Freund
4. Der ertrunkene Walfisch

and so on, all suggestive of the ocean. To the left, on the inside, was the menu in German; on the right, in English.

Twin Screw Mail Steamer "Blücher"

Wednesday, February 1st, 1911.

DINNER, CROSSING THE LINE

Penguin Broth  
Pottage of Sea-serpent

Roast Shark, Neptunian Style  
Saddle of Sea-lion  
Vegetables from the bottom of the sea  
Cold Albatross  
Compote of Seanettles Sea-weed Salad  
Water-lilies, Shark Sauce  
Ice Cream a l'Aphrodite  
Wale Cheese Submarine Fruit  
Mermaid's Delight  
To Order: Roastbeef

What a reminder of the ceremonies which occurred the day we crossed the equator!

Much more simple was the menu I had preserved of the Christmas luncheon at sea Dec. 25th. 1906, on board the P. & O. S. S. Oceana, eaten on the blue Mediterranean within sight of Alexandria. It was a true English dinner, all the viands displayed for an hour beforehand at the landing above the dining salon. There was the proverbial boar's head garnished with green, the lemon in its mouth; the "ancient sirloin, full of expectation;" but in vain I searched for the peacock pie. The boar's head, by the way, was made of a chopped meat, and not palatable to my taste; but then the larders of the English ships cannot compare with the cuisines of the German liners. I did not hear the cook hit the dresser with his rolling pin; but

"Each serving man with dish in hand,  
Marched boldly up, like our train band,  
Presented, and away!"

American Soup  
Mayonnaise of Salmon, Egg Curry  
Roast Baron of Beef  
Roast Lamb Ox Tongue  
York Ham Boar's Head  
Cherry Tartlets Hare and Pheasant Pie  
Roast Chicken (Hot)  
Iced Peaches Spiced Beef  
Tapioca Pudding  
Melton Mowbray Pie, Anchovies on Toast  
Sheeps' Tongues in Aspic



# The New House

By Flora Huntley

**W**HEN a family decides to build a new house or even to transform an old one by additions and alterations, the children as well as father and mother should be encouraged to suggest and plan for the convenience of all.

A very good idea is to keep a scrap book or note book in which are put all the magazine and newspaper articles containing suggestions for porches, or fireplaces or general building. To these should be added the observations made when visiting other homes or when going through unfinished houses. Friends are eager to give information and advice, as soon as they see the plans, and by keeping all such suggestions in the note book, mistakes and errors may be avoided and conveniences secured that had been unthought of.

The height of the laundry tubs and dish sink often determines whether or not the mother has a back-ache, and yet most contractors are allowed to put in the plumbing by their own rule, regardless of the woman who occupies the house. She must conform to the average, instead of having the tubs made to accommodate her. And why should the kitchen stove require a woman to kneel before it every time she looks into the oven? A platform under the stove will raise it to table height and save that "stooping" which so tires the back.

Smooth mouldings at the top of the mop board and plain finishings save a great deal of work in dusting and cleaning. Wall-cupboards for the ironing board, which is hinged to the wall, save many a pound of lifting and carrying, and at the same time gives extra space in the kitchen. Mop and broom and carpet-sweeper may also have a place in

a built-in cupboard.

There should be a toilet on each floor, to do away with the climbing of stairs, for the saving of steps means just so much strength and energy for other things.

Windows and electric lights in closets make for convenience and sanitation. A disappearing bed, in one of the chambers, can easily be made by the carpenter and it transforms the guest room into a private parlor. It is well to provide this room with an extra large closet containing a stationary bowl and, perhaps, a mirror over the built-in drawers. Such a room would always rent to a married couple and would be very convenient for a guest with children.

Secret drawers for silver or other valuables are generally provided for in modern houses, and sleeping porches have now become almost a necessity. Built-in book-cases, with or without doors, side-boards and window-seats can be put in, at little expense, at the time the house is built. They are less expensive than furniture bought at the store and possess the advantage of matching the woodwork perfectly.

All empty recesses, such as are often boarded up under stairs or behind closets, should be utilized for drawer space or catch-all-cupboards for shoes and rubbers, for tools, or playthings according to convenience.

The new house will not only be more convenient, if all the family take a part in the planning, but the children will feel a proprietary interest, which will help to make the Home a satisfaction, so that the son and daughter will prefer to spend their evenings there and to bring their friends to share its conveniences and privileges.





Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

### Tact in the Family

WAS there ever a more difficult subject to consider? It is as elusive as the proverbial flea that is not there when you put your finger on it. Indeed it almost defies definition. According to Webster's Dictionary, tact is "nice discernment." But tact in the family? Let us attempt a definition of our own and call it, positively, the warmth of heart by which we instinctively do the courteous thing; negatively, the force of character whereby we refrain from telling others truths about themselves which, while wholesome, they would very much prefer not to hear.

It is always delightfully easy to be tactful away from home. I myself (I have observed) slip on courtesy and consideration with my dinner garments and suave manners with my opera cloak. I am quick to spare a stranger chagrin or embarrassment; I listen appreciatively to tales as old as the hills from those I scarcely know; I dexterously avoid difficult or dangerous subjects, with mere acquaintances; and invariably steer clear of all unpleasing personalities, with friends. And all of these things I do with but little thought or effort—away from home!

Now I may be an exceedingly warm-hearted girl, or no end of a good fellow, but by some strange freak of nature, no sooner do I enter my own front gate, than my charming tactfulness slips from me without my so much as noting that it is gone. It is a warm afternoon, let us say. My "kid sister" is sprawling

comfortably, if ungracefully, in the hammock. I had hoped the hammock was empty. I had quite counted on sitting there to rest and cool off.

"I shouldn't think you'd *want* to take *all* of the only comfortable place there is," I say with some emphasis.

"I guess I've got just as much right here as you," she replies, and sprawls out a little wider.

"I'd hate to be so selfish!"

"I'd hate to be so preachy!"

And, yet, the little kid sister is a jovial little soul, and would have moved over or even entirely evacuated the hammock at a friendly suggestion.

At supper time it is my pleasure to tell the assembled family what a clever, stylish-looking mother a certain school-mate has, and how she must enjoy going about with that sort of a mother. "I know I'd be proud of her, too, if she were my mother," I remark. And I never see the shadow that crosses Mother's tired, pale face, and would be quite self-complacently blind, were it not that my small brother, whose dirty hands and boisterous ways I openly despise, leaves his chair to put an arm about Mother's waist and rub his freckled cheek upon her shoulder. Then, too late, I suddenly remember that Mother's grace and beauty were worn down in constant service to her family, and that we never allowed her the leisure for the intellectual pursuits that would have been such a joy to her.

This experience should bring me to my senses, but it doesn't; and when my pretty sixteen-year-old sister comes in a

few minutes late and slips into her place with a timid and flustered air, I cap the climax. She is a sensitive girl, at the most sensitive period of a girl's life; as easily wounded by criticism as an opening bud by a sharp frost. Mother's eyes invariably soften when they turn upon her, as they do now. Mine harden.

"I saw you walking home from school with that Hamilton boy," I blurt out, loud enough to turn every eye upon my sister's face. I can't see what on earth you admire so about him. It's the third time this week you've had him tagging along after you. He's becoming quite devoted!"

When I had scarcely begun, her eyes were turned appealingly upon me; and before I had finished her face had flushed a painful crimson and her eyes were misty with tears bravely held back. Have I not sense enough and experience enough to know that I am ruining for her a tender and innocent friendship by rushing in, like any fool, where Mother and other angels fear to tread? Did I but know it, I have laid rough hands upon a sanctuary for the mere want of a little tact, that gracious lubricant that makes the domestic wheels go around without a protesting squeak. And how quietly do Father and Mother come to the rescue! "He seems to me to be a gentleman," says Father, and Mother adds "Ask him to supper tomorrow, dear, so that we may all meet him. I'm sure we'll like him. He has a fine mother." And then, finally, something—perhaps my half-grown conscience—tells me that my parents unobtrusively exercise at home the tact which I ostentatiously display abroad, and, at last, I have the grace to feel ashamed.

We hear frequently that it is love that makes the world go 'round. There used to be a catchy song to that effect that sounded quite convincing. But, occasionally, one entertains the suspicion that with love alone to steer by, the world might very easily fly off on any tangential path that presented itself;

and that nothing short of genuine tact, nice discernment, inborn courtesy—call it what you will—freely exercised in the same place where charity, too, should begin, will hold the spinning earth in its proper groove and keep it from colliding with the rest of the universe. H. C. C.

\* \* \*

### Government Bulletins

I am surprised at the large number of housekeepers who do not know anything about the vast amount of valuable instruction that can be obtained from the bulletins issued by the United States Government.

The Agriculture department alone is sending out information in this form which costs the government hundreds of thousands of dollars to obtain.

A lecturer recently said, "Uncle Sam must have faith that the American woman is capable of being taught to advance in domestic science or he would not spend so much time, money and labor in trying to assist her."

Surely, when the average housewife wakes up to this opportunity for help, she will not be slow in assuring Uncle Sam of her full appreciation.

Let those who do know and understand, pass the good word along, that others may enjoy the feast of good things. So right here let me tell you, go first to your nearest library and ask to be allowed to look over their list of bulletins which have been sent to them from the U. S. Department of Agriculture. You will, no doubt, be told that you can not take them out, for they are there for reference. But you will get an idea of what they contain. Some libraries have printed lists, if they do not have the bulletins. When you get the name of one that you would like very much to own, write to your Congressman or to the Secretary of Agriculture and ask him to send it to you. It will come from either of these sources free of charge. But in case these supplies should have become exhausted,



then apply to the Superintendent of Public Documents and get them for five or ten cents apiece.

You will be delighted at the way home problems are solved after the faithful study of some of these little documents.

If you are in doubt as to the purity of your milk supply, send for "Facts About Milk," "Bacteria in Milk," also "Milk As a Food." You will be authority on milk, when you have mastered them.

You will wonder at your lack of knowledge in regard to the common hen's egg, when you have read "Eggs and Their Uses As Food."

The new housekeeper or the old one who is not averse to new ways will do well to obtain "Bread and the Principles of Bread Making," "Meats, Composition and Cooking," "Preparation of Vegetables for the Table," while "Economical Use of Meat in the Home" tells how to lessen the meat bills without lessening the required amount of nutriment.

Before canning time be sure to avail yourself of the help in "Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Jellies;" also in "Canning Vegetables in the Home."

"Nuts and Their Uses as Food" may be the means of bringing to you new ideas of the use of these expensive luxuries.

If you want to make a garden and don't know just how to begin, then write to Washington and tell them you would like "The Home Vegetable Garden," and ask them to send along the bulletin on "Cucumbers," "Celery," "Sweet Potatoes" and "Onion Culture."

If your front yard needs attention, you can get "Lawn" and, also, "Annual Flowering Plants."

One man remarked that, his wife had "the bulletin fever and consequently the latest novel was laid upon the shelf," but the jokes at your expense will not trouble you, when once you begin to acquire the knowledge and become familiar with the scope of Uncle Sam's work in behalf of the American home.

E. B.

## Hot Drinks for Dyspeptics

**M**ANY, to whom tea and coffee are forbidden luxuries, find cold water an unsatisfactory, even a distressing accompaniment to their meals. Indeed, some physicians advise against it, on the ground that a chilled stomach retards digestion, which leaves the poor dyspeptic between two evils. Few have learned the hard lesson of taking no liquids with their meals, even though they do not question the wisdom of the advice, and the demand of both stomach and appetite for a hot drink with the meals is both natural and insistent.

For those who can take it, of course, cocoa is an excellent substitute for the mooted tea and coffee, but many find it impossible to digest even this with hot milk, which is only second to it in disturbing elements. Pure hot water slightly salted has solved the problem for some; others add sugar and cream to their "Cambric Tea," while still others find the use of beef extracts more satisfying to the taste as well as nourishing to the body.

Cereal coffees are very generally used, and an excellent home-made article, combining both palatability with wholesomeness, will result from the following formula:

**GOLDEN DRIP COFFEE:** Mix thoroughly together three pints of good wheat bran, one pint of corn meal, one cup of oatmeal, two-thirds a cup of molasses, two beaten eggs and one teaspoonful of salt. Spread in shallow pans and brown slowly in the oven until the color of roasted coffee, stirring often, as it burns easily. To make it, use one cup of the cereal to one and one-half quarts of water, and let cook half an hour or more. If desirable one tablespoonful of ground coffee may be added to this quantity five minutes before serving. Serve with cream and sugar.

**CARAMEL COFFEE** is a delicate drink, tasting much better than it sounds, and possessing the virtue of simplicity.

Cook to a caramel two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar; when brown stir in one quart of hot water, a saltspoonful of salt, and one-quarter of a nutmeg, grated. Boil five minutes, and strain. To the thick brown liquid remaining (about a pint) add an equal quantity of boiling water (milk if preferred) and serve, with rich cream, same as coffee. Or, add one tablespoonful of the undiluted caramel to one cup of hot, malted milk, for a very nourishing drink.

WINE WHEY is made by heating one pint of milk to the boiling point; sweeten to taste and add two wineglasses of sherry. When curd forms, strain the whey through a cloth, reheat and serve.

CORN COFFEE: Put two tablespoonfuls of washed cornmeal into a pint of boiling water; cover and boil for thirty minutes; add two lumps of loaf sugar and one-half a cup of whipped cream and serve at once. Or omit sugar and salt slightly.

### Marshmallows at Home

The making of this dainty confection is too little understood by our home candy-makers, as is, also, the many ways in which they may be used. The chief argument in favor of home-manufacture is the greater purity of the ingredients used, which makes for wholesomeness; the second is cheapness, since an excellent quality of marshmallows may be made at home, rivalling in texture and tastiness the best product of the manufacturers.

MARSHMALLOWS MADE WITH GELATINE are possibly more wholesome than the better-known variety, and are made by dissolving two heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatine in eight tablespoonfuls of cold water. Add the same quantity of cold water to two cups of granulated sugar and heat until dissolved. To this syrup put the dissolved gelatine, and partially cool. Flavor to taste, and do not omit a few grains of salt. Beat with an egg-beater until white and fluffy, then with a spoon

until soft enough to smooth into a sheet. Butter square tins and dust thickly with powdered sugar; pour in the mixture and let cool. When it will no longer stick to the fingers, turn out upon waxed paper, dusted with powdered sugar, and cut into squares, rolling in the sugar to coat all sides evenly. Or roll in powdered macaroons, or toasted and rolled cocoanut, as preferred.

MARSHMALLOWS ARABIC: To three ounces of pure gum arabic, dissolved in one cup of hot water and strained, put one cup of powdered sugar and boil ten minutes, stirring all the time. Have one egg white, stiff-beaten, and add on removing from fire, blending thoroughly. Flavor with rose, pistachio or orange-flower water. Turn into square pans, powdered with confectioners' sugar, (corn starch is cheaper) to the depth of one inch, and when cold cut in inch squares, finishing with sugar as before.

MARSHMALLOWS IN COCOA are both tasty and attractive; one dropped into each cup provides a substitute for whipped cream. They are, also, a dainty addition to fruit salads.

MARSHMALLOW CAKE FILLING is made by cutting marshmallows in halves and pressing them into a thick, soft icing. Set them closely together, and, if both cake and icing are warm, they will soften enough to blend into a delicious confection.

MARSHMALLOW MARGUERITES are tasty accompaniments to the afternoon tea or cocoa. Choose large round crackers slightly salted; lay a fat marshmallow on each cracker, top with an English walnut meat and set in a brisk oven until the marshmallows are toasted.

MARSHMALLOW CREAM is a dainty dessert, which may well take the place of ice cream. Cut half a pound of marshmallows into pieces and let soften in a double boiler. Whip one cup and one-half of cream with one-half a cup of powdered sugar, to which add one cup



of blanched-and-minced almonds, a dash of salt, the softened marshmallows and two tablespoonfuls of rich pineapple juice or sweet wine. Set on ice and serve in glasses.

M. E. S. H.

\* \* \*

## Two Methods of Child-Culture

**I** HAVE two little toddling neighbors who represent opposite types of childhood, the distinct results of diverse methods of training.

Their homes are of the average good American sort, they are about the same age, and neither is the only nor the oldest child in its family. And the divergence is from seemingly so small a matter that it is well worth every mother's study.

By reason of the method prevailing in her home, the little girl is fast becoming an independent, self-reliant, cheerful, stoical, industrious, constructive child; while the boy daily grows more peevish, exacting, dependent, destructive, apprehensive and selfish. One has very little attention, the other entirely too much. The little girl's mother is hanging over the crib of an invalid baby; the boy's mother is watching him constantly, neglecting every other interest, and rapidly becoming a nervous wreck, because of her anxiety over his physical welfare.

To trace the results is easy enough:

The left-alone child follows her natural instincts of play, her imagination is developing from constant use, and daily experiences teach her numberless little things which the guarded child misses. He will grow up crying "What shall I do next?" but she, dependent upon herself for amusement, will not know what lonesomeness is.

When she tumbles down or slightly hurts herself in any way, there is little crying because nobody is nigh to sympathize; so, gradually she learns a cheerful stoicism, whereas the boy soon finds that a scream brings him an extra amount of

coddling. From this one gets the habit of cheerfulness, the other of exaggerating little hurts and expressing his wounded feelings on all occasions.

Another direct result of this diverse training is that the one, left to her own resources, must construct her amusements, and, to a certain extent, her playthings. This not only develops imagination and inventive genius, but requires a bit of manual work which means that much finger-skill. The boy, given whatever he cries for—and always the finished product—can do nothing with it except to pull it to pieces. Usually he demands that his mother do the playing while he looks on. Thus in a very simple way the constructive or the destructive habit is begun, and this, carried into larger life, has not a little to do with success or failure.

When any danger, real or imaginary, threatens, the little girl, self-dependent, turns and flies like a frightened kitten, her tiny muscles learning quick action that may save her life someday in a real emergency. But the boy under similar conditions simply stays where he is, sets up a wail, and weakly holds out his hands for the help which, just now, is ever at hand. Thus fear will become to him a paralyzing thing, and serious, indeed, may be the consequences. For our behavior under suddenly changed conditions is largely dependent on previous movements. We "do things without thinking" because the thinking has been done long before.

Besides, finding that she can take care of herself will beget within the small brain a courage which will be more and more impossible to the dependent child, whose safety has always come from without.

Another result is that the over-cared-for child will become self-conscious, self-centered and vain, while the let-alone baby's mind, not directed to self, will be engrossed with its surroundings. Naturally, the one, whose every word is listened for and every action

noted, must feel a growing sense of his importance. He is the centre of all the world he knows, and the limitations of his world will not dawn upon him until that sense of importance is indelibly stamped upon his character. That's where the pity of it comes in. A child must get his ideas of values from the grown people about him, and a false estimate of himself means a life-long trouble. When a grown person makes him the object of devotion, all the selfish instincts of his nature respond.

Not necessarily but most naturally many traits will follow from these fundamental characteristics. Inherited tendencies will come into both lives and these will minimize or maximize the characteristics; or circumstances may alter in both homes that will affect matters; but unless these make themselves felt, there will be a daily widening in the differences between my two little neighbors.

Of course, either extreme is to be deplored, as extremes always are. A child needs a certain amount of care—indeed, requires it, but the traits developed by too little are preferable to those of the over-tended child. That is why the children of the poor ordinarily become such sturdy specimens, while rich little weaklings succumb to every disease.

A toddler needs watching, but he may be most carefully watched without his knowing it; and in that case he has the double advantage of a growing self-reliance and the guarding eye and hand of a wiser intelligence than his own. The loving, deeply anxious mother wants to give her child every possible advantage in life, but a bit of far-sightedness will make her realize that *over-care* will render the pliant little nature both weak and vine-like. Let nature, untrammelled, and instinct, unperverted, play their part in each life, which, unfolding from within, will become a distinct individual in the world of men.

L. M.

## Scientist and Cook

THE recent fame of Captain Roald Amundsen makes a reference to life on board the *Fram*, on a previous expedition, of renewed interest.

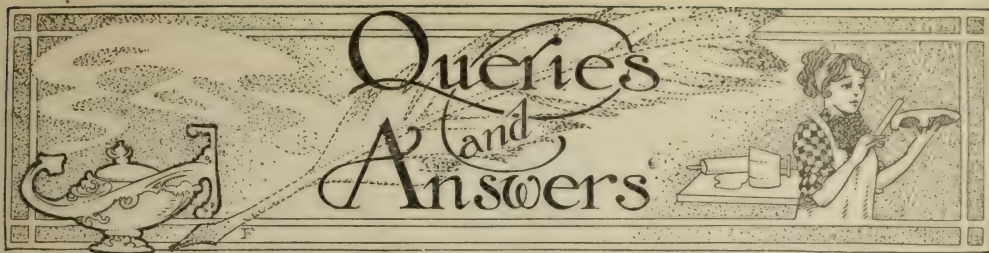
While men are chefs on larger salaries than college presidents, and men of science stew up foods, in glass tubes for laboratory tests, to determine their properties, it is seldom that men do much actual cooking in connection with scientific work. However, one exception is Adolf Hendrik Lindstrom, who voluntarily filled the posts of botanist and zoologist on the *Fram*, as well as being the cook for the ship's crew. He had had Arctic experience before, and so he was able to set forth "exquisitely prepared food, served at the minute designated. His kitchen work ended, he was pretty sure to be seen abroad on arctic summer evenings with botanical collecting box, shot-gun, and butter-fly net, and woe to the flower, bird or insect which came his way," says Capt. Amundsen.

Even on humble boats and yachting parties there is a demand for men cooks. It is surprising that many boys, not over-fitted for competing in the business world, should not take up a work that enables them to be housed and fed and well treated in camp or home, and where extra time can be advantageously used for reading and study, or the cultivation of a garden: for all cooks need not go to the Poles.

Men become janitors now-a-days, but not cooks and house assistants, although, if good American boys would take up this line of work, the homes that are now languishing for lack of trustworthy helpers might be lifted out of their dilemmas. Some one strong enough to move furniture on sweeping days, go to market in stormy weather, stoke the furnace and do the heavier part of the range work and washing of dishes would be invaluable.

J. D. C.





**T**HIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1851.—“Give the essential points in Canning Vegetables in glass jars.”

### Canning Vegetables

Only young peas, lima beans, string beans and corn can be canned successfully. The length of time for cooking will vary a little from year to year, and depends, also, on the manner in which the cooking is carried out. In certain household canners the cooking is done under a heavy pressure of steam; this shortens the time of cooking. In a steam cooker the pressure of steam is less than in most canners, but is higher than when the cooking is conducted in a wash boiler fitted up with a rack on which the jars are set. In canning corn with any one of these appliances, the time may be materially shortened, if only the pulp be taken, the hull being more difficult to sterilize. To prepare, score the kernels lengthwise of the ear, then with the back of the knife press out the pulp, leaving the hulls on the cob. As the pulp expands greatly in cooking the jars must be filled only two-thirds full. When cooked about an hour, stir down the corn; use one can to fill two others, adjust rubbers, and covers loosely, and let cook another hour, then see that all are in good condition. The covers of any cans that do not need further attention may now be tightened. If covers are displaced or jars need attention, cook fifteen minutes after adjustment, then seal.

Beets may be cooked in an open kettle as for the table. When tender rub off the skins (in a sauce-pan of cold water) and set into jars; fill to overflow with boiling water, adjust rubbers and covers and let cook fifteen minutes to half an hour, then tighten covers. When string beans are cooked enough for the table, they are practically done; adjust rubbers and covers and let cook fifteen minutes longer. String beans will need three or four hours' cooking, if a wash boiler or similar utensil be used.

QUERY 1852.—“Recipes for serving Noodles in other ways than in soup.”

### Recipes for Noodles

Cook in boiling water in the same manner as macaroni, then serve with cream or tomato sauce. Cheese may be added if desired. A cup of sauce is enough for a generous cup of cooked noodles. Cooked noodles may also be sprinkled with butter, melted and browned, and then with soft bread crumbs, browned in butter.

### Noodle Custard Pudding

Put one cup of cooked noodles in a baking dish; beat two eggs, add half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper and two cups of milk and pour over the noodles; surround the dish with boiling water and let bake until firm in the center. The water should not boil during the cooking.

From two tablespoonfuls to one-fourth a pound of cheese, grated or cut in thin slices, may be added and mixed through the noodles.

QUERY 1853.—"Recipes for Rhubarb, served fresh and preserved."

### Rhubarb with Sultana Raisins

Pick the stems from half a cup of Sultana raisins; cover with boiling water and let cook until the raisins are tender and the water is nearly evaporated; add one pound of rhubarb cut in half-inch lengths, and about a cup of sugar; shake the dish over the fire or in the oven, occasionally, until the rhubarb is just tender. If the stalks are tender, the peeling need not be removed. More sugar may be wished by some.

### Scalloped Rhubarb with Meringue

This dish may be made with soft bread crumbs or with sponge cake crumbs. The rhubarb should be cut in half-inch pieces. Bread crumbs should be stirred with melted butter, half a cup to a pint of crumbs. Put the crumbs and rhubarb into a buttered baking dish in alternate layers, sprinkle the rhubarb with sugar, grated orange or lemon rind and a few grains of salt. For half a pound of rhubarb use about three-fourths a cup of sugar, less if sponge cake crumbs be used. Let bake about half an hour. Let cool slightly; then beat the whites of two eggs dry, gradually beating in four level tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, and spread over the pudding. Let cook in a very moderate oven about twelve minutes, then increase the heat slightly to color the meringue delicately. Serve hot or cold.

### Rhubarb and Fig Preserves

6 pounds of rhubarb, cut in short lengths	3 lemons, juice and grated rind
1 pound of figs, cut in pieces	1 pound of candied orange peel
5 pounds of sugar	

Put the fruit and sugar into the pre-

serving kettle in layers and let stand overnight. Cook slowly about one hour. The candied orange peel may be omitted.

### Rhubarb Marmalade

Boil one quart of bright red rhubarb, cut in bits, the grated rind and pulp (without seeds) of six oranges and three cups of sugar until well reduced.

QUERY 1854.—"Recipe for a Boiled Salad Dressing that can be kept indefinitely."

### Regarding Salad Dressings

No salad dressing can be made that will "keep indefinitely," unless preservatives be used. Stored in a cool place any cooked dressing will keep several days in winter. Recipes may be found in any cook book. The following recipe has been given several times in these pages. Note that the cream is not added until the time of serving. An equal quantity of butter or oil may replace the cream, then such portion of dressing as is left over may be kept two or three days.

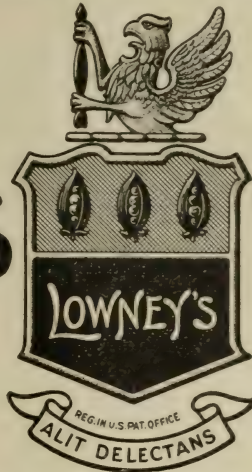
### Salad Dressing Without Oil

2 egg-yolks	2 tablespoonfuls of
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of	lemon juice or vin-
salt	egar
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of	1 white of egg, beat-
sugar	en dry
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of	2 tablespoonfuls of
mustard	butter
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of double
paprika	cream

Beat the yolks very light; add the seasonings and acid and stir, while cooking over hot water, until the mixture thickens; turn the white into the mixture and return the dish to the hot water, while the two are folded together; continue the cooking until the whole is very hot, then beat in the butter, a little at a time, and set aside to chill. When ready to serve fold in the cream, well beaten but not too dry. Remove the dressing from the fire before adding the butter.



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Lowney's Vesta Creams, all soft centers, 1 lb. at 80c.

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QUERY 1855.—"Recipe for Crab Ravigote."

### Crab Ravigote

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in this cook three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of cayenne; add one cup and a half of chicken or veal broth and stir until boiling; meanwhile let two shallots, chopped fine, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, stand on the back of the range until the vinegar is reduced one half, then add to the sauce with a tablespoonful and a half, each, of fine-chopped olives, parsley, chervil and tarragon. Add also enough spinach juice to tint a delicate green. Carefully fold in a generous pint of crab meat, cover and let become hot over boiling water.

QUERY 1856.—"Recipe for Preserved Ginger and state where the ginger may be bought."

### Preserved Ginger

Use the recipe given on page 496 of the May 1912 number of this magazine. Let the tender ginger simmer in the syrup until it is thoroughly filled with syrup, then store as canned fruit. Green ginger roots or stems (the stems are much the best) may be bought at a large drug store or of a grocer who keeps a supply of fancy groceries.

QUERY 1857.—"Recipe for Veal Loaf."

### Veal Loaf

3½ lbs raw veal	1	sauce
½ a lb fat salt pork	1	teaspoonful pepper
½ a lb lean ham	½	a teaspoonful
6 crackers		sweet herbs if desired
1 tbs. salt	½	a cup of dried
3 eggs, well beaten		mushrooms
3 table spoonfuls cream, milk or		

Pass the veal, pork, ham and mushrooms, soaked in cold water, through a food chopper; add the crackers, rolled smooth and the other ingredients and mix into a compact loaf. Roll in cracker crumbs and dispose in a baking pan of suitable size. Lay slices of salt pork or bacon over the top. Let cook about two

hours and a half, basting with hot fat each fifteen minutes.

QUERY 1858 —"Explicit directions for Canning Peas."

### Canned Peas

Put the shelled peas into cans, filling the cans to the top. Set the cans on a rack, covered with a cloth, over cold or lukewarm water, and let cook until the water has boiled half an hour. Fill the jars with boiling water to which a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water has been added; adjust the rubbers and covers, but do not fasten them. Cover and let cook one hour. Then tighten the covers and remove from the kettle; or let cool in the kettle, uncovered. By experimenting it is probable that the time of cooking may be cut down somewhat. Peas do not require as long cooking as string beans. Very small string beans, cut in halves, lengthwise, may be canned in about one hour and a half, especially if a patent canner be used. Larger beans, cut crosswise, often need from three to four hours' cooking.

QUERY 1859.—"In the recipe for Gluten Bread given in the February number of this magazine, I used gluten flour for the first mixing and bread flour afterwards. The bread is delicious and light, but only slightly different from ordinary bread. Was the bread made correctly?"

### Regarding Recipe for Gluten Bread

Gluten bread is usually made for people who for some special reason can not eat ordinary bread on account of the starch it contains. Thus no flour other than gluten flour is used in the bread. Such bread is not considered as palatable as that made of the ordinary flour, but is better than no bread.

QUERY 1860.—"Recipe for Planked Chicken."

### Planked Chicken

(To serve two or four people)

Select a chicken of about two pounds





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in weight; cut off the neck on a line with the top of the collar bones. Cut the chicken down the entire length of the backbone, clean and wash inside and out; flatten the breast bone with a cleaver or wooden mallet; unhang the wings and second joints. Let broil, skin side down, over a bed of coals or under the gas flame, about six minutes, then turn and cook about three minutes on the skin side. Baste liberally with butter and let cook in the oven (or farther from the gas flame) about half an hour. Baste occasionally with melted butter.

Have a plank made hot in the oven; set the chicken on the plank, skin side down; fill the space between the chicken and the edge of the plank with hot, boiled rice; about the chicken dispose four flowerets of hot, cooked cauliflower, four corn fritters, four hot, stuffed tomatoes and four slices of bacon, rolled, pinned with a wooden toothpick and fried in deep fat. Serve cream or Hollandaise sauce in a bowl. Often both sauces are prepared. Mashed potato may replace the rice. If potato be used, shorten the time of cooking the chicken about five minutes. When the chicken and potato are in place on the plank, brush over the potato with the beaten yolk of an egg, diluted with two tablespoonsful of milk, and set the plank into the oven to brown the edges of the mashed potato. Then set the garnishes in place and serve at once. Lacking a plank holder, set the plank on a large platter.

### Stuffed Tomatoes

Select small, round, smooth tomatoes. Cut a slice from the stem end of each tomato and scoop out the pulp and seeds, to leave hollow cases. Chop fine a slice of onion and one-fourth a green or red pepper pod; cook these in one or two tablespoonsful of melted butter until slightly yellowed; add half a cup of chopped (cooked) ham and a scant cup of soft bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one-fourth a

teaspoonful of salt. Use the preparation to fill the tomatoes. Let cook in the oven about twenty minutes, basting two or three times with melted butter.

### Green Corn Fritters

1 cup of corn pulp	About 1 cup of pastry flour
2 yolks of egg, beaten light	1½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ a teaspoonful of salt	2 whites of eggs, beaten dry
¼ a teaspoonful of black pepper	

Score the kernels, with a sharp knife, lengthwise of the cob, then press out the pulp. Add the other ingredients, the whites of egg last. Take up the mixture by tablespoonfuls and with a teaspoon scrape it into hot fat; let cook until brown on both sides, turning several times during the cooking. Drain on soft paper. This recipe makes eight large fritters. Kornlet may replace the green corn.

QUERY 1860.—"Recipe for Cooking Flank Steak."

### Flank Steak, Stuffed and en Casserole

A flank steak weighs about two pounds and a half. Have the dealer peel off the fat and outer tissues, and cut the surface of the meat on both sides, diagonally, in both directions. Lay the steak on a board, spread upon it a thin layer of bread dressing, roll very compactly and sew the side and ends to enclose the dressing securely. Cut one or two slices of fat salt pork or bacon in bits and let cook until the fat is drawn out; dredge the roll of meat with flour and rub it in thoroughly, then brown it in the fat, turning it as it browns, until the whole surface is well colored. Set the meat in a casserole, put in an onion and half a carrot, cut in slices, and a cup of tomato purée. Rinse the frying pan with half a cup of boiling water and add this liquid, cover and let cook about three hours in a very moderate oven. The purée and other liquid may be omitted and the meat be basted each fifteen minutes with hot



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fat. Return the cover to the dish after each basting.

## Dressing for Flank Steak

To a generous cup of fine soft bread crumbs add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of sweet basil, or other seasoning, half a chili pepper, a thin slice of onion and three parsley branches, chopped very fine, and one-third a cup of melted butter or vegetable oil. Mix all together thoroughly.

## Flank Steak Broiled

A flank steak, with surface cut as indicated in the first recipe, may be broiled and seasoned as any steak. Thus cooked it is usually tender.

## Concerning Ices

The storage of ice for summer use has been practised from the earliest times. The Greeks, for instance, constructed ice-houses hundreds of years before the Christian era, and we know that Alexander the Great, when at Pera, in India, had large pits dug and filled in with snow, which was covered over with layers of leaves. The ice or frozen snow was used as occasion required both as an iced drink itself and also to cool other drinks. The Romans also enjoyed the luxury of iced drinks, but they generally iced them by putting ice or snow into the liquid. At a later period the Turks, improving upon Alexander's method, had well constructed vaulted cellars in which they stored large blocks of ice, filling up the interstices with snow, so that the whole formed a solid block or small iceberg. France followed this plan for ages, but not until long after the great Blon had in vain exhorted King Henri II.'s government to adopt it, pointing out that Italy, Spain, Portugal and other countries, with a warmer climate than France, had the benefit of ice in summer. Catherine de Medici knew only solid water ice and iced drinks. It

was not until the end of the sixteenth century that the French people learned how to freeze water artificially. Shaped and moulded water ices were eaten in France in 1660, and were soon afterwards introduced into England. Cream ices were the luxury of a later day, and when first introduced were very primitive compared with the daintily flavored, colored and shaped ices of the present time, the latest development in the art of ice-making being to make them resemble clusters of fruit, etc.—*Food & Cookery*.

## Seasonable Summer Dishes

Instead of the cold and gloomy weather which we have now been experiencing, we have at last real summer weather, so that those who maintain the hot weather innovations will welcome dinner menus in which cold dish courses are quite the fashion.

The chilled course between two hot dishes is always a favorite, whilst the American combination of hot and cold in one *plat* is now a firmly rooted English custom. A "soufflé en surprise" makes an interesting summer sweet for a smart dinner table, and incidentally provides an element of excitement amongst expectant guests. The soufflé—either vanilla, chocolate, almond, or pistachio—is served hot in a ramaquin case, and the inside is composed of a solid centre of ice cream. Other favorites are ice cream served in miniature French pottery cases, with hot chocolate sauce handed separately; *glace pralinée*, eaten with *sauce Madère*; and *bombe au café*, accompanied by crushed burnt almonds made into a sauce and served blazing hot.

Of meat dishes, frozen curries are amongst the latest inventions, served in small French cases, whilst liqueur ices in long glasses make a frequent appearance nowadays between the cold entrée and the roast.—*Food & Cookery*.



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## New Books

*Standard Paper Bag Cookery.* By EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD. Special oil cloth binding. Price, net, Fifty Cents. New York: Cupples & Leon Co.

No one is advised to try dishes—as for instance soups, omelettes, macaroni and kin,—and many desserts that may better be done by other methods.

Neither has the author called for strange and divers seasonings and materials that are only to be found in the kitchens of the mighty and their attendant chefs.

For the very large family or boarding house, pots and pans need still be called upon; but for the small family, for the woman who does her own work and wishes to minimize labor, or for the epicurean but frugal housewife who looks personally after the details of her own little establishment, this paper-bag cookery is commended. If then it will be seen that paper-bag cookery like the casserole and chafing-dish has limitations as well as commendable features. It is the renewal of an old fad in cookery, something of which has been known to cooks for generations. In this little volume one can learn all that is needful to know about the subject. Only practice will teach what is to be gained or lost in the use of the paper-bag in prepared dishes.

*Cooking in Stoneware and Paper Bags.*

By C. HERMAN LENN. Price 8d. London: The Food & Cookery Publishing Co.

The author speaks of this method of cooking as follows:

This branch of cookery is frequently called casserole cookery, but "cooking in stone or earthenware" would be more correct. Although very ancient, this class of cookery is becoming exceedingly popular at the present time. Kitchen

pottery fills an important mission in the present day cuisine, for cooking performed in an earthenware fireproof pot has many advantages over that performed in a metal pot.

The homeliest form, or shall I call it the most wholesome form, of cooking very many articles of food is that done in the earthen jar, pot or baking dish. The cause of this is not far to seek. Besides being unsurpassable for many purposes, earthenware or stoneware casseroles are light and clean to use, they impart no disagreeable flavor to the most delicate of viands, they are handy to use, the actual cooking is effected slowly and more evenly, consequently less fuel is used in cooking. They are not so liable to burn food in cooking. They do not tarnish, rust, or stain, and do not, therefore, affect the contents cooked in them. Besides being handy and ever ready for use, earthenware fireproof casseroles, baking or braising pans and dishes are inexpensive to buy, and if proper care is bestowed they may last as long as metal pans.

Food cooked in earthenware or stoneware casseroles is usually served up in the pots or pans in which it is cooked; this is convenient as well as economical.



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All that is needed is to place the cooking pot or pan on a dish and send it to the dining-room, thus ensuring it being served hot—which is another point in favor of casserole cookery. This ware is also ornamental, and it is used in the very best establishments, where it is decidedly fashionable as a means of cooking and serving food.

This style of cooking is known as "en casserole," which in reality is the French name for stew-pan, and means that the dish is served in the vessel in which it has been cooked. Fish, meat, poultry and game can be cooked in this way; soups, especially those of the pot-au-feu kind, are cooked and served in marmites, which are another type of fireproof cooking pots. Fruit, which needs to be carefully stewed, is excellent if cooked in this ware. For braising and stewing this kind of cookery has really no equal, and there are many other dishes cooked "en casserole" which have proved to be so superior in taste and flavor that one

had better abandon them altogether than attempt to serve them without the aid of this useful cooking utensil.

Any one who has adopted the use of these casseroles, marmites, braising or baking dishes will readily admit that the merits claimed for them are in no way exaggerated, for by their use the cook finds in them a most valuable assistant to ensure genuine, wholesome cookery. It is, however, well to remember that fierce heat is to be avoided when cooking in an earthenware pan.

Any dish which requires slow, gentle cooking (simmering, stewing or braising) can be prepared in this way; thus, a ragout, braisé; as well as *rechauffés* such as Miriton, mince and hash are decidedly better in flavor when re-cooked in earthenware than in metal stew-pans.

Directions and recipes for cooking and serving a great variety of wholesome and palatable dishes are given, also cuts of the different styles of utensils in general use are represented.

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Until one has prepared a dish with her own hands, many times, perhaps, and noted the effect of this or that procedure, she cannot be certain of the results or have the courage to tell others how to proceed. We hear of young women, here and there, who have made a pronounced success in catering, in teaching cookery, or in running tea-rooms, but in every case it appears that, though these women may be college graduates, they



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are first of all women who have worked with their own hands, and so verified the technical training which they may have received. By dear-bought and continued experience, they have learned to differentiate between food properly selected and prepared and that which has received but indifferent treatment.

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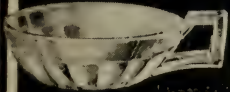


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393  
JELLY DISH



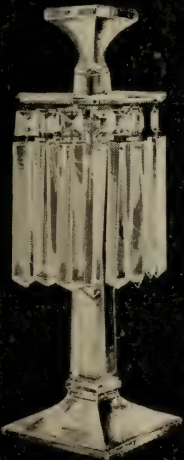
393  
CREAMER



393  
SUGAR



393  
LEMON DISH



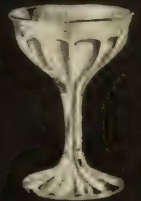
34  
CANDELABRUM



393  
OIL AND VINEGAR



393  
TUMBLER



393  
CHAMPAGNE  
GLASS



393  
JUG

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cranes. Cabbages were brought to the table in their original shape.

The usual Saturday dinner was boiled salt codfish, in order that what was left over might be used the next morning. For dinner on Sunday, baked beans, "rye 'n injun" bread, and baked Indian pudding were customary.

The favorite supper dish consisted of flap-jacks. These were griddle-cakes cooked in a huge pan, each one being as large as the pan. They were liberally buttered as fast as taken from the fire, and sprinkled with brown sugar. When a dozen or so had been piled up, they were served in wedges. Doughnuts,—nutcakes they were then called,—sugared cookies, with caraway seeds in them, mince pies, and cup custards were considered the proper adjuncts for each meal.—*Morning Star.*

## Molasses Making on Southern Farms

**T**IME was, and not so very long ago, too, when the plantation almost entirely monopolized the cultivation of the South, and the small farms and farmsteads in a county could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Particularly was this true of the so-called cotton belt, and in the districts where rice and tobacco could not be grown profitably except in extensive fields. That day is past, and the thriving little farm, with its small herd of cattle, its hundreds of hens, its orchard and truck garden, is now as common there as it is in the New England and Middle States, but with this distinction: Where few New England farms are so remote from railroads and large cities as to affect their source of supply, numberless Southern farms, located in isolated regions, have been forced to manufacture many of their necessities at home. So it is of molasses, or "Sorghum," as it is most often called. There is scarcely a farm, however small, that does not pos-





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# **NESNAH**

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sess its patch of silver-leaved cane, and the rude machinery for extracting its juices.

At first sight the growing cane resembles a cornfield, but its silvery-white sheen makes it unmistakable, as do also its reddish-purple sumack-like tops.

In the early fall, when the cane is ripe, it is cut down, stripped of leaves, and the tops are cut off, which, by the way, are eaten with a great deal of gusto by the farm-yard pigs. Meanwhile the press, or mill, has been set up in an open space. This consists of two upright metal cylinders placed over a hogshead, with a horizontal pole fastened to the axel; a mule is harnessed to the other end, which, by walking around in a circle turns the cylinders like a crank. A man, usually a "darkie," stands by the hogshead and feeds the cane between the cylinders.

The juice, which is of a sickly green color, but nevertheless dear to the heart of the child who lives far from candy shops, is then poured into shallow pans about six inches deep and about five or six feet long. These pans are placed over out-door brick ovens, of which there are always a few in every farm-yard, made with brick floors and walls, on the side of a slope, so that the fuel can be fed in from only one end, thus avoiding smoking the molasses. The boiling liquid must be skimmed even more often than jelly, and just as carefully, but when it is done, a plate of corn cakes and hot molasses is not to be despised even by those who swear by Vermont maple sugar.

Like the Vermont "sugaring-off," the "sorghum" making is an occasion for general merry-making. Smaller farms send their cane to the nearest cane-mill,

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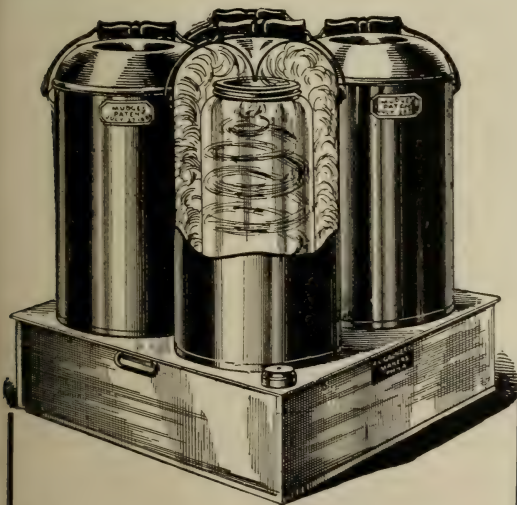
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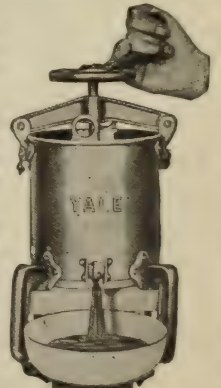
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and the farmers call with their wives and daughters to see the fun. The juicy slices of fresh cane, cut at the joints, are handed around among the grown people as well as the children, and not infrequently there is a "spread."

Very little sugar is made by the farmers, as few of them possess any means for refining the product. E. R. G.

The Governments wish to persuade the peoples that there is no need for private individuals to trouble about freeing themselves from wars; the Governments themselves, at their conferences, will arrange first to reduce and presently quite to abolish armies. But this is untrue. Armies can be reduced and abolished only in opposition to the will, but never by the will, of Governments. Armies will only be diminished and abolished when people cease to trust Governments, and themselves seek salvation from the miseries that oppress them, and seek that safety, not by the complicated and delicate combinations of diplomatists, but in the simple fulfilment of that law binding upon every man, inscribed in all religious teachings, and present in every heart, not to do to others what you wish them not to do to you—above all, not to slay your neighbors.—*Tolstoy*.

"You ought to be contented, and not fret for your old home," said the mistress to her young Swedish maid. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here." "Yas'm," said the girl, "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera home-sick: it is the place where I don't be."

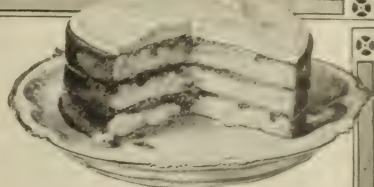
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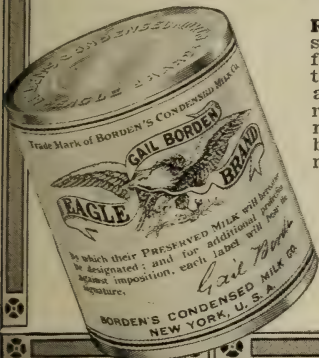


## Fig Cake

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# BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK



**RECIPE** — Chop fine one pound figs. Beat the whites of four eggs stiff. Rub one cup butter and two scant cups sugar to a cream, add four tablespoonfuls Eagle Brand Condensed Milk diluted with three-fourths cup water, three cups flour, and stir until smooth; add one-half of the egg whites, then one-half of the figs, then the remainder of the whites and one-half teaspoonful baking powder; mix gently together. Bake in layers. For the filling, mix one egg, beaten light, with three tablespoonfuls pulverized sugar; add the remainder of the figs and spread between the layers. Frost the top.

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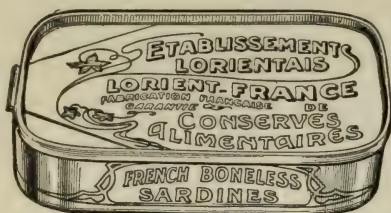
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- |                                    |                                   |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Fleischmann's yeast cake         | 6 cups of sifted flour            |
| 2 cups of milk, scalded and cooled | $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter     |
| 1 tablespoonful of sugar           | 1 cup of sugar                    |
|                                    | 1 egg                             |
|                                    | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt |
|                                    | 1 cup of currants                 |

Dissolve the yeast and one tablespoonful sugar in lukewarm milk, and add to it three cups of flour, to make an ordinary sponge. Beat well. Cover and set aside in a warm place to rise for about an hour. When light, add to it the butter and sugar creamed, egg well beaten, the currants, which have previously been floured, and the remainder of the flour, or sufficient to make a soft dough, lastly add salt. Knead lightly, place in greased bowl, cover and set aside in warm place, free from draft, to rise for about two to two and one-half hours. When well-risen, turn out on a kneading board and mould into rolls. Place in well-greased pans, cover and let rise again for about one hour, or until double in bulk. Brush with egg diluted with milk. Bake in a hot oven for about fifteen or twenty minutes. Upon removing from oven sprinkle on powdered sugar.

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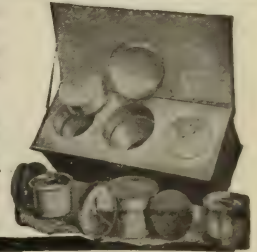
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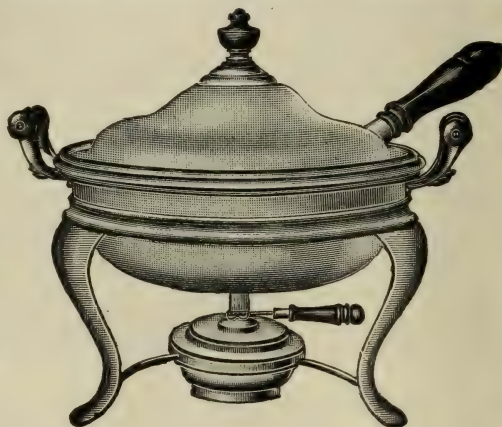
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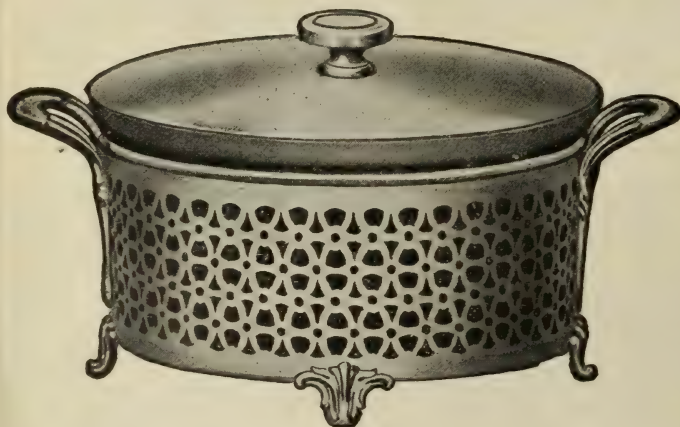
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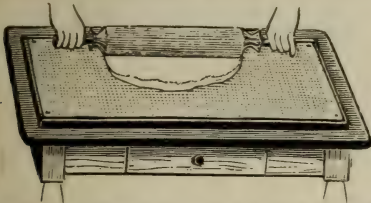
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Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We

guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 1597, Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.





**T**HERE are two striking things about the incident on the Burmese coast pictured above. The first is the box of soap floating on the water. The second is the presence of Ivory Soap so far from home.

In carrying the case from one boat to another, a Chinese coolie dropped it overboard. But a native in his sampan quickly recovered it for, as you know, Ivory Soap floats.

The soap was on its way to one of the shops in Mandalay catering to the trade of foreigners. These residents, coming to the tropics from cooler countries, suf-

fer greatly with prickly heat. They find that frequent bathing with Ivory Soap so cools, soothes and refreshes the skin that it is kept free from irritation.

Ivory Soap is delightfully effective—cleanses so thoroughly and so gently—because it lathers freely, rinses easily and contains no “free” (uncombined) alkali.

**Ivory Soap . . . . . It Floats**

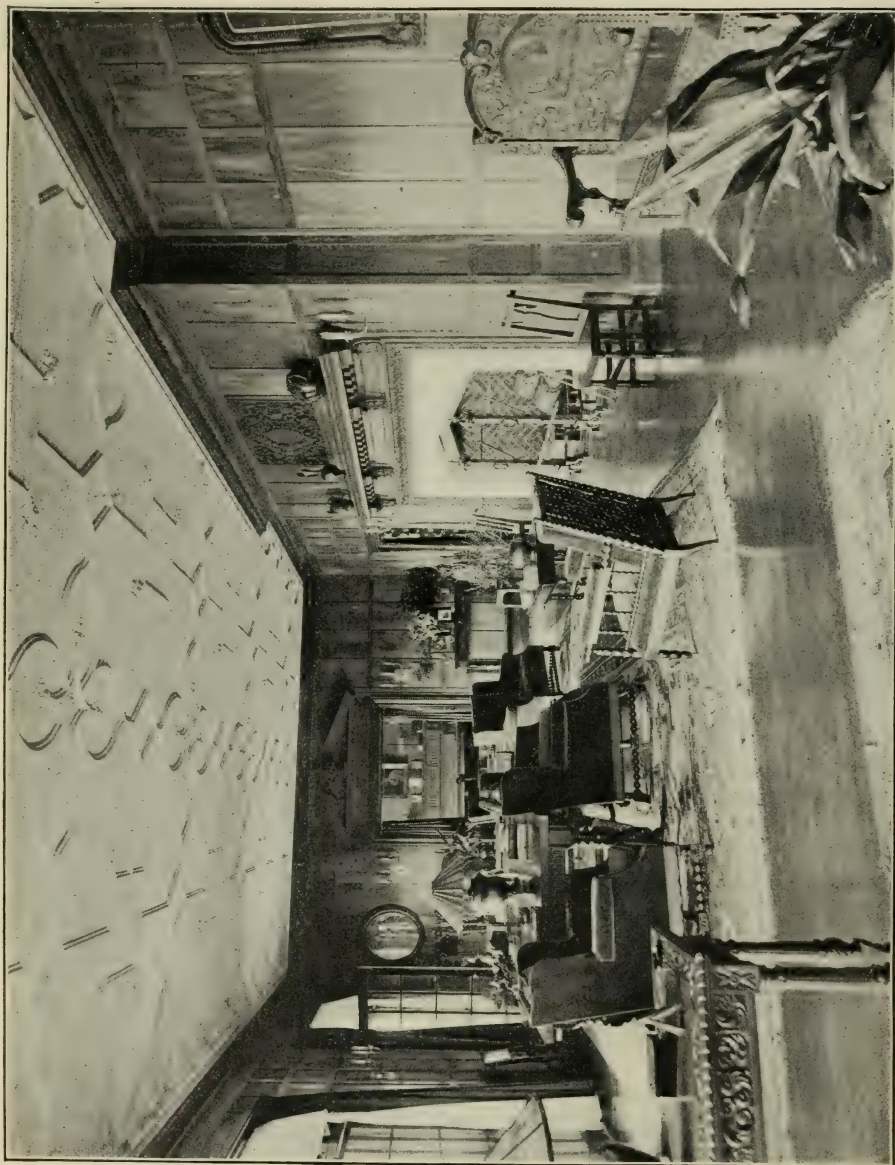


## Dishes for Picnic Luncheons

Cold Corned Beef (fancy brisket) Sliced Thin  
     Cold Fried Chicken  
     Veal Loaf, Sliced Thin  
 Cold Boiled Eggs, Stuffed with Sardines  
     Crab Meat Salad (in glass jar)  
     Potato Salad  
     Pickled Beets  
     Deviled Ham Sandwiches  
 Peanut Butter Salad Dressing Sandwiches  
     Cheese-and-Sliced Nut Sandwiches  
     Flora Dora Buns  
     Salad Rolls  
 Peach Turnovers      Currant Jelly Tarts  
     Brownies      Wafer Jumbles  
 Gherkins      Olives      Salted Nuts      Lemonade  
     Green Corn Roasted in Ashes  
     Hot Grilled Bacon  
     Hot Coffee

## Dishes for Piazza Luncheons

    Watermelon Cocktail  
     Jellied Chicken Broth *en Tasse*  
 Clam Broth, with Whipped Cream  
     Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon  
 Brook Trout, Biarritz (Hollandaise Sauce)  
     Chicken à la King (chafing dish)  
     Mexican Rabbit (chafing dish)  
     Fried Sweetbreads, Green Peas  
     Green Corn in Cream  
 Tomatoes Scalloped, with Cheese,  
     Onions or Nuts  
     Mayonnaise of Tomatoes  
 Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce  
 Peppers Stuffed with Rice,  
     Tomato and Cheese  
     Scalloped Egg-Plant  
     Egg-Plant, Marseillaise  
 Tomatoes, Stuffed, with D'Uxelles  
     Blackberry Shortcake  
     Peach Ice Cream  
     Peach Sherbet  
     Raspberry Parfait



QUARTER-SAWED OAK, TREATED WITH WAX AND SHELLAC



# The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

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## Treatment of Hard Wood Floors

By Mary H. Northend

**I**N building, or in remodelling a house, the owner depends chiefly on the advice of the architect or contractor, as to the material to be used for the floors, and also for the finish to be applied to them.

Regarding the superiority of one wood over another as to his particular needs, he has generally only a vague idea, and consequently all is left to the contractor, with the result, oftentimes, that when the floors are laid they are not what he expected, and are more or less of a disappointment. The purpose of this article is to show, to a certain extent, the relative value of different woods as flooring material, when used under various conditions; the method of laying and finishing, and the care which should be given it by the housewife, to keep it in first-class condition.

The floors laid in houses today are noticeably different from those laid some twenty-five years ago. Hard wood floors were then laid in fanciful designs, with borders combining a number of different woods in contrast. But in the finest houses of today this idea is not in favor. One kind of wood only is used, and this is generally laid in narrow strips, in

one direction, or in the herring-bone, or some similar design.

In choosing the wood for flooring it is very necessary to consider the climatic conditions, regulating the amount of artificial heat required in the house. Certain kinds of wood that may be used and give satisfaction in a warm climate, or in a house intended for summer use only, will not give good results in an artificially heated Northern home.

The most satisfactory wood for flooring is white oak, quartered, chiefly because it retains its shape year after year and does not twist and curl. Mahogany and teak wood are also used successfully, but are much more expensive than oak, and beyond the means of the average house owner.

For a less expensive flooring, hard pine and birch are both used, and make a most satisfactory substitute, retaining the shape equally as well as oak. The hard pine is found principally along the South Atlantic States, that from Georgia being considered the finest grained.

This wood does not make quite as desirable flooring, where hard wear is to be considered, as after a time the surface of the floor will have a cloudy ap-

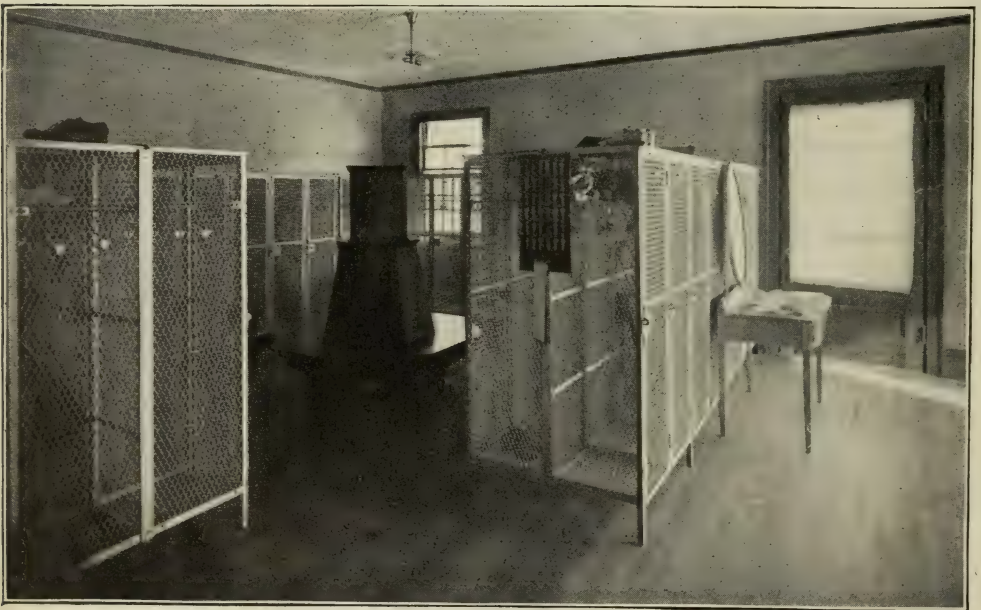
pearance; but again it has advantages in being less expensive to lay and finish than one of oak, as the wood is softer and more easily worked. The price of maple and birch runs about the same as for pine, but the cost of labor is about the same for working them, as is that of oak.

The beautiful satiny finish and the grain of the wood make the birch a most desirable flooring for any part of the house. Unfortunately, both the birch and maple have a tendency to curl and twist, and as the pores are small, the finish does not penetrate as in other woods. A single strip of maple or birch will twist and become very much misshapen. The best place for a floor of either of these two woods is in the kitchen. Here the floor is frequently washed, and steam heat not used. It is impossible where much artificial heat is used to keep the same even temperature and moisture in the wood work the year round, and because the white oak is the least affected by these conditions, it is far superior to other woods as a flooring material.

The quarter sawing, which is meant

when speaking of quartered oak, is sometimes called rift, edge grain, comb grain, or radial, as contrasted with plain, flat grain, or tangential sawing. In plain sawing, the log is sawed through and through, successive boards being taken off until the log is sawed away. This process economizes lumber, time, and labor, thus accounting for the small cost of plain sawed lumber in comparison with the quartered. In quarter sawing the log is first cut into quarters and these are then cut into boards.

In this method of sawing, the grain shows up plainly in big wavy lines, which easily distinguishes the quartered from the plain sawed board. The perpendicular expansion and contraction in the quarter sawed boards makes no difference in the wearing qualities of a floor, but in the plain sawed boards the expansion and contraction is sideways, thus causing the floor to warp and crack, so the plain sawed oak floor is not desirable, although this stock properly selected, laid and finished, makes one of the most attractive floors to be had, and would be most desirable from an economical viewpoint, were it not for the



PLAIN HARD WOOD FLOOR





EASILY KEPT IN GOOD CONDITION

large amount of expansion and contraction, which the boards undergo during changes of season.

Any live wood, that is, any wood until it becomes punk, will undergo a certain amount of expansion and contraction. Some expert floor dealers make accurate tests as to the state of dryness in flooring. Apothecary's scales are used, and about two ounces of the chips are taken from the wood and weighed, and then placed over very dry heat. These are later weighed again, and if they have lost more than 5 per cent. of their former weight, the floor dealer knows the wood has not been sufficiently prepared in the dry kiln to withstand the changes of heat and moisture, which wood placed in an artificially heated house will undergo.

There is an idea very commonly held that all lumber for interior woodwork should be made as dry as possible before it is put in to a house. One frequently hears of lumber for flooring being delivered at the house right from the kiln.

The flooring under these circumstances is, of course, drier than the house, even when steam heat is in use. As the floor gradually absorbs some of the moisture of the house, it invariably bulges, and, as it never again returns to the state of extreme dryness in which it was when first laid, it can never be satisfactory. A house should be thoroughly dry before a floor is laid; that is, as dry as it is under ordinary conditions of heat, and the floor should be dry enough to withstand those conditions. Much fine old woodwork, put in houses before steam heating was introduced, has been warped and split by the drying-out of the moisture in the wood after greater heat is introduced. Boards for flooring come in various thicknesses, but  $\frac{5}{16}$ -inch and  $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch boards are most commonly used.

The  $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch boards, tongued and grooved, are put into the majority of new houses today. If  $\frac{5}{16}$ -inch boards are used, they are laid square edge with  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch nails, counter-sunk, and the nail

holes are filled with putty. Some carpenters lay  $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch boards, tongued and grooved, but these, while satisfactory for summer cottages, will not stand so well in an all the year round home.

The tongue is too thin to allow of driving the nail through without danger of splitting, so the floor is consequently insecurely held, and when the boards contract the edges have a tendency to rise. The old method of laying the rough foundation, and the top floor with parallel boards, the boards of the top floor coming directly over the cracks, has been discarded. This plan was a poor substitute for matched boards at a time when tongue and groove work was done by hand, making it a too expensive process for common flooring.

The first process in laying the hardwood floor is a careful preparation of the under floor. If the house is an old one, the foundation floor may not be quite level. A careful planing is, therefore, of great importance in determining

the successful laying of the new floor.

After the floor is nailed into place, it is given a careful and thorough scraping, and, lastly, given a thorough sanding with No. 1 sandpaper, to make it perfectly smooth. No amount of sandpapering will remedy defects in scraping, so care must be taken with this process. When the floor is to be given a shellac finish, it is first given a coat of filler, and all nail holes are filled with coloring matter to match the wood. The first coat of shellac is then put on, and after drying, the floor is sandpapered, and a second coat of shellac is put on. When both are dry, the third and last coat is applied and dried, and then the floor is waxed.

Some objection is raised to the use of wax on floors, as it is so slippery, consequently many floors are finished without any wax whatever. Although wax undoubtedly forms the best protection for a floor, as it prevents the shellac underneath from scratching. Left with-



INTERIOR OF A RECEPTION ROOM



out further dressing shellac gives a very good wearing surface, although not nearly so good as the wax. It has the advantage of drying quickly, so the floor may be used within a few hours from the time it has been applied. If shellac is not to be used, and the floor is to have a real wax finish, the filler is put on and allowed to stand twelve hours. The floor is then given a coat of what is called "reviver" and allowed to stand.

Then it is given a coat of prepared wax. This wax is not the genuine bees-wax or paraffin, as they would never become hard. This prepared wax is applied to the floor with a bit of cloth or cotton waste, and rubbed down very thin. Only a very thin film should be left on the surface of the floor. It is then gone over with the weighted brush, first in one direction, and then at right angles. It is finished by putting a cloth under the brush, and rubbing in one direction only. In the regular care of a wax finished floor, a dry mop should be used for removing the loose dust. On those parts of a floor that get the most usage it may be necessary to apply a little wax once a month. In other parts of the house once in six months is often enough. If the floor has been scarred by hard usage, it may be cleaned in the following various ways:

1. For slight defects, clean with a cloth moistened with turpentine.
2. For more serious defects sand-

paper with No. 1 paper, then use turpentine.

3. For still more serious defects, scour with steel wool and turpentine. Of course, by the above treatments the finish is removed, and the wax must be again applied.

Regular sweeping with the dry mop is all that is necessary for the shellaced floor, with perhaps a wiping over once or twice a year with a damp cloth. This should be done with caution, however, as the effect of the dampness tends to wear the shellac from the floor.

While figures show that the original cost of hardwood flooring is more than for carpeting, there is another side to the question of cost. Carpets require frequent cleaning, renovating, and re-laying, and, with ordinary wear, last for a comparatively short time. The hardwood floor is permanent; it takes on added beauty with time, and the cost and labor of keeping in good condition are slight, if regularly given proper attention.

As a decorative feature, an oak or other hardwood floor lends a fine, rich tone to a room, and more completely furnishes it than any carpet or other form of floor covering. If the stock be properly selected and dried, and proper attention paid to the condition of the house before the floor is laid, the hardwood floor will give greater satisfaction to the owner with longer use.

## Making Olive Oil on Capri

By E. A. B.

THE making of olive oil on Capri is almost a "festa." For days beforehand the peasants are gathering the olives. Thro' the gray green of the olive trees you will see flashes of color,—blue, red, yellow, in the dresses and head-kerchiefs of the women picking and sorting the olives

on the ground, while the men take the easier task of pulling the fruit from the trees; then carrying the huge, round, flat baskets of olives on their heads,—the women, of course, as this is "women's work" in Italy,—to the place where they are stored until a sufficient quantity is gathered to start the making of the



AS FREQUENTLY SEEN

oil.

It is a pretty sight along the sunny hills, the men and women working together, singing a song in a nasal, monotonous tone, peculiar to Capri. And there is also much laughter and gossip among them, as they are always a merry, happy folk. The women, with their burdens carried on their heads, have a straight, erect carriage that is to be envied.

The "padrona" of my villa, "Concetta" by name, showed me a great lot of olives she was keeping until all should be ready. These were kept in the kitchen, which was really the basement of the villa, and where she with "Rafaele," her husband, lived during the day. Also where they kept their wine,—the good red and white Capri wine,—in large casks until ready for shipping. And most of this wine, by the way, goes to South America, which is to be regretted, as it is so far superior to the

less expensive wines we have in this country.

The "kitchens" are most attractive places, and most picturesque. For constant use they would, probably, not be so, but, seen at night after the day's work is done, they are homelike and beautiful.

Concetta, with a bright red head-kerchief round her head, bare-footed, in a blue cotton dress, is a picture. She is busy preparing the evening meal, which is cooked on sort of an open stove in one corner. There is no way of getting rid of the smoke except by the wide doors, which lead outside to the walk by the villa and on down to the sea. But as the climate is almost perfect, the doors are seldom closed.

The room is decorated, unconsciously, of course, with festoons of red peppers drying, also large bunches of grapes,



WOMEN OF CAPRI



which are also dried and packed in sugar afterwards. Lighted by the flickering light of one small candle on the round table, and the blaze from the charcoal fire, it is all so artistic, so Italian.

Any friend, passing to or from the village, is asked to stop, or possibly some of the fishermen coming home late from the sea, to share the simple evening meal. This consists sometimes of small fresh fish, fried in olive oil, and a little garlic, with the addition of bread and a bottle of wine. Or, perhaps a dish of beans, boiled with a sort of spinach, and cooked afterwards with oil and a little garlic. After a rain it is sure to be a dish of snails, boiled and then served with a sauce of strained tomatoes and garlic. And delicious beyond words is a plate of fresh black or green figs, just gathered in the garden and served on a plate in their own green leaves.

Simple as the menu is, it is always good. I know, as I, too, have been invited to partake, and the hospitality is genuine,—almost childlike.

On the morning I went to the olive oil making, Concetta came in haste and great excitement to "beg" me to come. We went back of the villa a short distance up the hill to a stone building, which we would call a country barn,

but it is used, I think, for this purpose only, though there was a sort of an open loft where much hay was drying, which made a picture.

At one end of the large room was a huge stone basin, about 25 feet in circumference, and about 3 feet in depth. This inclined toward the center, and the olives were placed in this sort of basin, and were then mashed by a large stone, which was pulled around by a horse. Round and round for hours he goes, while the old peasant with a long-handled fork, continually pushed the olives toward the center. It was not unlike a one-ring country circus, with the crowd of assembled peasants,—sisters, cousins, aunts, uncles, and even grandfathers,—all laughing and chattering gaily.

The olives, when sufficiently mashed to a pulp, are put into large round baskets. These are made of some sort of rope, and they are then put under a great iron press, after hot water is poured on each in turn, and the oil trickles down to a cask below the floor. It is finally put into great glass bottles and allowed to stand for four or five weeks. It is delicious, even when first made; and to me there is no oil in the world like the oil of Capri.

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## Sunflowers

Tall they stand in my garden, old,—  
Stately sunflowers, wreathed in gold;—  
Harkening the cricket's croaking tune,—  
Or a belted bee drawl his drowsy rune.

Adown the aisle, through a rainbowed mist,  
They smile with the blooms by dawn's rose  
    kis't—  
And flash the gold from their torches bright—  
When moonbeams silver the sea of night.

Yes,—watch they keep, with the rising sun,—  
And faithful stand when day's sands have run,—  
Spreading their leaves that night's dew may spill  
Glittering gems on each yellow frill.

'Tis sometimes said, that the sunflower, old,—  
Is "heartless, scentless, awkward, and cold."  
But,—gold is my garden, where rows of them  
    wait,—

To banish care that would steal through my gate.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

# Her First Case

By Laura Downs

YES, Madame would dine in her room. Yes, he might wait for Madame's order, and the door of the cheerful sitting room securely closed, Madam wept softly. Wherefore?

She was twenty years and four months old; she had never before been alone in a hotel; she had been six hours married, and was lonely without her husband.

That gentleman's failure to appear could be summed up in one word, appendicitis. Not that Dr. Blount was suffering from that familiar malady—far from it. When the little lady, now weeping, had promised at high noon to love, honor, and obey, Dr. looked worthy of the trust. When he promised in clear tones to cherish and protect the small person, whose blonde head barely reached his shoulder, he had been a fine example of stalwart, dependable bridegroom. Why then was the new Mrs. Blount alone and in tears?

Dr. was operating at St. Luke's. How many times during their brief engagement that dismal news had interrupted their plans! Mrs. Blount's cousin, Emily, older, and herself married, had spoken the truth in jest when she said, "Molly, unless Dr. Blount marries you in office hours, when your appointment outranks all others, you will be compelled to have the ceremony at the hospital."

The wedding breakfast had been a marvel of good taste and elegance, their car stood just off the avenue in a quiet side street, but even then they had not escaped entirely the demonstrative farewell of bridesmaids and ushers. The confetti had not *all* shaken out of the dainty hat, just removed, some of it still clung appreciatively to the blonde waves.

She had begged to see the telegram that the Dr.'s best man slipped into his hand as they started, but the Dr., himself, had not read it until they were coming in to South Norwalk. Then he had

turned pale, and dropping the hateful, yellow slip had rushed for "long distance."

When he had returned within a few minutes, Dr. Blount had changed from the care-free bridegroom to the well-known surgeon, intent on the operation he must perform in just three hours' time.

"Molly," as he held the message towards her, "I don't know how to tell you—if, only, it were anybody else—but Ralph Steiner, why, he is like a brother—their house was the only home I knew in my early years in the North. I *cannot* refuse it, it is three o'clock now—I must be at St. Luke's in two hours. I have ordered everything ready for the operation at six o'clock. If all goes well, I will join you before eleven at Lenox."

"Now, dear, be brave, take the train as we had planned—I know it's hard—go at once to the hotel, the suite is engaged. Jack must take me right back to town—Molly; if you knew what it costs me to leave you!"

A kiss, and he was gone. Mrs. Blount was, indeed, obeying, but she had some difficulty in distinguishing the beauty of the autumn coloring, and a tear presently dimmed the luster of her new wedding ring.

An express for New York, noisily passing, made her wonder why she had not thought of that solution of her problem, but the idea was as swiftly rejected as unworthy; though her tears fell fast as she thought of the consternation at home, if the truth were known.

The car from the hotel was waiting at the little station. "Mrs. Blount!"—the name was twice repeated before it occurred to Molly that the driver could be addressing her. And, "Dr. Blount!"

"Dr. Blount is delayed at the hospital, I expect him, my husband, later this



evening." The announcement was made with much dignity as she paused to register an unfamiliar title.

As she passed to the elevator a small "buttons" remarked, "her husband did she say? Looks like it ought to be her father, now I think."

"Don't think!" interrupted the clerk at the desk. "Dr. Blount is young, too, but he is a wonder when anybody is on the table. Three calls came here for him this afternoon; it's Dr. Steiner, great man on throats, he is, but he's about all in now with appendicitis. Dr. Blount is to operate, and you may believe there will be a line of doctors and nurses to watch him."

Mrs. Blount did not linger over her solitary meal, the lump in her throat made eating a laborious process. Before eight o'clock she had decided to stop crying, and *not* to telephone to the Dr., or, stronger temptation still, her mother. Instead she brushed her long braids, and, seating herself before the fire, tried to read.

Something pinned to the brief sleeve of her dainty negligee attracted her attention:—

"Darling Molly. Mother misses her eldest daughter, already, but she gives her willingly to one of the best men in the world. Remember, dear child, the wife of a physician must learn to think first of his work, even when it takes him from her. Mother has learned this in twenty-five years of married life."

That loving little message saved the day; Molly dried her eyes, said her prayers and tried not to think how big and lonely the room seemed. The telephone rang sharply—"Mrs. Blount"—"Yes, yes," then Dr.'s voice, regret, love, sympathy:—

"The operation was most successful—I'll be with you, dear, in a few hours, now do try to rest." It needed all Molly's newly acquired courage to reply cheerfully; even then the tell-tale wire faithfully transmitted the break in her "Good Night."

Somewhere in the distance a clock struck, and Molly woke to hear some one knocking at her door, demanding Dr. Blount. One moment later the weeping visitor was telling Molly her woes. "I am Mrs. Brown of Pasadena—my husband has gone to New York, and Baby is dying of croup."

"Oh, don't say that," exclaimed Molly—"no, Dr. Blount has not come, though I am expecting him."

"Well, maybe, *you* know what to do—sometimes doctors' wives know just as much as the doctors themselves." Molly did know what to do; one of her precious younger brothers had suffered from croup, and his best loved Molly had suffered with him, and remembering her mother's words, she donned dressing-gown and slippers, crossed the corridor, and took command.

Poor Baby Brown was certainly in a sad state; suffering almost equally from his own lack of breath, and his loving mother's lack of sense. "If Ellen were only here—this new nurse knows nothing," she wailed. Evidently the hotel was doomed to a night of weeping.

"Now stop crying, all of you," said Molly—"give me some hot water—now wring out that cloth—wrap it in a towel, then, if it is too hot—rub in that oil slowly—no, I don't believe he has any temperature—where is your thermometer? See, there is nothing to speak of! Have you ever tried vapor for him—you *have* Cresolene—with you? Then why didn't you use it directly?"

"No, this room is too large—take him into that little dressing-room—here, let me take him." Baby evidently recognized an experienced hand; in answer to Molly's even tones he took the drops he had refused, little by little, his breathing grew better, and the poor little man, worn by his struggle, nestled his head on Molly's arm and fell asleep.

"No, don't take him, I would not disturb him for anything. Now you lie down, Mrs. Brown—yes, I will call you, if I need you; Hilda will stay with me—

I expect Dr. Blount soon—it's after four now, and he will take the case."

"Oh, I don't believe he could do one bit better himself," whispered the grateful mother as she withdrew.

Beyond Great Barrington the big Renault was flying along 'twixt dark and dawn with all speed laws slumbering. Dr. Blount held the wheel, and his man, Jack, could have testified that now and then the Dr. spoke, and not to him. And why should he groan when the big machine was beating its own record on the empty highways, and purring softly with satisfaction.

"The darling, to think of leaving her within four hours after the ceremony—it would have served me right, if she had gone back to the home from which I had no right to take her! What business has a surgeon with a wife, anyway—there ought to be a law—

And how brave her poor little voice sounded when she telephoned! How she must feel alone in that great place, a whole suite to herself, the poor baby! I know I shall find her crying, and I don't blame her." Thus did the Dr. commune with his own sad spirit.

Quietly the big car stole along the drive; a sleepy watchman opened the door. "Yes, I know the number—Good Lord, I am all done up—Number 20,

yes, that's the room—the door not locked—how could Molly be so careless!"

Dr. Blount strode swiftly across the room; the bed room door was ajar, the room was empty! A sudden weakness made the strong man drop onto the nearest chair—could she have gone home after all! No, for the dressing bureau and couch gave evidence that Mrs. Blount was not far away.

From across the corridor sounded a familiar voice—could it be Molly? He strode to the door; what in Heaven's name! Molly was just laying Baby Brown tenderly in his crib, her young cheek looked pale in the gray dawn, her long braids swept to her knees, the little pink dressing-gown was crumpled, but never had the Dr. seen her so adorable. Molly's voice was hushed, but her assured manner, the most ridiculous imitation of what she had often called "the Dr.'s very best office style."

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, he's sleeping beautifully; Hilda can watch him very nicely now; yes, I would give him drops as soon as he wakes—these sudden attacks are frightening, I know, but my husband says—" she turned towards the door,—"Douglas, oh, Douglas!" she cried, and throwing herself into that gentleman's waiting arms, Molly handed over the case.

## At Nightfall

Sweet is the highroad when the skylarks call,  
When we and Love go rambling through  
the land.

But shall we still walk gaily hand in hand  
At the road's turning and the twilight's fall?  
Then darkness shall divide us like a wall,

And uncouth evil nightbirds flap their  
wings;

The solitude of all created things  
Will creep upon us shuddering like a pall.

This is the knowledge I have wrung from  
pain

We, yea, all lovers, are not one, but twain,  
Each by strange wisps to strange abysses  
drawn.

But through the black immensity of night  
Love's little lantern, like a glow-worm's  
bright,

May lead our steps to some stupendous  
dawn.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.





# Tony's Museum

By Alice Shea

**D**OWN on the beach, the fishermen said that Tony was lazy.

In the fine summer weather he used to sit before his little fisher-house and do nothing until he grew so hungry that he wished he had something to eat. A little hard tack or a bit of cold bread-pudding, sent over by Maria's little girl, was often enough to satisfy him. Once in a while he bent over the rusty stove and stirred up an onion, peeled and browned in salt pork, a couple of potatoes, parboiled, a whole bottle of milk and a cod, carefully chopped in little pieces and scraped away from the bone; for Tony's was a boneless chowder. The water that he set the skin and fish bones to simmer in he strained into the chowder, and it was to the flavor added by this liqueur that Tony owed his reputation as a cook. If it were not for the trouble of getting the bowl of crackers and the quart bottle of milk, he would make chowder oftener, for cod and hake were easily to be had of any of the fishermen. Tony's chowder was delicious. Warmed over it lasted many days.

Often Nella sat by his side on the weather-beaten bench in the shelter of the tiny house. She did not know that she was being "minded" by Tony, that her Mother Maria had gone into Gloucester to sell eggs and do an errand. Nella thought she was just "visiting." The old man and the little girl liked to be together. They walked along the beach, gathering shells, mosses, seaweed, and pebbles. Tony was always looking for something. Nella loved to help him, although she did not know what it was he was hunting for on the curve of white sand lying between two wild rocky points that reached out to sea, breaking the strong water into feathery foam. Nella picked up all sorts of things along the

beach, flinging pebbles into the water, keeping the shells and giving Tony little bits of leafy seaweed. Running from the place where she found something that seemed to her very nice, as fast as her chubby browned legs would carry her, she gave it to the bent old man, crying,

"I've got it, Tony! Look!"

Tony, however, was never sure that he had found it.

Nella's father coming around the point in his dory, dragged his boat high on the dry beach, picked up the day's "catch," cod, hake, herring and, once in a while, a mackerel. It was not as it used to be in Gloucester Harbor. Mackerel were getting scarce and scarcer. A fine sweet mackerel was now a delicacy that would bring fifty cents at any of the summer houses, but Nella's father always kept his and boiled it crisp and brown for Maria. He weighed his fish and, on the way to the Merchants' Exchange, overtook Tony and Nella, and cried out,

"Hey, fellers, what today?"

This was enough to make Tony and Nella happy. Tony felt that the fisherman was interested in his search, and Nella felt that she was being of service.

Once indoors, Nella's father drew Maria to the door to watch the strange pair trudging along, hand-in-hand, and, pointing his finger to his head, nodding towards Tony, he said to his wife,

"Eh, Mother? A little to the nor' nor' west," for the fisherman in his wisdom thought that Tony was old and crazy.

Although Tony was nearly a hundred years old, he remembered the summer the man from Cambridge knocked at his door and begged him to take him in and let him live with him for a little while.

What a summer it had been!

The man from Cambridge had a dory

with a green glass bottom. They almost lived in the boat. Through the glass they watched the ever-changing ocean bed where hills and valleys succeeded one another as they do outside the window of a train. How fascinating to watch the fishes, not piled for market as in the Exchange, or hanging bleeding from a fish hook. Tony recalled those early fishing days down on the Banks of New-foundland when a ship's crew pulled in lines busily, landing fish after fish on the slippery decks, rebaiting as fast as they could for the next bite—now he could watch them running about at play, staying quietly at home by some weedy rock, little ones beginning to swim out and away, with mothers in the lead as if to ward away danger. There were lobsters and crabs crawling along the muddy places looking for something to eat. It was very exciting to see the fishes gather into little bands, and dart, in and out, and up and down, flashing like forked lightning.

It was almost too wonderful.

It was more strange, more stirring than hauling a fifty-pound cod over the side and landing it for the admiration of a whole crew.

Tony and the man carried grappling hooks. With these they reached over the sides of the drifting dory and dragged the beautiful delicate algae that grew on the rocky bottoms. A dredge would only destroy things, ruin the feeding ground of the fishes and drive them to other coves in search of new homes. Nothing made the man angrier than to hear of the dredge at work across the harbor. He flew into a rage. Tony liked him all the more for not wishing to deprive the fishes of their natural food. Of course, if it had been a shelly bottom, a dredge would not do so much harm.

At low tide Tony and the man waded out in the eel grass. They each carried a long-handled net with a scraper on the side to gather specimens that grew near shore. They walked back and forth up the beach, emptying the nets into a big

pail of salt water, and when they had quite a lot they carried the pail between them up to the little house, where they put the smaller pieces of seaweed into alcohol and kept the larger ones to mount on gray cards.

Tony helped, taking some part in everything the man did, sitting beside him in the doorway of the fish house when the blow was too strong to go out in the dory, when it rained, or when they had such a pile of specimens to sort out that they really had to stay at home and label them. There were almost always two of a kind, one of which the man gave Tony as nicely labelled as his own.

Tony had a great respect for the long words written by the professor that he could not read, "*Callithammion Daviesii*, frondes minute tufted, branches scattered, patent, bearing in their axes *facciculated ramuli*, at whose tips are borne the spores." They suggested vaguely another world to him, a sphere of students, books and classes as far away and unlike his own as the planets. The fame of Tony's museum spread. Every summer brought new visitors who came to see and admire.

When the professor had to go back to his classes in town, he told Tony to keep looking for more algae like No. 20, like it, but not exactly like it. Just what the difference was Tony forgot. He often wished the man had been more definite.

"If you only find that specimen for me, sir, I'll do anything for you, give you anything for it—a hundred dollars"—he added. "I'll be down again another season, and if you've got it for me,—” but they had to say good-bye hurriedly. The train was coming into the depot. The professor's last word was a loud and hearty "Auf Wiedersehen!" He was gone and he never came back to Lobster Cove. Tony, however, never gave up expecting him and hunting along the beach for a little bit of algae like specimen No. 20, like it, but a little different.

That eventful summer spoilt Tony for



fishing. If he found that specimen, would he not have more money than he could save from many fishing seasons? The real reason was, not the money, but the fact that fishing no longer interested him. He could never forget that beautiful panoramic view of the bottom of the ocean seen through the glass-bottomed boat. He loved to stroll along the beach and pick up odds and ends. The fishermen dubbed him "Lazy Tony."

One, two, three, four and five seasons passed since the Professor had spent the summer at Lobster Cove. Poor old Tony felt very badly about Nella, now quite a big child. Her eyes were sick. She could not bear the bright sunshine on the beach, and Tony missed her sorely. Maria, who was always so good and kind to him, used to come and sit sadly beside him.

"Tony, if I could only take Nella to a good doctor, all would be good again. Oh, Tony, it is hard to be a mother!"

She never was sure that Tony heard her. He sat still and grave, his hands clasped on a stout walking stick, his hat down over his eyes, staring into the sea.

He was thinking, "If I could only find it, I would give Nella the hundred dollars. I'm an old man. All I need Maria would get for me."

What really happened was this. One day a great strong young man tapped Tony on the shoulder, and cried right into his ear.

"I'm from the hotel. Will you please let me see your 'Museum!'"

"Aye, aye, come right in," Tony answered, getting up with effort and leading the stranger into the house. The newcomer looked at each little specimen with keen delight.

"By crickey, what have we here!" he exclaimed. "Callithammion Daviesii 1897." "Where in thunder did you get these, sir? Bring a light. Got a candle?"

He stayed until the sun set and Venus, riding high with the new moon, looked down on the little fisher house and helped

with a candle to illumine the labels of the old man from Cambridge for this splendid young man who also came from Cambridge. They were undoubtedly the duplicate of the collection now in Professor Wentworth's study. The labels proved it. He offered Tony any amount he would mention for the entire collection. When Tony said,

"One hundred dollars!" the young man said,

"Jove, I'll give you two."

Tony did not tell him about Nella. He did not tell him how he had been looking for just one more specimen all these four or five summers. He was a little confused. Too bad about his own professor who never came back. Somehow he wished he knew and would approve of what he was going to do. His thoughts were coming too fast. He did not have many words anyway.

He simply packed up his fine collection, —took the money from the young man,—one hundred dollars of it, the other hundred he promised to return with the next day—and then Tony sat down in his shorn little house and felt lonely.

Pulling himself together he went over to Maria's and put the hundred dollars in Nella's hands. It was too much trouble to tell Maria what had happened. He had so few words. Maria *knew*, when she saw Tony's empty house, but she could never understand how such an old man could have managed it all by himself. Sitting in the train with Nella on their way to Boston, where they were going to see the best doctor in the state, Maria murmured, "Dear Old Tony! He must have found that thing he's been looking for so many years, after all."

Nella grew slowly but steadily better. The following summer she was seen, now taller and stronger, but still only a little girl, walking hand-in-hand with a bent old man. It was Tony. Often they sat together on the much-weathered bench against the little fisher house. Nella's father, as he walked up the beach from his nets, called Maria to the door to look

at the old man and the little girl. He knew but for Tony's unselfishness Nella might even now be looking out on the lovely water and not see the breakers smashing themselves on the two rocky points, nor the gulls swooping across the

bay, nor that pretty brig away off on the horizon.

Taking Maria's hand in his, he said "God bless old Tony," and Nella's mother, as if replying to prayer, said, "Amen!"

## His Way With An Apple

By Helen Campbell

THE fact is," said Aunt Patty, "I've felt kind of mean for a considerable time that I hadn't just stated the facts in the very beginning. I bake apples several kinds of ways, looking out always to pick out good ones, but I hadn't never heard of his way, and it's a fact, he sat by the stove or near it and oversee the whole business that first time. I will say it took me some aback for he's rather stylish for a minister, but he seemed to enjoy it so much I wouldn't say a word. I've always had the new ministers unless they was married, and sometimes for awhile even then, till they set up housekeeping for themselves. But when the sewing society met at my house the first time after he come he hadn't baked any and I had my own that I knew you all lotted on and that come next to his, if I do say it. But when I had you all again about Thanksgiving time, and you praised up them apples he had puttered over a good hour, I was just goin' to tell an' he sort of winked at me and shook his head a mite, and I kept still and felt mean as dirt. 'Good ain't they?' he said, an' eat jest as if he hadn't never had anything like 'em before. 'Tain't fair,' I said, when you was all gone. 'Nex' thing you'll be reading me out of church for an untrustworthy an' deceiving character,' an' he jest laughed. Now you know and I certainly do feel better," and, at this point, Aunt Patty sighed a sigh that came up from her very shoes, it seemed, then

turned a fiery red, for the young minister had entered softly and now stood just behind her shaking with suppressed laughter.

"What I would like to talk about would be Aunt Patty's apple-pies," he said. "I know none of you are jealous, for she shares her recipes and takes so many prizes at county Fairs, that you all get the credit of being represented by her and are glad of it."

At this point the entire Society laid down its work and clapped tempestuously for both the claimants to honors, till an impatient voice cried:

"The rule! the rule! We want the rule, but we want to know how it happens that you showed her how."

The young minister paused and looked down reflectively.

"One reason was and is that, having a touch of Dutch blood in my veins, I had eaten coddled apples, Dutch fashion, all my young days. Then, when I was fourteen or so, we went to Colorado, and to a High School and there was a boy's cooking class once a week for the boys that were going to be ranchmen, many of whose fathers were already so. I think your New England apples have a trifle more flavor than our far Western ones, but they are all good enough for me or any other sinner. But there was a touch beyond even my blessed grandmother's methods, and that I acquired in Normandy, during a year or two of travel and sojourn wherever I could with the



people. Later in Holland I found their methods and the French practically the same, and both are easy. We Yankees are mostly in a hurry and sometimes count care and delicacy, in preparation, too much fuss.

"Now, to boil it all down, remember first that no apple is quite so good to bake as the greening, and that is true for pies too. Baldwins have always a touch of the acrid in their flavor when cooked. So, then, take a quart of fine greenings, wash and wipe and core, but do not pare. Put them in an agate pan, after sticking two cloves in each, and put in an earthen pudding-dish large enough to hold them. Pack close, and fill in all the chinks with quarters or thirds of peeled apples. Now add two and a half cups of sugar, a pinch of mace, the juice of one lemon and another small one, cut in very thin slices. Pour over all a cup of boiling water, cover with a close-fitting lid and bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes. Then take off the lid, slacken the heat and cook till the apples look clear. Take out into a serving dish and pour over all the juice and set them to cool, uncovered. The rich juice jellies quickly, and is, if possible, even better than the apples. This, ladies, is the ideal baked apple and Aunt Patty's were so near that order that it needed only a touch to make them close kin."

The young minister paused, and, after a moment, took his seat, but rose again, as if something had been forgotten.

"It is the finest of chances," he said, "and I shall not spare you. As the son of a man who for many years was one of our foremost authorities among physicians and laity alike, I naturally picked up many crumbs,—I might even say, at times, chunks of information as to the food qualities, and our general misuse or ignorance of many things that have large bearing on the health of children, and, indeed, on mankind in general. One of these was the necessity of savoriness as an essential, not alone in the gratification of taste, but in its power to stim-

ulate all the gastric juices. Here our foreign brethren, especially the Italians, have immense advantage over us. They know the use of all pot-herbs, summer savory, sweet marjoram, sage and the like, and the window boxes in their quarter are gay, not only with blossoms, but with these herbs and thrifty tomatoes. A stew with them is a dish so savory that the smell alone is almost a dinner. I was taught how to make them, by an Italian grandmother, and my wife was taught by me so that she is even more proficient."

"For the land's sake, have I heard straight?" whispered an old lady near the door, but the minister's quick ear had caught the words.

"It rejoices me to say you have," he answered calmly. "I happen to have had some years in Colorado after cooking had been introduced in some schools as a knowledge absolutely necessary for the numbers of boys, sons of ranchmen, and, in turn, to become ranchmen. It was great fun as well as useful knowledge. I have only one regret. I had no knowledge of this most desirable way with apples and so could never give them what I consider a piece of very valuable information. But I am going out there this summer, and shall pay a visit to the old school and add it to their cookery books."

"Somehow it don't seem quite exactly the thing for a Presbyterian minister in good and regular standing," a little old lady in the background piped out, but the minister replied with a laugh. "I am inclined to believe that any minister would preach a better sermon who had been brought up on savory, well-prepared food, including Aunt Patty's baked apples," and now, with another laugh and a bow that included the whole room, he was gone.

"He's certainly pleasant enough," said the old lady as she tied her bonnet strings. "Pleasant enough, but I say again it ain't seemey for a minister to know so much about what ain't his busi-

ness an' ought not to be. But the Lord only knows what will come next, and I'm glad it's Him and not me that has to be accounted to. I ain't goin' to fool with greenins nor no other kind, when there is missionary barrels an' the heathen to be considered, an' I should say it, if it was my last word," and the old lady with a firm step went out from the laughing group, shaking her head as she went.

"An Italian grandmother, indeed!

It's the first time a Presbyterian church in good and regular standing in the community has had a minister with an Italian grandmother! Something ought to be done about it."

The old lady paused and looked reflectively up and down the road.

"There comes Elder Perkins with that lame boy of his'n," she said. "I'll just speak to him an' see what he thinks. He will know."

## Housekeeping In The Far East

By Roy Temple House

**B**ETWEEN the two great islands of Borneo and New Guinea lies the smaller island of Celebes. My husband, who is a mining engineer, was sent there two years after our marriage to take charge of a newly opened gold mine; and a year later, after he had built a house and arranged conditions so that a European woman and a two-year-old child could live with some degree of comfort, we followed him.

We were three months on the way from Bremerhaven to our new home, the north-coast village of Sumalata, which is, being interpreted, "the full of whims." I had landed at Singapore and waited there three weeks for a vessel to carry us to the Celebes station of Gorontalo, from which it was a week's trip in a little coastwise steamer to our village. At Singapore I came in contact, for the first time, with the characteristic East Indian dress, which for women is the *sarong*, or kilt-like skirt, and the *kabaja*, or shapeless jacket, both of very light material and making a very comfortable, if not remarkably beautiful, costume. These skirts, however, worn with as much pride as we feel in the latest Paris creations, are often sewed with gold and silver thread, and sometimes cost as much as fifty or seventy-five dollars.

I had scarcely touched land on our island before I experienced the novelty of an earthquake shock. The floor rocked beneath us, and I could see the ground outside undulating like a gently disturbed ocean. These shocks came so often that we became fairly reconciled to them, and to the sort of building which their frequent occurrence renders necessary. It would be folly to build an elaborate house, when any day you may see it lying a mass of ruins. All cupboards, sideboards and other articles of furniture, whose upsetting might prove disastrous, are attached to the walls with stout cords; all lamps are hanging lamps, all clocks are spring clocks, for no pendulum would swing regularly in that country of unstable foundations.

No newly proclaimed monarch was ever received more eagerly and obsequiously by his subjects than was the only white woman who had ever come to live in Sumalata. Before the little steamer had dropped anchor she was surrounded on all sides by small native boats dexterously handled by men, women and children. I was hailed with choruses of "*Tabé nonja, tabé nonja!*" (Good day, lady!), to which I was able to answer "*Tabé, tabé!*" But when they had me on land, and the head man of



the village made me a long and supposedly complimentary address, my linguistic attainments were inadequate to follow the drift of his argument, not to speak of framing an appropriate response. This head man was a Moham-medan and had four wives and thirty-five children, which four families he showed remarkable discretion in keeping in four separate settlements. He visited us often, for he was afflicted with a number of ailments for which European rum or cognac, in spite of their great variety of character, was always an eminently satisfactory cure.

Our house stood on a hill, shut in between two high mountains. Like all houses on the island, it stood high on piles to discourage the hordes of centipedes and scorpions, which would otherwise have shared it with us. We had three large rooms with two verandas, one of which we used for a living-room, and the other for a sort of provisional kitchen. The real kitchen was a separate small building some twenty feet away, presided over by a native cook. Besides the cook, we had three servants, child-nurse and two men. Each received \$6 a month, free lodging in a separate hut, and rice (that is, board). Broom, mop, hot water, soap, were unknown articles in this primeval paradise. The dishes were washed with cold water and wood-ashes, and set out in the sun to dry. But the triumph of all was the way the clothing was washed. Regardless of the character of the articles to be washed, our wash-man took them down to the river and hammered them against a stone till he decided, somewhat arbitrarily, that they were clean. I never knew a dirst-spot to disappear in this process, but I cannot say as much for buttons, trimmings, and sometimes parts of the fabric itself.

These zealous assistants rarely stayed with us more than two or three months. An islander who had worked as long as that generally needed the remainder of the year to recuperate. Neither did all

our small articles of personal property stay with us. When a ring or a dish or an article of clothing would disappear and the servants were questioned, they would volunteer to interview the village prophetess, and that lady, for a small consideration, would discover that the children had carried off the article in question and buried it, or more often that its loss was the work of evil spirits. Thus a valuable gold ring of my husband's which had been missing, was found to have returned to the mine from which it had been unwillingly extracted.

I managed to forget these annoyances in the wonderful garden that grew around our house. We had a pineapple hedge from which I picked several of the luscious fruit every day; and bananas, mangoes, cacao and oranges grew with such vigor as a resident of the temperate zone has no conception of. I bought a dozen hens for a dollar, ducks at ten cents each, and raised a great family with no difficulty, except from the snakes, whose inroads among them were sometimes discouraging. There was a great abundance of game, deer, boar, pheasant, and pigeon; but as meat would scarcely keep till night, we had to throw away the larger part of every animal my husband killed. I experimented with vinegar and other preservatives, but never with the slightest success.

The bathing facilities were beautiful. Behind the house ran a little stream over which my husband had built a bathing-house. The water, heated by the blazing sun, (the temperature rarely fell below 95 in the shade, and I am afraid to state the upper limit), was always comfortably warm, and we bathed and changed all our clothing twice a day.

Some dissatisfaction on the part of the native mine-workers brought on a strike in which blood was shed, and we left the island somewhat abruptly. And now I look back at my housekeeping experience in the Far East with a feeling in which amusement, horror and something of romantic longing are mingled.

# A Cape Cod Clam Bake

By Amy Littlefield Handy

OUR two guests were anxious to know what a clambake might be like. We told them it might be almost anything from a half-baked clam, pulled out of the seaweed by burned fingers and seasoned with sand, to a ten-course dinner served in a club house. We knew our kind was the real thing and were always ready to get one up on the slightest excuse.

Our favorite spot for a bake was on the Neck across the harbor, and we found the tide would suit us the next day, low at half-past eleven, so the boys could dig the clams in time for the bake and yet we should not have to start too early, for in our harbor we must consider the tides or we may find our launch high and dry on the flats.

When the day came, it was perfect for our trip, sunny, with a good brisk north wind, which would make it comfortable over on the beach at noon even with the sun baking on the white sand.

Our guests were immensely interested in our preparations. A good basket of corn was picked and the outside husks taken off, sweet potatoes were washed, a loaf of brown bread put into a pail and tightly covered, ready to be heated up in the hot seaweed. With these we packed a jar of butter, one of cream and another of coffee, mixed with egg and cold water, also loaf sugar.

Our hamper with the necessary dishes and napkins was brought out and we were ready to start, but not so our guests; they must find their bird books, their field glasses and, of course, their cameras.

We were getting restless knowing how the tide was running out; at last the boys said we had delayed so long that we should have to drive to the pier, two miles away, and they would run the launch up there. A little more delay

and the horse was harnessed and we were really started, but our troubles were not over.

The pier was a crude affair with no float, so the only way to get aboard the launch at low tide was to go straight down a ladder, which was a small matter to all of us but the feminine guest. She took one look at the ladder and literally balked. Nothing we could say had the slightest effect upon her, she would never go down that ladder, never! When that was made plain to us we suggested that she walk over the wet flats until we could get her into the skiff and from there to the launch, but she looked at her shoes and refused. "Time and tide wait for no man." Things were looking serious for the clam bake, when a small bare-footed youngster, with the true Cape Cod wit, threw a piece of board in front of her and told her to step on that, then he threw another in stepping distance towards the skiff, and she hopped to that and the first one was moved ahead. In this way she finally reached the skiff and was put aboard the launch.

It was a beautiful trip across the harbor, down by the lighthouse to the point.

The women of the party were put ashore to build the fire while the rest went to dig clams, not, however, until they had gathered the stones and laid them ready to be heated by our fire. We all went to work gathering drift wood and any thing that would burn, and soon had a roaring fire, which must be kept burning for an hour so the stones would be well heated.

When the hour was up the clammers came with their "Dreener" full of well-washed clams just the right size for steaming. They had found a few crabs, too, which would give us another toothsome morsel. The fire and coals were



now all pushed off the stones and a thin layer of seaweed put on, then a layer of clams with the crabs, who tried their best to walk away, but were persuaded to keep quiet by being blocked with the sweet potatoes. A little more seaweed and the corn was put on, the pail of brown bread put where it would get warm and the bake was ready to be piled high with the dripping seaweed, which gives it the flavor desired. An old piece of sail was thrown over it to keep the steam in and our work was over for half an hour.

There was a fine bed of coals that had come off the stones and on that we boiled our coffee and melted the butter. Now they had time to think about it, the clam-mers discovered that they were hungry and could not wait till the bake was ready. As this call for food came at every clam bake, we were ready for it and brought out thin slices of raw ham and thick slices of bread and butter. The boys put the ham on the end of long sticks and cooked it over the coals and, when it was done and sizzling, put it between the bread and butter; nothing was heard from them until they were ready for more. Two or three of these hot sandwiches might seem to some people to be a meal in themselves, but not at a clambake, they are only appetizers.

When all danger of starvation had been averted, we all sat about the bake

and sniffed the fragrance that comes with the little bursts of steam, suggesting all the good things under the seaweed.

An half hour seems a long while to wait, so to help the time pass, we hunt for big sea clam shells to hold our melted butter and, while we are gone, the coffee boils over, but then it always does, so we have learned to make enough to allow for losing some. At last the half hour is up and with the usual Ohs! and Ahs! we unpack the bake. First comes the pail with the brown bread well-warmed, and then the other good things. Our guest was not very skilful in the art of dipping a clam in melted butter and getting it to her mouth, as the spots on her dress soon showed, but that did not interfere with her appetite and she was as enthusiastic as we could wish.

Unlike most picnics there is no clearing up to be done. We pack what we must take home with us and the tide comes in and washes away everything unsightly.

As soon as the tide is right we board our launch, a subdued and over-fed party. The day is too pleasant to go straight home, so we explore some of the creeks at the head of the harbor and watch the seals on the bars.

At last the tide is high and we can land easily on our own shore and we go home with a feeling of healthy satisfaction of a day well spent.

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## Fairy Gold

Why seek the rainbow's end, my little laddie,  
To find the magic pot of treasure rare!  
A weary way you'd wander, I am thinking,  
With very fright'ning things to do and dare.

When April comes with laughter and with  
sunshine,  
And songs of brooks, to gladden young and  
old—

When dandelions are shining in the meadows,  
Sure every child can gather fairy gold.

ALIX THORN.

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## Twilight Song

Out in the bay of Avalon

The blue waves roll and glisten.  
They quietly, gently, rock our boat,  
I lazily row as we outward float,  
You hum love-songs, and I listen.

Out on the bay of Avalon,

Till the end of the sunset's glory,  
We drift together, just you and I,  
Under the changing summer sky,  
As I tell you an old sweet story.

Out from the village of Avalon

The sound of the boatmen's calling  
Comes softly, faint as the mellowed light  
That the sunset glow sends back to the night,  
Through the dusk that's already falling.

Above the hills of Avalon

A pale moon-boat moves slowly  
O'er her misty course through the starry skies.  
You watch it, but I watch the stars in your  
eyes

And the love-light there, sweet and holy.

The night has fallen on Avalon

When at length we cease our rowing.  
And with moon and stars to show the way,  
We homeward go across the bay.  
Our hearts day-bright and glowing.

ALICE WEST.

## THEORY VS PRACTICE

THEORY is one thing, practice is quite another thing. A knowledge of Chemistry, Bacteriology or Psychology is very desirable and helpful to any one, but this knowledge will not directly and immediately prepare a dinner. The ability to draw on paper the plan of a bridge over a river or of a tunnel beneath it indicates rare talent that is indispensable to industrial progress, but at the same time the actual building of these structures requires another kind of training.

This is eminently an industrial age. Our technical and vocational schools are drawing the largest patronage. In all parts of the land teachers of domestic science are in process of training and the demand for these teachers is increasing; and yet the call for trained housekeepers and cooks is much larger. Comparatively few can aspire to teach and qualify therefor; while most women should know how to cook, to prepare and serve food to satisfy the everyday needs of the human body. And this knowledge does not come from theory and instruction alone, but chiefly from practical experience and manipulation. The work itself must be done, and a fair degree of skill is attained only by a constant repetition of the processes.

Theory is useful, a wide knowledge of methods is desirable, but it is the application of these in the various callings of life that most concerns the masses of mankind. Applied science only can suffice to satisfy the full needs of modern life. The practical application of theoretical and scientific knowledge, already approved, is the pressing need in the average homes of today.

## WHAT IS EDITING?

NOWADAYS, when every third person you meet is an aspirant for literary fame, we hear a good deal about editing, and the general consensus of opinion seems to be that an editor is the



self-constituted enemy of all people with literary proclivities, and editing is the brutal process of shearing from manuscripts every mark of individuality and merit.

It is the sure mark of the amateur to become enraged at the appearance of her first article in print, and to assure her friends that all the cleverest speeches were cut out, that there have actually been words added, and sentence structure changed, and that the whole thing is so mangled that she is ashamed to own it.

"I should think they would like contributions with a little individuality in them," she storms, evidently supposing that magazines are run for the purpose of bringing out the individuality of its contributors.

But magazines are not run for these purposes. They are run to please or instruct their readers, and the editor, whose business it is to know what pleases or instructs, uses what he can get in the way he deems most expedient.

It is just as exactly as if you engaged a group of men to build your house. If you wish it to be your house, and not theirs, you dictate to them, not they to you. You make the architect modify his plans to suit your needs. You make the landscape architect alter his idea; you want a formal garden where you can serve tea, not an old-fashioned garden for raising flowers. You use the suggestions of the interior decorator in so far as they are of assistance to you in carrying out the scheme you have in mind.

And it is exactly the same with the editor of a magazine. He determines upon a certain policy and purpose in his paper, and he will use the wares that are offered him in so far as they help him to carry out this policy and purpose. If he allowed himself to be dictated to by every contributor, he would have the most perfect example of hodge-podge that the mind of man can imagine.

Editing is a profession just like any

other profession. Many are the considerations which go into formulating the policy of any publication—its financial situation, the specific needs of its particular class of subscribers, etc.

There is no art in the world into which people rush so blithely and with so little technical training as into the art of writing. The amateur brings his wares to market with all the coolness of a professional, and is indignant when the editor tries to patch it up with a professional veneer.

If you are not willing to be edited do not send your material to editors, whose business it is to edit. Keep it in manuscript form and read it to your friends. But if you do send it and do get edited, remember that the editor is not your enemy, but merely a man who knows his business and does it.

A. E.

#### THE BANE OF WEALTH AND TRAVEL

ALL my life I have wanted money as have several other people. But I have wanted it not for social prominence or dress or even for an elegant home. To me money has meant just three things: a chance to do good, freedom from worry, and an opportunity for travel.

Yet as life widens, I am coming to see that there will always be some worries; that "doing good" is never easy, and that even travel has its baneful side. The latter has just been forcefully taught me by the visit of a friend.

He is a man of large means and broad vision, with a penchant for travel. Of course he was a most entertaining guest, and seemed to enjoy our thousand and one questions; but entertain him?—how could we?

When we tried to show him the sights of our interesting little city, or the things peculiar to the southland that others are eager to see, there was no responsive kindling of the eyes or impulsive exclamations. It was as though he had seen it a hundred times. Everything

was old to him; even the brand new buds on the trees that shouted "Spring" to us; for our traveler had just come from Old Mexico, where there are always green leaves and the breath of summer.

He meant to be, sincerely tried to be appreciative; and then to hide the failure from me. But with a woman's intuitions, I knew it. It was like trying to listen with a child's enthusiasm to a village band, after having heard Damrosch or Sousa.

So it flashed over me—"the effect of travel on one's self," a satiety, a lost appetite for all except the superlatively spiced!

Must it be so? Would I be like that, could I roam the world as I long to do?

"Yes," answered Hard Reason. "It is as relentless as the law of cause and effect itself."

Now I do not want to lose my enthusiasms, and I resented my own verdict. Turning to a woman friend who travels continuously, I cried, "Are *you* tired of seeing things? Are they all old and boring? Do you go now just because you have the habit and tire of one place? Has the purple *all* gone from the grapes?"

She looked at me with a wistful smile and answered slowly: "For towns and man-made things, yes. But, never, for nature to a nature-lover. You are weary of your neighbor's house across the way, knowing every line and detail of it; but are you tired of the sunrise, the curling smoke, or those pine trees on the mountain yonder? There is a pitiful sameness about men's wooden nests and sky-scraper Babels. 'How many?' 'How high?' 'What did it cost?' are all one may ask. But to those who go with seeing eyes, who feel a joy in all created things, travel still thrills and charms. You see it is a question of keeping one's soul alive to beauty and beauty's Maker, and only such ever get real joy out of seeing this world." L. M. C.

A study of the facts, as presented by Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale University, will convince any impartial student that scientific knowledge of hygiene is far in advance of its practical application. The knowledge now exists only in the minds of specialists, and must be diffused among the people before it can be translated into action. It is a fact that those countries which are making the greatest progress in reducing the death-rate are those in which a spread of the knowledge of hygiene is most widely diffused. The country which now leads the world in low death-rates, as well as rates at which it is improving its mortality conditions, is Sweden. Sweden and the other Scandinavian countries are the only ones in which vital statistics exist in which it is found that the mortality has been lowered for every age of life. Other countries have made equal progress with Sweden in overcoming the infectious diseases by means of government regulations, but Sweden goes further than this and overcomes the chronic diseases by affecting the habits of the people themselves by educational methods.—*Christian Register*.

Nine men out of every ten lay out their plans on too vast a scale; and they who are competent to do almost anything, do nothing, because they never make up their minds distinctly as to what they want or what they intend to be—hence the mournful failures we see around us in every walk of life.—*William Mathews*.

Daily theme by a Radcliffe student: "Some men are born with an insight into the soul feminine, some men marry and achieve this insight, and some men correct girls' themes and have this insight thrust upon them." Admiring comment by a Harvard student struggling with his own daily: "Gosh! but it takes a girl to write that sort of thing, don't it?"





CANNING ASPARAGUS WITH PATENT CANNER

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Watermelon Cocktail

**C**UT cubes of watermelon from the center of a chilled ripe melon. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and ground ginger root. Serve in glasses, as a first course at luncheon or dinner. Cinnamon is occasionally used in place of the ginger.

### Rolled Herring Fillets

Cut fillets of boneless herring to uniform shape and size. Chop the trimmings fine, pound smooth, add yolks of two hard-cooked eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter and pound again, then press through a sieve, season to taste with pepper, lemon juice, onion juice,

chopped parsley, etc. Use this mixture to spread the fillets; roll and dip the ends in the whites of the eggs, chopped fine. Serve as an appetizer at dinner or luncheon.

### Consommé Madrid

Clarify equal quantities of chicken and beef broth. To each quart add three small tomatoes, cut in slices. Let simmer twenty minutes and strain. Serve hot or cold. The soup should be of a pinkish tint.

### Pottage Metternich

Roast a trussed fowl until well browned; add two quarts of beef broth and two sliced tomatoes and let simmer

until the fowl is tender. Remove the fowl, strain the broth and remove the fat. Return the broth to the fire and when boiling stir in two or three tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, mixed with

### Salmon Salad, with Jellied Mace- doine of Vegetables

For a mold holding one pint take one pint of well-seasoned clarified chicken



WATERMELON COCKTAIL

sherry to a consistency to pour; when again boiling add two tomatoes, cut in small cubes, with the seeds pressed out, and let simmer ten minutes. Add the breast of the chicken, cut in cubes, and serve.

### Brook Trout, Biarritz

Remove the fins and draw by the gills half a dozen brook trout, fresh caught and of good size. Cut the skin on both sides, slantwise, several times. Set the fish into an agate or white ware baking pan. Beat two tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream; beat in a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper. Spread this over the trout. Mix one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper with one-fourth a cup of white wine and pour into the dish; cover with a buttered paper and let cook about twenty or twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven, basting four or five times. Lift the fish on a skimmer to a serving dish. Add the liquid in the pan to a cup of Hollandaise sauce, pour this over the fish and serve at once.

broth and one pint of cooked vegetables, cut into bits. Use string beans, celery, carrot, turnip and peas. Soften one tablespoonful of gelatine (one-fourth a package) in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and dissolve in the hot chicken broth; when cooled somewhat, add the prepared vegetables in such proportions as is desired or convenient (but use less of the turnip than of others) and turn into the mold. When ready to serve dip the mold in warm water to the top and unmold on a chilled dish. Fill the center with flakes of cold, cooked salmon, seasoned with French dressing. Serve with a bowl of French dressing in which a little onion juice has been mixed, and with or without lettuce.

### Fillets of Sea Bass, Sauce Tartare

Remove the skin from a sea bass and lift up the fillets from the bone; cut each fillet into three or four slanting pieces. Rub over with the cut side of an onion, season with salt and pepper, roll in flour, dip in an egg, beaten with an equal measure of water, then roll in sifted bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Drain on soft paper. Dispose in a hot dish



upon a folded napkin. Decorate with parsley and quartered lemons. Serve Sauce Tartare or Cold Ravigote Sauce in a bowl.

about two pounds in weight, carefully cleaned, into four pieces, each. Heavier chickens may be separated at the joints. Dip in milk or water, season with salt

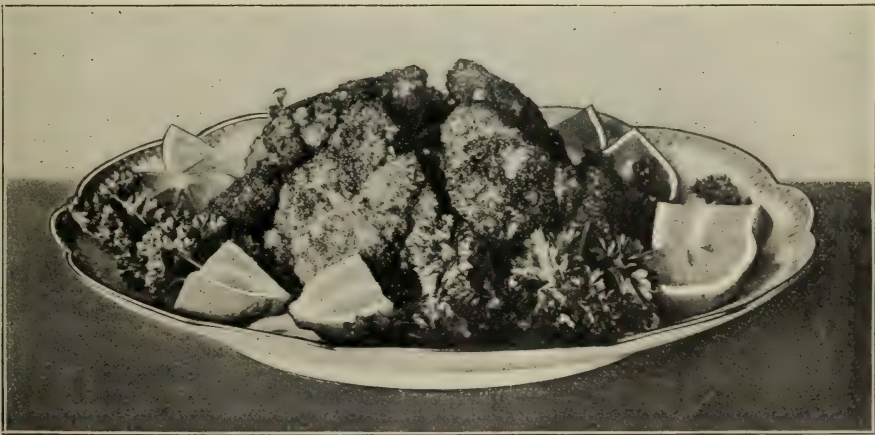


SALMON SALAD, WITH JELLIED MACEDOINES OF VEGETABLES

### Cold Ravigote Sauce

Beat the yolk of an egg; add a tablespoonful, each, of vinegar and lemon juice, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt, pepper and prepared mustard and mix thoroughly, then gradually beat in one branch of parsley, one of chervil, two of chives and one shallot, chopped exceedingly fine.

and paprika, and roll in flour. Fry slowly in salt pork or bacon fat, or in vegetable oil, until tender and well-browned on all sides. Have hot in a casserole two cups of tomato sauce and one cup and a half of cream, seasoned with salt, and a generous measure of paprika; put in the chicken and one cup and a fourth of macaroni, cooked tender and blanched, cover and let cook in the



FILLETS OF SEA BASS, BREADED AND FRIED

### Paprika of Chicken

Separate three young chickens of

oven about fifteen minutes. Serve from the casserole.

### Calf's Liver, with Fine Herbs

Cut a calf's liver into slices of the same size and shape, roll them in flour, mixed with salt and paprika, then let cook in hot fat till lightly colored on both sides. Remove the liver and keep it hot in the warming oven. Slice, fine, two mild onions and half a dozen fresh mushroom caps, and let cook in the frying pan, stirring constantly, until the moisture is evaporated, then add two or three tablespoonfuls of butter, and when melted add three tablespoonfuls of flour and stir and cook; add one cup and a half of brown stock and stir until boiling; add a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley and the liver. Reheat without boiling.

dry on a cloth. Pick the leaves from the stems and chop them very fine. Add one-fourth a cup of boiling water and one or two tablespoonfuls of sugar, cover and let stand half an hour. Add the juice of one lemon or four tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and it is ready to serve.

### Green Corn in Cream

Put six or eight ears of green corn, freed of husk and silk, into a saucepan, and pour in half a cup of milk and enough boiling water to cover the corn; add a teaspoonful of salt, cover and let boil twenty minutes. Cut the kernels from the cob. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls



BREAST OF LAMB, ROASTED

### Breast of Lamb, Roasted

Remove the outer skin from a breast of lamb and score, in the direction of the rib bones, in pieces for serving. Brush over with salt pork or bacon fat or choice drippings, and dredge, with salt, pepper and flour, on both sides. Sear on both sides, then set to cook on the bone side first; let cook in all about one hour and a half, turning the skin side up for the last half of the cooking. Serve with French fried potatoes and mint sauce.

### Mint Sauce

Wash one bunch of mint, shake and

of flour, one teaspoonful, each, of salt, pepper and grated nutmeg; add one cup and a quarter of cream and stir until boiling; add the corn and let cook about five minutes.

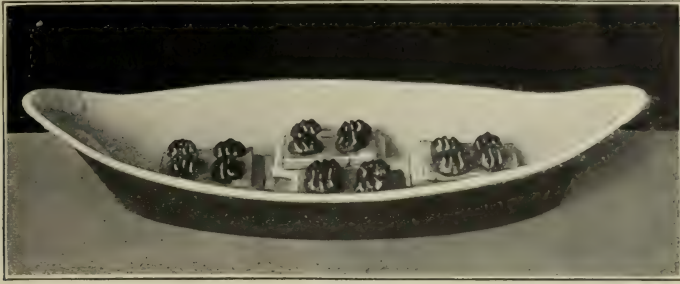
### Peach Roly Poly

Sift together two cups of pastry flour, four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt; work in one-third a cup of shortening. Beat the yolk of an egg; add half a cup of milk and use to mix the dry ingredients to a dough. More milk or water will probably be needed. Turn the dough onto a floured board and knead slightly, to get it into shape, then roll into a rec-



tangular sheet about one-fourth an inch in thickness; brush over with butter, sprinkle with sugar, and cover with

Spread in well-buttered pan. Push ten or more halves of peaches, pared, into the top of the dough, sprinkle with dried



TOASTED CHEESE, WITH PECAN KERNELS

pared peaches, sliced; again sprinkle with sugar, and roll as a jelly roll. Cut into pieces about two inches long. Set close together in a baking pan. Brush with the white of the egg (beaten) and dredge generously with sugar. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Serve with

### Peach Hard Sauce

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, then the white of an egg, beaten light, and half a cup of peach pulp mixed with a tablespoonful of lemon juice (to avoid discoloring).

currants and dredge generously with sugar. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Serve for breakfast, with butter, or as a dessert dish, with sugar and cream or hard sauce.

### Stewed Prunes Stuffed with Nuts

Wash prunes, then drain and let stand overnight in a fresh supply of cold water. Let simmer until tender; add a small quantity of sugar and let simmer a few moments, until the liquid is thickened somewhat and is not large in quantity. Make a slit on one side of each prune and remove the stone; fill the opening,



GERMAN PEACH CAKE

### German Peach Cake

Sift, together, two cups of sifted flour, four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Work in three or four tablespoonfuls of shortening, then add milk to mix to a soft dough.

thus left, with sliced or chopped nuts. Spread a little whipped cream on individual dishes and set three or four prunes on the cream; partially cover with more cream and finish with one or two prunes stuffed with nuts. Serve as a dessert dish at dinner or luncheon.



CANNING IN PATENT CANNER AND COVERED SAUCEPAN

## Preservation of Fruit

### Value of Fruit in the Dietary

**F**RESH and cooked fruits hold an unique place in the dietary. Too often fruit is considered as simply a luxury for occasional rather than daily use, but the judicious use of both fresh and preserved fruits means better health and satisfaction for each member of the family. The actual food value of the common native fruits, especially when eaten uncooked, is not high, but the acids in composition are an agreeable and wholesome solvent of fibrous compounds in food; the potash, soda salts and other mineral compounds—in which fruit abounds—are needed to keep the blood pure, while the fibrous portions give bulk, and tend to promote a healthy condition of the organs of excretion.

### Effects of Cooking Fruit with Sugar

The addition of sugar to cooked fruit increases the nutritive value of the fruit, while the cooking of the sugar, at a high temperature, in conjunction with the

acid in the fruit, brings about the inversion of the sugar, which is the first step in its digestion. It is for this reason that jams and marmalades are thought to be one of the most wholesome forms in which sugar may be presented in food.

### Preservation of Fruit with Sugar, Etc.

Each fruit has a season at which it is at its best and cheapest, then it is that the housewife, with an eye to future needs, is desirous of storing up a supply against a day of scarcity. Fruit is preserved by canning and in the form of preserves or jelly.

### Cause of Fruit Spoiling

Floating everywhere in the air around us are countless microscopic organisms, known as bacteria, yeasts and molds, that will settle upon fruit (or other food substances) and finding in the fruit the proper kind of food, under favorable conditions of warmth and moisture, will feed upon it, and multiply until the whole substance is consumed. To preserve



fruit, it must be put into a condition in which these minute bodies can not attack it, or, it must be freed from all microscopic organisms and put into a place where no organisms can reach it.

### Preserves, Conserves, Marmalades, Butters, Jellies

Bacteria, yeasts and germs that attack fruit do not thrive and multiply in a heavy sugar syrup. Fruit, thus preserved, is known as preserves, conserves, marmalades, jams, butters and jellies. In the making of these confections from three-fourths to a full pound of sugar is allowed to each pound of fruit. The finished product may be stored in sterilized glass, earthen jars, or tumblers, and covered with paraffin or a paper dipped in alcohol or brandy. To whole fruits or large portions of fruit, cooked in a heavy sugar solution, the name, preserves, is given. If the fruit is broken up in small bits during the cooking by stirring, a marmalade or jam results. The juice of the fruit is the only liquid used in these latter confections. Apple, peach or guava butter is made by first cooking the fruit with a little water, then sugar is added and the mixture is stirred almost constantly until the cooking is completed. Spices are often added to butters.

### Jellies

In the making of fruit jellies, only the juice of the fruit is needed. Pectin is found in the juice of nearly all ripe fruits. Pectin is a carbohydrate principle similar in its properties to starch. When equal weights of fruit-juice and sugar are boiled together for a short time, other conditions being right, the pectin in the juice causes the mass to become firm or gelatinized on cooling. Pectin is at its best, when the fruit is just ripe or shortly before. If the fruit be kept too long, so that the juice ferments, or if the juice and sugar be overcooked, the pectin loses its gelatinizing property. Then, to make a success of jelly-making, the fruit should be fresh-gathered, ripe or a little underripe, and the boiling of the juice and sugar should not be continued too long. The quantity of sugar in composition in fruit that has ripened in bright, sunny weather is larger, proportionately, than when the season has been cold and wet. Thus a scant measure of sugar should be taken in one case, and a generous measure, in the other. Juicy fruits, as currants and berries, should not be gathered just after a rain, for all the excess of water absorbed must be removed by boiling before the juice will jelly. If it be necessary to



CANNING IN OPEN KETTLE

wash such fruit before use, the work must be done quickly and carefully.

Large, firm fruits, as apples, quinces and plums must be cooked in water, until soft. The skin, seeds and stones give color and flavor to the jelly and should not be removed before cooking. The liquid strained from the fruit will contain the pectin and the flavoring found in the fruit. A bag made of doubled cheese cloth or coarse cotton cloth answers for jelly-making. Often bags of flannel or felt are recommended; these are expensive, shrink when washed and give no clearer jelly than can be secured by allowing the juice to drip through the cheaper bag. Juice secured by squeezing the bag makes a good-tasting jelly, but it is often somewhat cloudy.

### Crystallized Fruits

Pineapples, apricots, pears, cherries and oranges, grape fruit and lemon peel are usually selected for crystallization. In general, the fruit is cooked in a rich syrup and let cool in the syrup, repeatedly, or on each day for a week or longer, until it is thoroughly saturated with syrup; it is then dried, or rolled in sugar, and stored in tight-closed receptacles.

### Canned Fruits

In the processes of preserving fruits of which we have spoken, the preserva-

tion has been secured by the use of a thick sugar syrup in which bacteria, yeasts, etc., could not readily grow. As a rule, most kinds of minute organisms that attack fruit are destroyed, if the fruit be exposed ten or fifteen minutes to the temperature of boiling water 212° F. Such fruit is said to have been sterilized. If all the utensils with which the fruit comes in contact be also sterilized and the container be so sealed as to exclude all organisms from the outside, fruit may be kept, with but slight change of texture or flavor, for a year or longer. This process is known as canning.

Sugar is not a necessity in the canning of fruit or fruit juice, but the amount palatable to those who put it up is often added when the fruit is to be used as a compote. If the fruit is to be used in pies or puddings, the dish will have a fresher flavor, if the sugar be added at the time of the last cooking.

Fruit juices for sherbet, punch and jelly making, should be canned without sugar. If sugar be used, a syrup gauge is quite necessary, for too sweet a mixture will not freeze. When a sherbet is to be made, boil the sugar and water to the proper density and let cool; add the quantity of fruit juice called for and the mixture is ready to freeze. Also canned fruit juice, with an equal measure of sugar, after boiling the requisite time,



JELLY MAKING



may be poured into sterile glasses as jelly. By simply canning the juice when the fresh fruit is available, the work over a hot stove is cut down in hot weather and carried along to a period when one may select a propitious time for completing the enterprise; this, also, makes fresh-made jelly a possibility at any time.

### Utensils for Preserving Fruit

In all cooking of fruit, avoid tin or metal utensils. Fruit acids attack metals and occasion a disagreeable and unwholesome flavor and a dull, off-color in the finished product. White-lined utensils, neatly cared for, are desirable. Saucepans should be broad rather than deep, as weight of fruit will crush that below. When canning, cook the fruit in the jars whenever possible—by this means the breaking of fruit by handling is avoided and also the flavor is the better retained. The filled jars may stand during cooking in a “canner”, where the cooking is done under a considerable pressure of steam, and thus more quickly; in a steam cooker, under a less pressure of steam, or in an ordinary clothes boiler (new one) or similar vessel fitted with a wooden rack, to keep the jars from contact with the bottom of the vessel. Scales, measuring cups, jelly bag, wooden spoons, a wooden pestle, a colander of agate or similar ware, earthen bowls, a large-mouthed funnel, silver plated knives and forks, a skimmer, a ladle, a pitcher with long, narrow-pointed lip, a new sieve, and two or three pans are among the principal utensils used in putting up fruit. Glass jars, fitted with covers and *new rubber rings* are used for canning; these jars may be found in sizes from a half-pint to two quarts. Tumblers are supplied for jelly, marmalade and jam. Preserves may be kept in glass or earthen jars.

### Selection and Preparation of the Fruit

Fruit for preserving in any form

should be fresh-picked, or gathered, and slightly underripe. Such fruit insures more perfect shape in the finished product and eliminates the possibility of fermented fruit or the loss of pectin or jelly-making property.

Handle soft fruit (peaches, berries, etc.) as little as possible. If it is to be canned in jars, put it into the jars, at once, on hulling or otherwise preparing it.

If berries must be washed, put them, a few at a time, into a colander, pour cold water over them and turn at once upon a large sieve to drain, then hull.

Large hard fruit, as apples, pears and quinces, should be washed and wiped dry before paring.

Cut apples and other hard fruit, for jelly, into quarters, removing all wormy places or imperfections. Retain the skin and cores. The cores of quinces should be discarded, as the excess of gummy properties does not improve jelly.

Use a silver-plated knife to pare fruit. Peaches, soft pears, plums and tomatoes, set into a wire basket (frying basket) may be plunged into a saucepan of boiling water; after three or four minutes remove to a kettle of cold water for the same time, when the fruit may be quickly and easily peeled. This method of peeling is admissible when a large quantity of fruit is to be put up, but it is thought to detract somewhat from the flavor.

### General Rule for Preserves

Weigh the prepared fruit; take an equal weight of sugar. If the fruit be soft, put a layer in a saucepan and sprinkle on sugar; add another layer of fruit and another layer of sugar. Let heat gradually to the boiling point, boil about ten minutes, skim and store in small glasses. If the fruit be firm, boil in water barely to cover until tender; skim out the fruit, add the sugar to the liquid, boil ten minutes, skim, add the fruit and let cook, from ten minutes to half an hour. If a thicker syrup be

desired, cook twenty minutes before adding the fruit, or cook longer after removing the fruit to jars.

### General Rule for Canning

Fruit is cooked in the jars in which it is to be stored or in an open kettle. Sterilize the jars, covers, spoons and funnel by putting them over the fire in cold water to cover and letting the water gradually heat to the boiling point. The jars must stand, meanwhile, on several folds of cloth or paper. Have a pan on the stove with folded cloth and about an inch of boiling water. Pour the boiling water from a jar, set it into the pan on the cloth and immediately fill to overflow with the hot fruit, adjust the rubber and cover (taking the cover from the boiling water) and the work is done. About one cup of sugar is used with enough fruit to fill a quart jar. In a canner or steam cooker, fill the jars with the prepared fruit, set them on a folded cloth on a rack over cold water, put the covers in beside the jars, cover the receptacle and let heat gradually to the boiling point; let cook about five minutes after the water boils. Have ready a syrup made in the proportion of a cup, each, of sugar and water; use this to fill the jars to overflow, adjust the rubbers and covers and let cook about five minutes longer. When there is room to cook three jars at a time, the contents of the third jar may be used to fill the other two. Less syrup will then be required. The jars must not come in contact during cooking.

### General Rule for Jelly Making

Put soft fruit into a saucepan, crush with a pestle and let heat slowly. When hot throughout turn into a cheese-cloth bag and let drain. After a time press out as much juice as possible for a second quality of jelly. For each cup of juice, take a cup of sugar. Stir until

the sugar is dissolved, then let boil and skim until a little, when tested, will jelly slightly on a cold plate. Turn into tumblers, set on a cloth in a shallow pan of boiling water. Remove to a safe place, and cover with glass or a towel and, later on, with paper wet in brandy. Boil the jelly in small quantities.

### Peach Preserves

Boil two pounds of sugar and a pint of water five minutes after boiling begins and skim carefully; add two pounds of peaches, cut in halves, and then pared; let cook until tender (no longer); skim out upon plates and drain off the juice into the syrup as fast as it appears. Boil the syrup about twenty minutes, skimming as needed. Return the peaches to the syrup; let boil up once, then store in jars. Crack a few stones and cook the meats with the peaches.

### Canned Pears

Cut a dozen Bartlett pears in halves, leaving the stem on one half, pare and remove the cores. Make a syrup of one cup and a half, each, of sugar and water and the juice of one lemon; skim, put in the pears and cook ten minutes, after boiling begins. With a silver fork drop the pears into a sterilized quart jar, set on a cloth in a pan of water, pour in syrup to fill the jar to overflow, adjust the rubber and the sterilized cover and tighten the jar.

### Currant Jelly with Variations from General Rule

Secure the juice according to the directions previously given. Take a cup of sugar for each cup of juice; let the juice boil twenty minutes, skimming often. Add the sugar, made hot on agate plates in the oven; let boil once and finish as usual. A few unripe currants are not detrimental.





# Suggestions for Menus in August

(Hotels with 60 Guests)

## SUNDAY

### Breakfast

- Choice of: Cooked Cereal  
Ready to eat Cereal
- Choice of: Berries Bananas
- Choice of: Corned Beef Hash  
Calf's Liver and Bacon
- Choice of: Eggs Poached, Cooked in shell,  
Scrambled, Omelet
- Pop-overs, Corn Meal Muffins, Toast
- Coffe Tea Cocoa

### Dinner (one o'clock)

- Choice of: Consommé Printanier  
Cream of Lettuce
- Choice of: Boiled Cod, Egg Sauce, French  
Potato Balls
- Baked Spanish Mackerel, Italian Sauce  
Cucumbers, French Dressing
- Choice of: Chicken's Wings, Princess  
Pigeons Stewed, with Olives
- Roast Loin of Veal, Bread Stuffing  
Sweet Pickles
- Roast Beef, Brown Sauce
- Choice of: Mashed Potatoes or New  
Potatoes
- Stringless Beans or Peas
- Spinach, with Egg or Lettuce, French  
Dressing
- Choice of: Vanilla Ice Cream, Raspberry  
Sauce, Apricot Ice
- Blueberry Pie, Cream Cheese  
Apple Pie, Cheese  
Coffee or Tea

### Supper

- Black Bean Soup
- Cold Meat, Sliced Thin  
Potato Salad
- Eggs Cooked to Order  
Cake
- Canned Fruit or Berries  
Tea Coffee

## MONDAY

### Breakfast

- Choice of: Two Cereals
- Choice of: Berries, Apples, Bananas
- Choice of: Broiled Tripe  
Hamburg Steak
- Bacon, with Fried Eggs
- Baking Powder Biscuit, Corn Meal Break-  
fast Cake
- Dry Toast Cream Toast
- Coffe Tea Cocoa

### Luncheon

- Broth, with Tapioca

- Choice of: Chicken Giblet Pie, Biscuit  
Crust
- Veal Rechaufu with Curried Rice
- Mexican Rabbit with Poached Egg
- Choice of: New Beets, Summer Squash,  
Stringless Beans
- Bluefish Stuffed and Baked, Italian Sauce
- Choice of: Sliced Tomatoes, French or  
Mayonnaise Dressing
- Cabbage, French or Mayonnaise Dressing
- Choice of: Raspberry Ice Cream
- Cottage Pudding, Raspberry Hard Sauce
- Apple Pie, Cheese  
Coffee Tea

### Dinner

- Choice of: Tomato and Chicken Bouillon  
Cream of Corn Soup
- Choice of: Fillets of Fish, fried, Sauce  
Tartare
- Turbans of Fish, baked, Bechamel Sauce
- Choice of: Fried Chicken, Sweet Pickled  
Melon Rind
- Beef Steak en Casserole (with vegetables)
- Roast Leg of Lamb, Mint Sauce, Banana  
Fritters
- Choice of: Franconia Potatoes, Mashed  
Potatoes
- Choice of: Cauliflower, Summer Squash,  
Green Peas, Green Corn
- Choice of: Cucumbers or Tomatoes,  
French Dressing
- Choice of: Sliced Peaches with Cream,  
Peach Ice Cream
- Peach Cobbler, Charlotte Russe and Wine  
Jelly
- Coffee Tea

## TUESDAY

### Breakfast

- Choice of: Two Cereals
- Choice of: Melons, Peaches, Berries
- Choice of: Creamed Salt Codfish  
Creamed Dried Beef
- Hamburg Steak
- Choice of: Poached Eggs  
Eggs Cooked in Shell  
Eggs en Cocotte  
Omelet
- Choice of: Baked Potatoes  
Hashed Brown Potatoes  
French Fried Potatoes
- Rye Meal Muffins, Parker House Rolls  
Cinnamon Buns
- Coffee Cocoa

### Luncheon

- Choice of: Mock Bisque Soup  
Beef Broth with Macaroni

## Suggestions for Menus in August. — *Continued*

Choice of: Chicken and Veal Croquettes,  
Peas with Carrot Slices  
Cold Boiled Ham, String Bean Salad  
Kidney Omelet, Sliced Tomatoes  
Choice of: Rice Bavarian Cream with  
Stewed Prunes  
Baba, Rum Sauce  
Apple Pie with Vanilla Ice Cream  
Tea Coffee Cocoa

### Dinner

Choice of: Onion Soup  
Emergency Soup  
Choice of: Boiled Salmon, Pickle Sauce  
Cucumbers, French Dressing  
Choice of: Leg of Lamb, Boiled, Capers  
Sauce  
Ham, Baked in Crust, Madeira Sauce  
Veal Cutlets, Tomato Sauce  
Choice of: Mashed Potatoes  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Choice of: Green Corn Custard  
Buttered Beets  
Stuffed Tomatoes  
Choice of: Baked Alaska  
Apples Baked with Tapioca, Vanilla Ice  
Cream  
Peach Sherbet  
Coffee Cocoa Tea

### WEDNESDAY

#### Breakfast

Choice of: Two Cereals  
Choice of: Berries, Baked Apples, Plums  
Choice of: Hashed Lamb with Eggs en  
Cocotte  
Broiled Bacon with Eggs to order  
Hamburg Steak  
Choice of: Lyonnaise Potatoes  
Creamed Potatoes  
Baked Potatoes  
Rice Griddle Cakes Graham Rolls  
Doughnuts  
Coffee Tea Cocoa

#### Luncheon

Fresh Fish or Corn Chowder  
Choice of: Cold Baked Ham, Potato Salad  
Hot Ham Timbales, Tomato Sauce or Peas  
Rechauful of Lamb, Creole, with Rice  
Lamb Chops, Maitimou  
Choice of: Lettuce and Egg, Mayonnaise  
Lettuce and Tomato, Mayonnaise  
Succotash  
Beet Greens  
Choice of: Chocolate Éclairs  
Raspberry Shortcake  
Blueberry Pie  
Coffee Tea Cocoa

### Dinner

Choice of: Lamb and Tomato Soup  
Cream of Potato Soup  
Choice of: Salmon Croquettes, Green Peas  
Sword Fish, Broiled, Cucumber Salad

Choice of: Roast Chicken, Cranberry  
Sauce  
Ribs of Beef, Roasted, Brown Sauce  
Choice of: Mashed Potato, Browned  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Choice of: Cauliflower, Cream Sauce  
Egg Plant, Fried  
Scalloped Tomatoes  
Stringless Beans, Buttered  
Lettuce and Celery, French Dressing  
Lettuce and Cress, French Dressing  
Lettuce and Mustard, French Dressing  
Choice of: Custard Soufflé, Frothy Sauce  
Queen of Puddings with Jelly and  
Meringue  
Grape Juice Sherbet  
Milk Sherbet (Lemon)  
Coffee Tea

### THURSDAY

#### Breakfast

Choice of: Two Cereals  
Choice of: Baked Apples  
Melons  
Sliced Peaches  
Choice of: Hot Roast Beef Sandwich  
Tripe, Lyonnaise Style  
Corned Beef Hash  
Choice of: Eggs Scrambled with Ham  
Poached in Milk  
Green Pea Omelet  
Cooked in Shell  
Choice of: Baked Potatoes  
Choice of: White Hashed Potatoes  
Dry Toast Boston Brown Bread (re-  
heated) Baking Powder Biscuit  
Coffee Tea Cocoa

#### Luncheon

Choice of: Cream of Corn Soup, St Ger-  
main Chicken Soup with Rice  
Choice of: Chicken Salad  
Hot Boiled or Braised Tongue  
Round Steak en Casserole  
Choice of: Corn on the Cob  
Stuffed Peppers  
Sliced Tomatoes  
Stringless Beans  
Choice of: Blackberry Roly Poly (baked)  
Blackberry Sauce  
Tapioca Custard Pudding, Wine Sauce  
Peach Sherbet  
Tea Coffee

### Dinner

Beef Broth with Macaroni  
Choice of: Boiled Haddock, Egg Sauce  
Fillets of Fish Baked with Dressing,  
Drawn Butter Sauce  
Cucumbers, French Dressing  
Choice of: Boiled Shoulder of Lamb,  
Capers Sauce  
Round of Beef, Braised, Brown Sauce  
Chicken en Casserole



## Suggestions for Menus in August.—*Continued*

Choice of: Boiled Onions  
               Stewed Cabbage  
               Turnips  
 Choice of: Mashed Potatoes  
               Plain Boiled Potatoes  
 Choice of: Celery Salad  
               Tomato Salad  
 Choice of: Café Parfait  
               Vanilla Ice Cream  
               Coffee Tea

### FRIDAY

#### Breakfast

Choice of: Two Cereals  
 Choice of: Melons, Berries, Baked Apples  
 Choice of: Salt Codfish Balls  
               Fried Panfish  
               Beef Tenderloin, Broiled  
 Choice of: Plain Omelet  
               Omelet with Green Herbs  
               Mushroom Omelet  
               Scrambled Eggs  
               Eggs in Shell  
 Choice of: Mashed Potato Cakes, Fried  
               Baked Potatoes  
               Lyonnais Potatoes  
 Corn Meal Muffins Parker House Rolls  
               Green Corn Griddle Cakes  
 Choice of: Coffee Tea Cocoa

#### Luncheon

Choice of: Cream of Corn Soup  
               Consommé with Peas  
 Choice of: Cold Veal Loaf, with Salad  
               Giblet Pie, Biscuit Crust  
               Fricassée of Veal  
               Shepherds Pie  
 Choice of: Mashed Potatoes  
               Macaroni à la Milanaise  
               Curried Rice  
 Choice of: Potato Salad  
               Andalouse Salad  
               Mayonnaise of Tomatoes  
 Choice of: Blancmange with Soft Custard  
               Custard Reuversée  
               Prune Jelly, Whipped Cream  
               Coffee Tea Cocoa

#### Dinner

Choice of: Golden Veal Broth  
               Cream of String Bean Soup  
 Choice of: Scalloped Clams  
               Planked White Fish  
               Cabbage Salad  
 Choice of: Boiled Fowl, Allemand Sauce  
               Boned Breast of Veal, Stuffed, Pöeled  
 Cold Round of Beef Pie, Potato Biscuit  
               Crust  
 Choice of: Onions Stuffed with Nuts,  
               Cream Sauce  
               Buttered Beets  
               Squash  
               Corn

Choice of: Mashed Potatoes  
               Whole Potatoes Boiled in Fat  
 Choice of: Waldorf Salad  
               Tomato Salad  
 Choice of: Junket Ice Cream (Vanilla)  
               Frozen Custard  
               Lemon Sherbet  
               Hot Apple Pie, Cheese  
 Choice of: Coffee Tea

### SATURDAY

#### Breakfast

Choice of: Two Cereals  
 Choice of: Berries  
               Stewed Prunes  
               Orange Marmalade  
 Choice of: Sardines on Toast, Creamed  
               Veal-Potato and Green Pepper Hash  
               French Hash  
 Choice of: Shirred Eggs  
               Puffy Omelet  
               Eggs Cooked in Shell  
 Choice of: Creamed Potatoes  
               Fried Potatoes  
               Spider Corn Cake Yeast Biscuit  
               Cream Toast  
 Choice of: Coffee Tea Cocoa

#### Luncheon

Choice of: Irish Stew  
               Boston Baked Beans  
               Cheese Pudding  
               Tomato Rabbit with Poached Egg  
               Cold Boiled Tongue  
 Choice of: Stuffed Tomatoes  
               Macedoine of Vegetable Salad  
               Scalloped Cabbage  
               Sliced Tomatoes  
 Choice of: Berry Pie, Cheese  
 German Apple Cake, Cream or Hard Sauce  
               Coffee Jelly, Whipped Cream  
 Choice of: Tea Coffee Grape-Juice-  
               Lemonade

#### Dinner

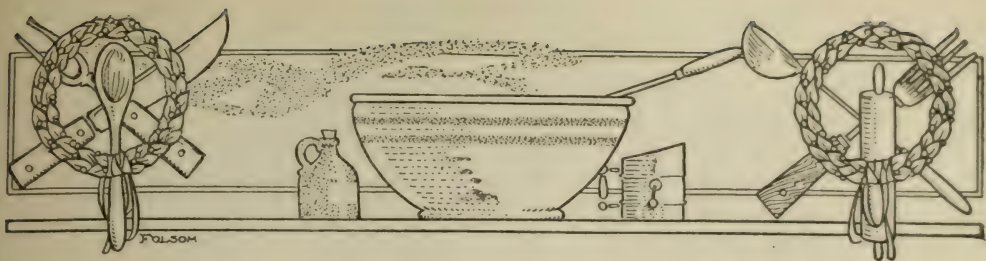
Choice of: Chicken Soup with Rice  
 Consommé with Macaroni Rings and Peas  
 Choice of: Olives or Celery  
               Fresh Fish Creamed in Scallop Shells  
               Lobster Newburg  
 Choice of: Veal Pot Pie, Dumplings  
               Lamb Chops (neck) en Casserole  
               Roast Fillet of Beef, Mushroom Sauce  
 Choice of: Scalloped Tomatoes and  
               Onions  
               Stuffed Peppers  
               Lima Beans, Buttered  
               Corn Custard, Mexican Style  
 Choice of: Lettuce Salad  
               Cold Cauliflower Salad  
               Tomato Salad  
               Waldorf Salad  
 Choice of: Squash Pie Steamed Blue-  
               berry Pudding, Wine Sauce  
               Coffee Ice Cream  
               Tea Coffee

# Economical Menus for a Week in September

*"The well-informed housewife will find no great difficulty in selecting a combination of foods that is nutritively efficient and at the same time simple and economical."*—JORDAN.

SUNDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Watermelon Broiled Bacon White Hashed Potatoes Green Corn Griddle Cakes Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Breast of Lamb, Roasted Mint Sauce Potatoes Cooked with the Meat Boiled Corn      Tomatoes Sliced Peach Apple Cake, Sugar, Cream Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Tomato Toast      Cookies Stuffed Prunes with Cream Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin Creamed Potatoes Corn-Meal Griddle Cakes Dry Toast      Coffee      Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Cream of Potato Soup Stuffed Tomatoes (ham crumbs, etc.) Mashed Turnips Chocolate Éclairs Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> String Bean Salad, French Dressing with Onion Juice Baking Powder Biscuit Hot Apple Sauce Cream Cheese      Tea	WEDNESDAY
	<b>Breakfast</b> Creamed Dried Beef Baked Potatoes Cinnamon Buns Cocoa      Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Hamburg Steak Potatoes, Hungarian Style (May mag.) String Beans      Pickled Beets Apple Dumpling Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Green Corn Cooked in Cream Baking Powder Biscuit Blackberries      Gingerbread Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Creamed Salt Codfish Baked Potatoes (small) Yeast Doughnuts Coffee      Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Veal Cutlets, Breaded, Tomato Sauce Lettuce, Peanut-Butter Salad-Dressing Rice Pudding, with Meringue Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Mexican Rabbit Hot Baked Apples Bread and Butter Cookies Tea	THURSDAY
	<b>Breakfast</b> Lamb's Liver and Bacon French Fried Potatoes Parker House Rolls Cocoa      Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Fillets of Fresh Fish, Breaded, Fried Cucumbers, French Dressing Summer Squash Cookies with Lemon Sherbet or Lemon Pie Coffee <b>Supper</b> Stewed Lima Beans, Buttered Graham Muffins Sliced Peaches Sponge Cake Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Creamed Sardines on Toast White Mountain Muffins Blackberries Coffee      Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Sword Fish, Broiled, Maitre d'Hôtel Butter Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Grape Juice Syllabub Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Crab Meat, Deviled Potato Salad Bread and Butter Stewed Crab Apples Tea	FRIDAY
	<b>Breakfast</b> Scrambled Eggs, with Ham Mashed Potato Cakes, Baked Dutch Apple Cake, Butter, Sugar Cocoa      Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Broiled Ham Baked Potatoes Green Corn Custard Sliced Tomatoes Coffee Jelly, Whipped Cream <b>Supper</b> Stewed Shelled Beans Graham Bread and Butter Berries Gingerbread Tea		SATURDAY





# Lessons in Elementary Cooking

By Mary Chandler Jones

Teacher of Cookery in the Public Schools of Brookline, Mass.

## LESSON XXII

### *Combinations of Starchy and Albuminous Materials*

IN the last lesson (XXI) we made a beginning of a little study of the way in which starchy and albuminous foods must be combined, when the preparation of cream cakes and their filling was discussed. A short consideration of the cooking temperature of each of these classes of food will show the necessity for combining them in this way. Recall the cooking of potatoes, rice, maccaroni, cornstarch and so on, and remember the effect of using water which was not quite boiling. Is a starchy substance either palatable or digestible if cooked below the boiling point? On the other hand, if any food containing albumin be actually boiled or cooked at any high temperature, what happens to it? (Review the egg in its different preparations, the scalding vs. the boiling of milk, the cooking of meat and fish.) Over-cooking, then, destroys the palatability and digestibility of albuminous foods. How is it possible to put these two together in the same dish without either over-cooking the albumin or leaving the starch insufficiently cooked? Let the pupils see that if the starch be thoroughly cooked at the higher temperature, until the starchy taste is gone, then the albuminous substance (usually egg) may be added and cooked at the comparatively low heat needed for its best flavor and consistency.

In the case of cake, muffins and other baked mixtures, it is not possible to give

different cooking temperatures to the different ingredients. In these we consider chiefly the cooking of the starchy materials present and the expansion of the gas. The egg and milk are relatively small in proportion and so may be ignored. The indigestibility of cake, etc., for children and invalids, is caused, at least in part, by this combination and the impossibility of proper cooking for each ingredient. In the case of many sauces, also, where flour or cornstarch must be boiled, the digestibility and best flavor of the milk are sacrificed to the necessity for cooking the starch at the higher temperature.

Many puddings depend upon the combination of starch and albumin in their preparation. They are, in reality, forms of custard, with the starchy material added to the milk before the egg and milk are blended. Refer to the bread pudding in Lesson XVIII. What has been previously done to the bread which makes it unnecessary to do more than soak it in the hot milk? Is there any need for further consideration of the bread in cooking the pudding in the oven? What should the oven heat be? What will be the effect of too great heat?

Tapioca, in its combination with egg, is a good article to use in the illustration of the different temperatures in cooking. Test the tapioca with iodine solution. Let the pupils report upon its place of growth, the part of the plant used and

the methods of manufacture. How many sizes are there? Why must the pearl or flake tapioca be soaked while the others require no soaking?

### Tapioca Custard Pudding

1½ tablespoonfuls of minute tapioca	speck of salt
1 pint of milk	whites of 2 eggs
yolks of 2 eggs	½ a teaspoonful of flavoring
½ a cup of sugar	

Wash and pick over the tapioca. Scald the milk, and while it is scalding, add the tapioca. Cook these until the tapioca is transparent. (The water under the double boiler must be kept boiling and this, while not absolutely keeping the tapioca at the boiling point, would over-cook the egg and cause curdling, if the egg were present.) Beat the yolks of the eggs slightly, as for custard, and add the salt and sugar. Pour the milk and cooked tapioca over the egg yolks and return to the double boiler. Cook, with constant stirring, over water that is just below the boiling point, until the custard is creamy and thick, but not lumpy. Remove from the heat, and add the flavoring. Beat the white of egg very stiff and dry and, when the custard has partly cooled, beat it into the custard. Chill and serve. This may be flavored with caramel and served with caramel sauce, like a caramel custard. It may also be baked, in a very moderate oven, in a buttered baking dish.

### Cornstarch Fruit Pudding

1 cup of water	cornstarch
⅓ a teaspoonful of salt	sugar to sweeten the fruit
1 cup of fruit juice	2 whites of eggs
3 tablespoonfuls of	

Boil the water and fruit juice together and sweeten with the necessary sugar. Mix the cornstarch with enough cold water to make a smooth paste, then dilute it with the boiling syrup and cook until it is free from all taste of raw starch. Beat the whites of egg until they are stiff and dry. Remove the starchy mixture from the heat and let it cool a little, then beat into it the stiff white of egg. Beat well and pour into

cold, wet molds. Chill and serve with a custard made from the yolks of the eggs.

### Oatmeal Pudding

1½ cups of cooked oatmeal	1 cup of milk
1 or 2 eggs	½ a teaspoonful of spice
½ a cup of sugar	

Cook the fresh oatmeal, or use what is "left over" from some former cooking. Beat the egg slightly; add to it the sugar and spice and the milk. Stir it into the oatmeal and pour it into a buttered baking dish. Let it bake slowly for 30 minutes. Serve with milk or cream and sugar, or with a pudding sauce.

### Eggs in White Sauce

1 cup of white sauce	4 slices of toast
3 hard-cooked eggs	

Cook the eggs in water just below the boiling point for thirty or thirty-five minutes. Prepare the white sauce and toast while the eggs are being cooked. When the eggs are done, plunge them into cold water and, at once, remove the shells and thin white skin. Cut them in halves and separate the white and yolk. Chop the whites into small pieces and press the yolks through a coarse strainer, with a wooden spoon. Stir the chopped whites into the white sauce, reheat, if necessary, and pour over the toast. Sprinkle with the powdered yolk and garnish with clean, dry bits of parsley.

This is a very good dish to be used as a review. Let the pupils see that the sauce and egg, though combined in this case after cooking, are cooked at their proper temperatures and that, in reheating, too much heat would toughen the white of egg. The yolk, in an egg which has been properly cooked, is dry and powdery, while the white is stiff and jelly-like, but not tough.

What care must be taken in reheating fish or meat in white sauce or in a gravy? In scalloped dishes, which must be nearer the heat, the starchy or the albuminous food? Why?



It is readily seen that dishes which combine several food principles may easily be less digestible, even with the greatest care in their preparation, than simpler ones involving but one or two.

Invalids and children must often avoid such combinations altogether, and it would, perhaps, be well, if they were less frequent on all tables than is at present the case.

## A First-Aid Outfit For The Summer Camp

By Mary H. Tufts

Trained Nurse

"Early and provident fear is the mother of safety."

THE prospective camper or cottager usually dislikes to associate the idea of any accident or illness with the plans for his vacation; but inasmuch as many of the Camps are somewhat remote from a Doctor, and accidents and acute illnesses "wait for no man", it is not safe or wise to go camping without a suitable First-Aid Outfit.

Having had considerable experience in catering to the needs of persons who were ill in camps somewhat remote from a physician, I have formulated the plan for the outfit which I describe, based on the needs which I have met.

At first consideration, it may seem that the outfit is needlessly large; but only such articles and drugs have been included, as may at any time be urgently called for; and, once needed, will be worth their weight in gold.

A suitcase, or a light-weight pine box that will lock securely, is suitable receptacle for the outfit. This should be kept locked, and the key hung up out of reach of any children who may be in camp. This precaution may save fatal accidents from poisoning. But, every adult in camp, should know exactly where the key is kept, so that no delay may occur in getting the needed supplies in case of emergencies.

On the inside of the cover of the box, or case containing the outfit, should be

pasted a list of the contents of the box. Also a list of antidotes for all the poisons contained in the outfit.

Some comprehensive book on first-aid should also be included. The book, "Accidents and Emergencies", by C. W. Dulles, or "Johnson's First Aid Manual," are both comprehensive and complete.

As containers of all poison drugs, it is wise to select blue-glass bottles having serrated corners. In this way a mistake is well-nigh impossible, if ordinary caution is used.

Each package and bottle should have a securely affixed label, bearing the name of the drug, and the dosage for both children and adults. And in addition, all poisons should bear two printed poison-labels; these may be bought at the drug-store for a few cents by the dozen.

Persons taken ill in camp should, of course, consult a Doctor at their earliest convenience, unless they are sure that the illness is transitory. The habit of promiscuous drugging is in no way recommended in the use of this emergency-outfit. It is as its name implies, an EMERGENCY Aid.

The articles and drugs which I have found most practical and useful for such an outfit, are as follows:—

1 good-sized bundle of clean, old pieces of bleached cloth; 3 or 4 large-sized pieces of

white wool-flannel for fomentation-cloths; a 5-yard package of surgeons' plain absorbent-gauze for dressing wounds; 1 pound of absorbent-cotton; 1 roll of 2-inch wide surgeons' adhesive plaster; 1 yard of oiled-muslin; 2 rolls of the "ideal" elastic-weave bandage; a new nail-brush; 2 dozen medium-sized safety pins; 1 pair of shears or scissors; 2 three-quart agate basins; 4 yard-square pieces of heavy, bleached sheeting to use as slings or in adjusting splints; 3 yards of rubber tubing for use as a Tourniquet; a fountain-syringe; hot-water bottle; medicine-dropper; teaspoon; glass graduate for measuring medicines; clinical thermometer; 1 can of antiphlogistine; 2 ounces of either compound ichthyol, resinol, or unguentine ointment; 2 pounds epsom salts; 6 ounces castor oil; 1 box seidlitz powders; 4 ounces of the aromatic spirits of ammonia; 4 ounces best brandy; 8 ounces 95% alcohol; 4 ounces chemically-pure glycerin; 1 package of borax; 1 pound baking-soda; 1 package of ground ginger; 4 ounces paregoric; 2 dozen 1-grain codeine tablets; 100 of Mulford's "cold preferred" tablets; 1 box of mustard; 6 ounces of a mixture made up of 1 part of spirits of turpentine, to 8 parts of either olive or coconut-oil (have the druggist mix this); 25 bichloride of mercury tablets for making antiseptic-solution for wounds; 1 bottle of peroxide of hydrogen; 6 ounces of tincture of iodine, with small brush for applying it; a large-sized jar of malted milk, which will be especially useful, if there are sick children in camp.

Wounds, sprains, stings and bites of insects, bruises, blisters, colds, headaches, poisoning from ivy or other irritating plants, heat-prostrations, acute rheumatism and neuralgia, indigestion, and occasionally diarrhoea, constitute the more common ailments occurring during camp-life.

No doubt some of these troubles accrue as a result of over-exertion or exposure. Many persons thoughtlessly indulge in all sorts of strenuous "stunts" when on a vacation, regardless of the fact that they may be wholly unprepared, muscularly, for any such violent exercise. Long walks over rough wood-paths, when one is only accustomed to work in which they sit, account for lameness and muscular soreness. Rowing a boat, or other equally hard work done under a broiling sun, by one accustomed to work only under-cover, will invariably cause headaches, and sometimes heat-prostration. A hurried or too hearty meal, eaten at the close of a

hard day's work, when the stomach is tired, may result in a severe attack of indigestion. Sitting about and getting chilled in wet garments is a prolific cause of severe colds, also rheumatism and neuralgia.

The tendency in some camps of indulging in much fried food, tends to cause "biliousness."

A few words of explanation will be needed as to the uses of some of the remedies named for the first-aid outfit; as some of these are not considered in either manual mentioned.

Antiphlogistine is very useful in the treatment of boils, bruises, stings and as a poultice in erysipelas, sore-throat, colds "on the lungs," and any disease where there is swelling and inflammation.

Use it according to directions to be found on the cans.

Ichthyol, Resinol, or Unguentine ointments are ideal in the dressing of burns, for deep sunburn, stings, and bites of animals or insects, and irritation of skin from poisonous plants.

Saturated solution of Epsom-Salts (as much as will dissolve in the desired amount of water) is valuable as a topical application in nearly all inflammatory conditions, such as erysipelas, sunburn, ivy-poisoning, stings, bruises, and blistered feet. Soft cloths saturated with the solution should be applied over the whole inflamed area, and renewed as fast as they become dry. Doctors of eminent reputation recommend the use of Epsom Salts in this way.

In biliousness, give a good dose of Salts or several Seidlitz-Powders; and have the patient drink freely of cold water each morning, an hour or more before breakfast.

Ginger and soda, a teaspoonful of each, in  $\frac{1}{4}$ -glassful of cold water make a most effective remedy for sour stomach and indigestion.

For colds of any kind, Mulford's "Cold Preferred" Tablets are excellent for an adult to take; but are not to be



recommended for children under ten years of age. Two of these tablets should be taken every 3 hours, until the acute symptoms of the cold abate.

A Cathartic should also be given as often as necessary to keep the bowels free; and in colds "on the lungs", use either a poultice of Antiphlogistine, renewed every 12 hours, or paint both the anterior and posterior chest with two good coats of tincture of iodine; painting on one coat daily, for each succeeding day, until soreness and "catchy" pains in chest subside.

Another effective treatment for chest-colds is to rub the turpentine and oil mixture onto both the anterior and posterior chest, then to cover with hot, dry or moist flannels, frequently renewed.

For young children, the application of Antiphlogistine Poultice is to be preferred to the use of either iodine or turpentine and oil.

This turpentine and oil mixture is fine as an application to the abdomen in cases of colic, diarrhoea, or any other trouble causing pain, bloating, or inflammation. It is also useful as an application over rheumatic joints.

Tr. of Iodine hardly needs to be introduced as beneficial for sprains and bruises. In case of lacerated wounds, or wounds made by any rusty article, 1 teaspoonful Tr. of Iodine added to 1 quart of boiled water, should be used in which to soak the injured member.

This treatment may be repeated several times a day. One coat of the tincture, painted over the skin-area surrounding a wound, will aid the healing process and prevent pus-formation.

Peroxide of hydrogen is useful in sore-throats, as a cleansing-agent in a wound that has suppurated, for cleansing out freshly made wounds, boils, stings of insects, etc. For stings it should be applied pure; but for other purposes should be diluted with an equal bulk of water.

In sore-throat, the chemically-pure glycerin is also valuable. After using

the peroxide for a gargle, take  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of glycerin onto the tongue, and allow it to trickle slowly back toward the tonsils. Do not swallow until absolutely necessary. The relief of irritation and tickling in the throat is almost magical.

Glycerin applied pure, on cotton or gauze, is excellent in the treatment of blisters, deep sunburn, boils, stings, erysipelas, and all inflammations where it is desired to reduce swelling and tension of the tissues as rapidly as possible. Equal parts of glycerin and alcohol, heated as hot as can be borne, and dropped into the canal of the ear, will often relieve severe earache very promptly.

Aromatic ammonia is a safe and effective stimulant; and is useful in acid dyspepsia, nervous and sick-headaches, fainting, hysteria, and in any depression following injury or heat-prostration.

It is doubly useful if combined with a few drops of brandy, in case to be given for relief of depression of the heart, or in other exhaustion. The dose of aromatic ammonia for an adult is 1 teaspoonful, and for a child, 10 drops, given in  $\frac{1}{4}$  glassful of water, and repeated if necessary, every 15 minutes for 4 or 5 doses.

An emergency-outfit would hardly be complete without a package of borax. It is so refreshing when added to the bath-water; and in solution for a gargle, or for canker in the mouth, it is most excellent. Use as directed on package.

If one is remote from a Doctor's aid, it is always best to take something in the outfit for the relief of pain. Paregoric and Codeine are probably the safest anodynes to place in the hands of the inexperienced. But it should never be forgotten that these are never to be used without a doctor's orders, *except in* Emergency, when the patient is suffering great or unbearable pain. After injuries, or in cholera morbus, or cholera infantum, or in intestinal colic, or pain from other abdominal inflammations, it

may become necessary to use some anodyne before a doctor can reach the patient.

Very small doses have been known to kill an infant; therefore use every caution, and watch the patient for any blueness of face or under fingernails, or very prolonged sleep, after giving either of these anodynes. A little brandy or whiskey, given in the dosage mentioned elsewhere in this article, will prevent such accident from depression by these drugs. It is always wise to give a good dose of castor oil just before giving the first dose of paregoric.

The dose of paregoric is,—for an adult, 1 tablespoonful; for a baby under one year, 3 drops; for a child under two years, 10 drops; under three years, 12 drops; under four and five years, 20 drops; under 10 years, 40 drops; under 15 years, 1 teaspoonful. Aromatic ammonia, in dosage indicated above, may be given with the paregoric or codeine.

Codeine, if carefully used is practically safe for adults. It will quiet the nerves and relieve pain after injuries, in neuralgia, acute rheumatism, in pleurisy, intestinal colic, and headache. It is not as effective with most people as paregoric; but is not as constipating. The dose is,—grains  $\frac{1}{4}$  to grains 1; repeated every 2 hours for 3 doses.

Brandy is very useful in the severe and acute diarrhoeas, and to combat shock following injury or exhaustion from over-exertion.

The dose is,—5 to 10 drops every hour, or 10 to 20 drops, every 3 hours, for children. For adults the dose should be doubled or trebled, and taken at the same intervals as used with children.

Turpentine and oil should be used on

the abdomen, covered with hot flannels, in connection with the doses of brandy.

The bichloride of mercury solution to be used in treating wounds is made by dissolving 1 tablet in 1 quart of water; bathing the injured part in this, and then dressing with surgeon's gauze which has been soaked in, and wrung out of a similar solution. However, a necessary fact to remember, in using bichloride solutions, is that they should never be used on surfaces which are, or have recently been treated with any iodine preparation, and vice versa. These two drugs, used in this way would form a highly irritating and poisonous compound called iodine of mercury, which would cause much soreness and probable excoriation of the skin.

The hot-water bottle may be made to take the place of an ice-cap, filled with ice-water or very cold water, and used on the head in sun-stroke, headache, or feverish conditions in general.

Remember that in caring for sick children, much depends upon quiet surroundings, careful attention to diet, and free action of the bowels, i. e., to have two normal movements a day. An enema of warm water in which are a few drops of peppermint, will rarely fail to relieve colic in an infant. And, in indigestion in young children, never fail to give an enema.

In cholera infantum, large enemata of warm salt-solution, given twice daily, are very useful. The solution is made by dissolving  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonfuls of common table-salt in 1 quart of boiled water.

I sincerely hope that these suggestions may help not a few campers and cottagers to a happy vacation, and a prompt relief from any acute illness that may occur there.



# Seaweed as Food

By Madeline Seymour

THE Flowery Kingdom! What an interesting country it is to be sure! Think of the conservation of seaweed as being one of the very important questions before the Japanese people! The government of Japan has taken action to prevent further denudation along some parts of her sea coast, and has in her employ a large number of men eminently skilled in this particular branch of horticulture. These marine gardens are fertilized, where the devastation has advanced to such a state that Dame Nature is unable to repair the injury without the aid of the specialist. The culture of sea weed, is extensively engaged in, throughout the whole length of seacoast, the red laver (*Porphyra laciniata*) being the most popular variety raised.

This species of sea weed, is manufactured into many different food stuffs and is used, in some form, by the Japanese house wife at every meal. Great amounts are exported to China; and it is in constant demand by all oriental countries. Marine farming is a very profitable agricultural pursuit, the harvest yielding \$160 an acre, while the cost of cultivation is nominal.

The area of marine lands, adequately fitted for this industry, is necessarily restricted and is leased by the government at public auction.

This culture is unique with Japan. No where else in the world is there any attempt made to improve, or extend, the knowledge of this valuable sea food.

In the fall of the year, October and November, coolies are seen gathering bamboo sticks and brushwood; these are put together in bundles and taken to the sea weed fields in boats, at low tide, deep holes are dug in the sandy floor of the sea, by driving down through the sand and water an elongated, cone-shaped wooden frame with two long straight

handles of wood. In each hole is planted one of the bundles of brushwood; they are planted in long straight lines, at regular intervals, and can be seen at high tide, seeming to rise and fall with the motion of the sea. The reason for thus planting these sticks and twigs is that the floating spores of the red laver may attach themselves to the brushwood whereby, finding a congenial dwelling place, they can reach a high degree of development.

The red laver spores adhere to the small branches and sticks and soon become plants that mature quickly, so that in three months they have grown to perfect ripeness and are ready to be gathered. They are then cleaned, evaporated, and sent to the manufacturer, who puts them on the market in a variety of forms; these are very nutritious and some are delightfully pleasing to the palate.

Now this red laver seaweed, grows profusely on both the Atlantic and Pacific coast of our own United States, but the idea of making use of it has not, as yet, presented itself to the people. A small amount is gathered in California by the Chinese and Japanese. Japan derives an annual income of \$300,000 from her red laver marine forests.

There is another marine product that is worth still more commercially, and that is the seaweed isinglass, or kanten as it is called by the Japanese. This product is exported to all civilized countries.

There are more than five hundred houses in Japan today manufacturing kanten, and putting great quantities on the market. Kanten is made from seaweed of the Gelidium family; these flourish in the rocks and are gathered by coolies diving for them. The harvesting season opens in May, and for six months the plant is collected. The sea weed is brought to the shore, spread out in the

sun and dried, then taken to the manufacturer and sold from six to eight cents a pound. The finished article is pearly white, glossy and semi-transparent. It is used by the Japanese to clarify saki which is their native wine, it is also used in making jellies, soups and sauces.

In America we use it most generally in concocting dainty desserts, jellies, pastries and ices. It is further used for the sizing of textiles, for strengthening the warp of silks, for settling coffee, wine, and beer, for fashioning molds for workers in plaster of paris and also to advantage in the manufacture of paper. It is shipped in great quantities to the Schnapp factories in Holland.

The Japanese kanten, known to us as agar-agar, is used entirely as a culture medium in bacteriological work, by scientific seekers. Is this not a sincere compliment to the perfect purity of the manufactured product?

This same identical species of seaweed, used so profitably by the Japanese in the manufacture of kanten, grows in wildest profusion on the Pacific coast all the way from Canada to Mexico, and from the rock bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of the Gulf of Mexico, to say nothing of sisters, and cousins and aunts of the red laver species, which grow plentifully and are as adequately adapted to the profitable culture. In the United States the finished article is in demand and commands an excellent price. Is it not remarkable that no enterprising spirit of the Twentieth century has yet realized his opportunity and introduced the domestic product?

Another plant which grows around the shores of the ocean, and is wonderfully useful, is the Funori, or seaweed glue. The glue is extracted from many different kinds of seaweed and commands, in Japan, from four to twenty-four cents a pound, the price being subject to the quality and care exercised in its manufacture. It is used in glazing and giving body to cloth, stiffening textures, the same as starch, enameling fine papers, ce-

menting walls and tiles, and in the ornamentation of pottery and china.

The seaweed that grows more lavishly than all others, and which grows along every coast in the world, are the kelps. These the Japanese develop into the article of food known as *kombu*. All the coarse, broad-leaved kelps are harvested from early July until October frost. The kelp reapers go to the marine fields in open boats, armed with long wooden poles, at the end of which is fastened a strong hook; with this implement they tear the seaweed from the rocks. It is then dried, cured, and sold to the men, whose business it is to manufacture the *kombu*.

These men concoct more surprising, pleasing, palatable and nutritious dishes from *kombu*, than our own friend and benefactor, Mr. Heinz, does with his fifty-seven varieties, or that worthy institution, The Battle Creek Sanitarium. *Kombu* is a staple article of food, and makes its appearance in some shape, or form, at least once at every meal. It is shredded like the celebrated Biscuit, or flaked, which suggests Toasties. It is prepared as a vegetable, made into sweet meats, cooked with soup, and served as a condiment with the fish course; meats are brought to table prepared with seaweed. It is used as a garnish, as a sauce, and as a beverage.

Just think of America, literally surrounded with all these wonderful plants, in the cultivation of which lies many fortunes, and not realizing her boundless wealth in her marine forests!

It is amazing, that the only use the kelps have fulfilled in America is that of fertilizing waste lands, adjoining the sea.

Iodine has been extracted from seaweed for many years; Scotland used to lead in this industry, but not long ago, Japan wrested that honor from her, and now supplies the world in a great measure. The value of iodine, has greatly depreciated since the mineral deposits in South America and other countries have been worked, so that the manufacture



from kelp in America would not be enticing except as a by-product. Other by-products of value, and of importance, derived from seaweed are chloride of potash, algin, cellulose, dextrin, mannite, and many salts, such as sodium alginate.

Algin, is a most extraordinary matter, which appears qualified for an infinite variety of applications in the field of Arts and Sciences. It has fourteen times the sticky substance of starch, and thirty-seven times that of gum arabic. In the form of sodium alginate it may be turned into thin, colorless sheets similar to gelatine, but which are exceedingly pliable; add bichrome, and algin becomes insoluble; and silver alginate darkens very rapidly when exposed to the light. Its peculiar properties court the close investigation of the manufacturers of photographic films.

As a sizing for manufactured cloth, algin fills a long felt need of a soluble gum, with superior powers of elasticity and flexibility, and of a soluble substance for albumen, which with great facility may be turned into an insoluble substance and used as a mordant. Sodium alginate, experts say, is the best known property to prevent the incrustation of boilers.

As an article of food, algin may be used to advantage for thickening soups and desserts, and may be used in place

of gum arabic for making nougat, jujubes and other similar candies. In preparing and mixing medicines it holds first place in the emulsifying of oils and for the refining of liquors.

There is a species of seaweed, known as Irish moss, which is cultivated in some degree in New England. This is a vegetation which grows in the sea near the shore, from Maine to North Carolina. It thrives in rich profusion around Cape Cod. There are a few manufacturers on the Massachusetts and New Hampshire coasts, who engage in gathering the Irish moss seaweed. The center of this occupation is at Scituate, Mass., where it has been carried on for seventy-five years. Before this time it was imported from Europe and retailed here at two dollars a pound. In 1835, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, who at that time was Mayor of Boston, informed the people, that the same moss, which they were bringing from abroad at a fancy price, grew right down in the bay. This interested some of the town's people, and resulted in the starting of some factories in the Scituate neighborhood, and this business has flourished more or less since.

Irish moss is used for making Blanc mange, a dessert served with cream, also for jellies and puddings and for cough medicine, clarifying beer and for the sizing of cloth.

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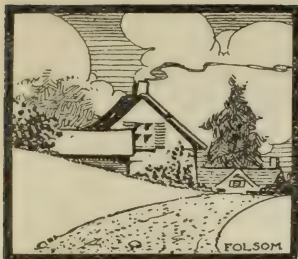
## Nightfall on the Meadow

The hush of eve is over the land,  
Low in the west the sun;  
The rake and the mower idle stand,  
The work in the field is done.

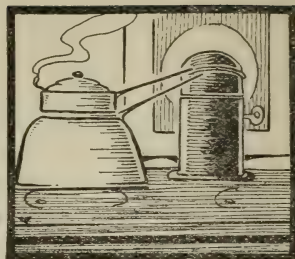
The teams and wagons and men are gone;  
They have plied their task all day,  
To finish it just ere night draws on—  
They have gathered and stacked the hay.

But oh, the smell of the meadow sweet,  
The same as I used to know  
When I walked alone o'er a field new-mown,  
In the long and long ago!

EUGENE C. DOLSON.



## HOMIE IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

### A Novel Way of Preparing and Carrying a Lunch

NOW that the warm spring days tempt one to drop household affairs and depart with the children for a scramble over the hills and through the woody stretches, almost unconsciously one begins, also, to plan for long summer day's tramps and picnics by the roadside—and, as all these jaunts mean the inevitable lunch or “smack.” Perhaps a novel way of preparing and carrying these lunches may strike the fancy of others as it did mine. It was in the Yosemite Valley, at Camp Curry, that I first beheld this unique lunch, and we have many times since tried it out and always with good success.

On any kind of a tramp one wishes to walk unhampered by unnecessary articles, and above all by any unnecessary weight, and the lack of weight in the Camp Curry lunch is its first merit. Each lunch is put up separately, so each one in the party carries his own bite to eat and no one has to become a pack-horse. But the art of the lunch lies in its packing. Each lunch is packed between two ordinary bakers' cardboard pie-plates, and it is managed thus: In the center of one pie-plate place the fruit, orange, peach or grapes, preferably wrapped in oiled paper; beside the fruit put one or two hard-boiled eggs; now circling around these arrange your sandwiches (wrapped in oiled paper, of course, to keep them fresh), double deckers, if your appetite is a hearty one, a piece of cake, a bit of cheese and a pickle or two, and on top lay a napkin.

Put the second pie-plate on top and tie stoutly with twine, wrapping it around the pie-plates at right angles. Then put this into a paper bag of the right size, and you have a satisfying lunch of practically no weight except food weight.

Those who prefer may carry the lunch in this simple manner. But a better way is to fold back neatly the top of the bag and tie again with twine. Then it can be slung from the belt, back of the hip, the easiest way of all to carry a package, as in that position you never notice you are carrying it. I'll admit it does not sound as if the effect were artistic, but try it and its practicability will appeal at once. Or, slip it over a shoulder belt, knapsack-fashion,—I have often improvised a shoulder strap out of my sweater, for when out in the woods for a day's tramp it usually means the precaution of a sweater, which you probably will not need as a wrap until evening. By slipping the arm of the sweater through a loop, made for the purpose in tying up the lunch, and carrying it army-blanket fashion, that is across one shoulder and under the opposite arm, tying the sweater by its arms, you have solved both the luncheon and sweater question and still have your arms free for a swinging gait, or, if climbing, free for the use of your staff or to grasp every helping twig.

An essential of the lunch is the right selection of the fruit, for a juicy fruit becomes a thirst-quenching draught as



well as an appetizing accessory to the lunch. The pickle also carries with it this same merit. And here it may not be too wide a digression, if I give "our" favorite sandwich. It consists, between thin slices of bread, of lettuce leaves, spread with mayonnaise, and small pièces of ripe olives and good walnuts. In my opinion there is nothing to equal the California ripe olive. After one has tried them, he never cares to go back to the indigestible green olive. The pickled ripe olive is delicious and a child may eat a quart and they will not harm him; palatable, nourishing and rich in oils, they make a splendid food. B. W.

\* \* \*

### A September Day

FOR Labor Day, the guests assembled at twilight, and first "labored" at Bean Bags on the lawn. Two leaders were named, who chose sides; a large target with numbered spaces had been erected, and each player had three bags, which were to be thrown at the target. The numbers hit, were added together, and the side whose numbers aggregated the greatest amount won.

This was a good appetite producer for the dinner, which was served on a large screened-in porch. The boys were each given little tools to represent labor, and found their partners from the quotations on the cards of the girls; for example the card, on which was, "Pray you, sir, who's his tailor," matched a pair of shears, and "He talks of wood; it is some carpenter," matched a hammer. With a little trouble these can easily be provided. After finding partners they then "labored" to eat soup with tiny coffee spoons, creamed chicken, potatoes, and peas with knives, salad with soup ladles, macaroni with toothpicks, ice cream with huge carving forks, and drank their coffee from bowls; the nuts were served uncracked.

Each couple were then called on for some sort of entertainment or stunt suggestive of their "labor." Some of them

proved very amusing; the young man of the shoemaker couple gave a pantomime performance of mending his partner's shoe. The tailor with his shears and a piece of paper cut a pattern, which he proceeded to fit to his partner. The blacksmith couple recited, together, portions of *The Village Blacksmith*.

Much ingenuity can be displayed in a party of this kind. L. R. T.

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### Variety in Put-up Lunches

NEARLY all the suggestions one reads in regard to putting up lunches have reference to new kinds of sandwich fillings. The man for whom I prepare lunches gets very tired of sliced bread sandwiches, however varied the filling. A slight innovation from time to time is made by the use of rolls instead of loaf bread. The pointed Vienna roll is particularly suited to pickled lambs' tongues also to any sort of salad. The round roll takes a leaf of lettuce nicely.

My most acceptable lunches however are those where I fill a small jar (with screw cover) with some eatable of a soft or moist nature, such as potato salad, pickled halibut, sliced tomato, apple sauce, cut up oranges or peaches, and strawberries in season. Even a soft-boiled egg, chopped and seasoned, is a relief from the hard-boiled egg, which is the staple lunch dish. This with a roll, or slice of buttered bread makes much less dry eating than a sandwich must be from its very nature. Still again, a cold lamb chop, or a chicken drum-stick, is often much relished as the chief lunch feature. These should be wrapped in waxed paper, and accompanied by salt in a paper folded like a doctor's powder.

A cup custard is an agreeable change for a sweet, when no other jar is carried. I use custard cups, also, to fill with coffee or lemon jelly, which my luncher finds very refreshing. Individual cakes are, I think, always daintier than slices from a loaf, as are turnovers better than

segments of a pie. When I lack cake, cookies or pie, I sometimes use common crackers, split and filled with raisins or sliced citron.

E. M. H.

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### Toasted Cream Cheese, with Pecan Kernels

**T**AKE small, fresh, crisp crackers, preferably about one-third longer than wide, and lay them, side by side, neatly, in a row along the bottom of an oblong platter, with the ends of each cracker equally distant from the sides of the platter. Then cut thin, oblong slices of rich cream cheese exactly the shape of the crackers, except that they should be about one-fourth smaller, that when they are toasted and have become soft the slices of cheese will spread out evenly and uniformly in all directions, to cover the entire cracker.

Lay these slices of cheese in the middle of the crackers, so that a uniformly narrow strip of the cracker will show at the sides and ends. Then take pecan kernels, halved and trimmed flat upon the under or heart side, and lay them, side by side, evenly across the long strips of cheese. The crackers and cheese should be long enough so that there will be room for four or five of these kernels on the strips of cheese. The kernels should be of equal length and width, and of the same shape, and just long enough to reach across the strips of cheese, from side to side, without hanging over much, though if they are slightly longer than the strips of cheese are wide, it doesn't matter, as the cheese will spread out in toasting.

After the kernels are arranged daintily across the strips of cheese, put the platter in a rather hot oven and toast from two to four minutes. The oven should be briskly hot, but not hot enough to brown the crackers. Open the door quickly, two or three times, to see that the crackers are not scorching. Also do not allow the dish to stay in so long that the cheese becomes soft and

thin, and runs over the ends and sides of the crackers. It should spread out evenly and uniformly nearly to the edges of the crackers in every direction. When this condition has been reached, take out and serve on the hot platter, with white, crisp, inside stalks of celery or celery hearts upon a side dish. Also serve a generous saucer of apple sauce.

This makes a delicious, strengthening, evenly balanced dinner or luncheon, containing an almost ideal proportion of protein, fat, carbohydrates and ash. Toasting the pecan kernels brings out their rich, oily, nutty flavor.

Kernels of English walnuts may be used, if desired, instead of pecan kernels.

I. H. M.

\* \* \*

### Rose Flavoring in Old-Time Cookery

*A "Pennsylvania Dutch" Method*

**I**N former times the use of the rose for flavoring was much more general than now. We have reverted to all epochs and styles of furnishings and kept up many of the old-fashioned dishes, but have given up rosewater, and to a large degree peach leaves or bitter almond as a flavor,—the more modern form. Confectioners say that hard-coated sugar almonds are desired and not those flavored with rose. Usually these are colored pale pink, and the violet ones have violet flavoring, etc.

In many things, such as cakes and pudding sauces, a mixture of a little rose water with vanilla, or bitter almond, or the three together will prove very agreeable. For a pudding sauce all three with some carameled sugar may be approved.

Very rich wafer jumbles may be flavored with rose or lemon or the two may be combined, using old-fashioned recipes; some times such as these are called Tunbridge Cakes.

An old colonial way was to make these jumbles so rich that a sheet could not be rolled out as one does plain cookies; instead a bit must be rolled at a time and a wafer or two cut from it. Of course



the dough must be kept very cold.

Here is an old Pennsylvania idea from one of those German families, called "Pennsylvania Dutch."

Instead of putting the rose water or rose extract into the wafers or jumbles, each little cakelet is dipped in rose water and then in sugar before being laid in the pan. The remainder of the rose-flavored sugar is used for flavoring and covering a Dutch Sugar Cake, which is a fancy risen bread to eat with coffee. These are familiar in most towns where German bakers are to be found.

A little rose water in cocoa is acceptable to many and some like it in fruit beverages; but very little should be used. In cake the extract of rose must not be used as freely as vanilla.

A pleasant syrup of rose can be made by putting fine, fragrant rose petals in high-proof brandy or alcohol; do not crush them, else a bitter flavor results. Strain off the spirits and pour over another lot of rose petals; add an equal measure of heavy, clarified syrup, made of sugar and water, and store in glass. This is excellent in chocolate or rich cocoa, also, in rich squash pies, when these are made with plenty of cream and eggs and no spices. J. D. C.

\* \* \*

### Buying Sheets

**I**N buying sheets, state to the clerk the exact length needed for one sheet, including hems. Then as he measures from a bolt of sheeting he tears off each sheet. This insures accuracy. It has been found a great help in buying supplies for an institution, especially when the sheets are to be sent to different people for hemming. They are then of uniform length.

### Making over a Tablecloth

When a very handsome bordered tablecloth began to wear, the cloth was divided lengthwise and the outside selvedges were overhanded in a tiny center seam. Then a narrow hem was

put in the sides that were raw edged. When the cloth was laundered, the center seam could not be seen at all and the border running through the cloth made it prettier than it was in the beginning.

### A Substitute for Butter

By following the rule given below one may obtain a substitute for butter that is excellent for frying and cooking. Buy at the meat market three pounds of fat called *Cod* fat; it is a pure suet. Cut it in small pieces, add one quart of water and put it over the fire to boil for half an hour. Then push it back and allow it to cook slowly, until the fat is all shrivelled and a brown feathery substance. Then strain. The result is a clear good shortening with no strong flavor. E. S.

\* \* \*

### For New Housekeepers

**N**EW, yes, old housekeepers are frequently puzzled regarding weights and measuring proportions, and this little schedule will, I am sure, be helpful to all; before starting, see that all materials are free from lumps of any kind, and the measuring cup or spoon even full, not running over.

1 pint of granulated sugar equals 1 pound.

1 pint of brown sugar equals 13 ounces.

1 pint of maple sugar equals 17 ounces.

1 pint of graham flour equals 8 ounces.

1 pint of wheat flour equals 8 ounces.

1 pint of corn meal equals 10 ounces.

1 pint of soft butter equals 1 pound.

1 pint of grated bread crumbs equals 9 ounces.

1 pint of seeded raisins equals 9 ounces.

1 pint of dried currants equals 10 ounces.

1 pint of rice equals 15 ounces.

1 pint of dried hominy equals 13 ounces.

1 quart of white flour equals 1 pound.

9 large hen's eggs equal 1 pound.

2 level tablespoonfuls of butter equal 1 ounce.

1 ounce of flour equals four level tablespoonfuls.

1 ounce of grated chocolate equals 3 level tablespoonfuls.

1 ounce of ground coffee equals 4 level tablespoonfuls.

1 ounce of granulated sugar equals 2 level tablespoonfuls.

1 ounce of cornstarch equals 3 tablespoonfuls.

1 ounce of fine salt equals 2 level tablespoonfuls.

L. N.

\* \* \*

### Savory Rice

**P**UT one-half a cup of rice in one quart of cold water and boil for five minutes after it has reached the boiling point. Take two green peppers and one small onion chopped (not too fine,) and put in a frying pan with one tablespoonful of butter. When this has become thoroughly heated, add the rice (which has been previously blanched) and fry for about three minutes, or until the rice has absorbed the butter, then add one pint of celery water, (the celery water is obtained by taking one quart of water and the leaves from one stalk of celery and boiling for one hour, then strain) one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of paprika, and a dash of black pepper. When this has boiled up, add a well-beaten egg, and, lastly, one cup of grated cheese (American) or stale Switzer will do. Let this heat in a double boiler for thirty minutes, then serve hot on hot toast.

K. B. S.

With proper manipulation and the omission of the toast the above recipe will furnish a most appetizing luncheon or supper dish. After the rice has boiled five minutes, drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. After the addition of the celery water, let the rice cook—directly over the fire or in a double boiler—until it is tender and has absorbed the

water. Then add the egg and cheese and serve at once or in a short time. In rice about 79 parts in 100 are starch; why add more starch to the dish as bread?—*Ed.*

\* \* \*

### Three Mushrooms Unmistakable

**M**ANY people fond of mushrooms wisely refrain from gathering them for their own use, although country lanes and orchards may abound with them. It is true that only a botanical expert can distinguish the wholesome from the poisonous fungi, and no silver spoon or other amateur test should be relied upon.

There are, however, three varieties of mushroom, of which the writer and others have eaten freely, and which cannot possibly be mistaken for anything else, so individual are their characteristics.

The first is the small, thimble-shaped fungi found growing about the roots of decaying oak trees or stumps. The fact that they are to be found nowhere else where they grow in clusters, together with their shape and size, which is that of a large thimble, should render this variety unmistakable even to the amateur. There is, also, the further fact that they verify their name, the "Inky," by turning the water in which they are washed literally as black as ink. The older mushrooms are, also, jet black underneath, though a pinkish tan when absolutely fresh.

The second variety also differs from any variety of toadstool known, in being cone-shaped and porous like a sponge, and without gills. These are found in old orchards, and can hardly be mistaken, since the spores or cells of the sponge-like cone are very deep and plainly marked. These are called Morells, and may be safely eaten during their season, which ends about the first of June.

Another variety is the Puffball, a real ball of solid white meat, every portion



except the rind of which is edible. These grow sometimes to enormous sizes, a single ball being cut and sold by the pound as steak, thus serving several families. While still firm and white the flesh, simply peeled, sliced and fried slowly in butter until tender and pale brown in color, makes nutritious and delicate eating.

In preparing mushrooms for cooking by any of the following methods, they should be carefully examined to see that they are absolutely fresh and free from insect life. One certain method of determining this point is to let the mushrooms lie in strong salted water for an hour or two before cooking, but this is considered by many to impair the delicate flavor. If merely dusty they should be rinsed quickly and dried immediately on soft cheesecloth, with very careful handling.

It should be remembered, also, that mushrooms, being very delicate in flavor, may be injured entirely by too long cooking, or if too highly seasoned. Neither should they be allowed to stand after cooking, but should be served immediately and eaten while hot.

For any of the varieties of mushroom mentioned one or more methods of cooking may be found in the following tested recipes.

**Broiled Mushrooms:** Peel mushrooms with a silver knife, if of the variety needing peeling, and break out the stem (if any) which may be reserved for soup or flavoring. Butter the broiling iron and lay the mushrooms upon it, gills upward. Drop a small lump of butter into the hole left by the stem, sprinkle with salt and pepper and broil delicately until the butter has melted into the flesh. Serve immediately on hot, buttered toast.

**Baked Mushrooms:** Prepare mushrooms as for broiling. Spread slices of bread with butter, then cover each slice with mushrooms. Put the baking pan in a hot oven for five minutes; then draw to the edge of oven and

season each mushroom with a small lump of butter, pepper and salt. Push back the pan and bake until the mushrooms are tender. Serve on the bread, which should be delicately browned.

**Individual Mushrooms:** Drop mushrooms into individual baking dishes having close-fitting covers; (or lay on a baking pan and turn a cup over each portion). Sprinkle slightly with pepper and salt and add a teaspoonful of butter for each dish, together with six tablespoonfuls of thin cream or rich milk. Set in a hot oven for twenty minutes, covered close. Serve in individual dishes, still covered, to be uncovered only at the table.

**Mushroom Soup:** Wash and dry one pound and one-half of mushrooms. Melt two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; add one sliced onion and the mushrooms. Fry for five minutes; take out twelve smallest mushrooms and set aside. Add three pints of water to contents of saucepan, one blade of mace and a bit of salt and pepper. Let boil slowly until mushrooms are tender, then rub all through a sieve and return to the pot, adding the small reserved mushrooms, together with one dessertspoonful of mushroom catsup. Mix one tablespoonful of flour with one of milk, add and let boil gently for five minutes. Warm one cup of cream, put in soup tureen and add the soup. Serve very hot.

**Escaloped Mushrooms:** Put mushrooms in a buttered baking dish, with alternate layers of crumbs, seasoning each layer plentifully with butter, salt, pepper, and a gill of cream. Bake twenty minutes, keeping covered while in the oven.

**Stewed Mushrooms:** Put small mushrooms in a saucepan with a little water, and let stew gently for fifteen minutes. Add butter and salt, with flour to make as thick as cream, and let boil for five minutes longer. When ready to serve stir in two tablespoonfuls of cream. Pour over toast.



**T**HIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1862.—“Recipe for Stewed Gooseberries.”

### Stewed Gooseberries

Remove all stems and blossom ends from the berries. To each pint add half a cup of water and about three-fourths a cup of sugar and let simmer in a saucepan until soft.

QUERY 1863.—“Recipe for Canned Asparagus.”

### Canned Asparagus

Cut the stalks of asparagus to a length, to pack in the jars below the narrowing of the mouth of the jar. Set on a folded cloth, laid on a rack of the canner, boiler or saucepan. The water in the receptacle should be lukewarm. Rubbers should be in place on the jars and the covers beside the jars. Cover the receptacle and let the water heat slowly to the boiling point. To each quart of water add a teaspoonful of salt. When the water in the receptacle is boiling, fill the jars to overflow with the boiling, salted water, adjust the covers and let cook about one hour and a quarter, then tighten the covers and set aside to cool. Store in a cool place.

QUERY 1864.—“In the May number of the Magazine, in the XX Lesson in Elementary Cooking, reference was made to the batter used for Apple Cake in the preceding lesson. Will you kindly repeat this recipe?”

### Apple Cake

1½ cups of flour  
¾ a cup of milk

2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder

2 teaspoonfuls of sugar | ½ a teaspoonful of salt  
2 tablespoonfuls of butter

Prepare as a short cake (biscuit) mixture, but add a little more liquid (than the quantity given above) and, without rolling, place the very soft dough in a buttered pan. Press slices of apple, edge downward, into the top, in close, even rows. Sprinkle the top with sugar and cinnamon (2 tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of cinnamon). Bake about twenty-five minutes. Serve with sugar and milk or cream, or with caramel sauce.

QUERY 1865.—“Recipes for Egg Timbales and Cheese Soufflé.”

### Egg Timbales

6 eggs  
1 teaspoonful of salt | 20 drops of onion juice  
½ a teaspoonful of pepper | 1½ cups of rich milk  
1 teaspoonful of

Beat the eggs, without separating the whites and yolks; add the other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour into well-buttered timbale molds. Cook, set on several folds of paper, surrounded by hot water, until the centers are firm. Remove from the water. Let stand two or three minutes, then unmold on a hot platter. Surround with cream, tomato or bread sauce. Asparagus tips or peas may be added to the cream sauce. For a change line the molds with pimentos before turning the mixture into them.



### Cheese Soufflé

2	tablespoonfuls	of	paprika
	butter		$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of
2	tablespoonfuls	of	salt
	flour		$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk
$\frac{1}{4}$	a teaspoonful	of	$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of grated
	mustard		cheese
$\frac{1}{4}$	a teaspoonful	of	3 eggs

Make a sauce of the butter, flour, seasonings and milk; add the cheese, and the yolks of the eggs, beaten light, then fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a buttered serving dish, set in a pan of hot water (boiling when set into the oven, but not boiling thereafter) about twenty-five minutes. Serve at once.

QUERY 1866.—“Should Jams be closed at once, while hot, or after cooling?”

### Storing Jams

Jams being made with a large measure of sugar are not liable to harm from bacteria, etc. Thus it is not necessary to close the jars at once. To protect from mold and evaporation, cover close when thoroughly cold.

QUERY 1867.—“Kindly give Ways of Using various fruits preserved in alcohol in which salicylic acid has been dissolved.”

### Ways of Using Tutti Frutti

Tutti Frutti, is used in ices, and as a pudding sauce. A little might be used in fruit cake. We do not think the salicylic acid is needed or often used.

QUERY 1868.—“Recipe for Baked Ham with Cloves pressed into it.”

### Baked Ham with Cloves

Scrub the ham, if salty, and let soak overnight in cold water. Put over the fire with cold water just to cover, and let cook at a gentle simmer about twenty minutes to the pound. Remove the skin entire or leave several inches about the shin bone, cutting the edge in points. Press cloves into the skinned portion of the ham, dredge with sugar and sifted bread crumbs, mixed with butter, or with sugar alone, return to the oven with a

cup of boiling water or cider and let cook until the ham is very tender, basting often.

QUERY 1869.—“Recipes for Chicken à la Terrapin and for Baking a Goose.”

### Chicken à la Terrapin

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter in a saucepan; add one-fourth a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of paprika and half a teaspoonful of salt and stir until the flour and butter are bubbling through-out, then add a cup of chicken broth and half a cup of cream and stir until boiling; add a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley, two hard-cooked eggs, chopped rather fine, and one pint of cooked chicken, cut in half-inch cubes. Finish with a teaspoonful of lemon juice and if desired a tablespoonful of sherry.

### Baking a Goose

Select a young goose about six pounds in weight. Singe, clean carefully, wash, and wipe dry. Cut off the feet and the head (but not the skin) on a line with the top of the breast bone, then truss as a turkey. If stuffing be desired, pass three or four fresh-boiled potatoes through a ricer; add an onion (chopped fine and cooked in a tablespoonful of butter), the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to season. Mix thoroughly, and use to fill the goose. Rub over with salt and pepper, and set to cook in a hot oven. Baste with butter or salt-pork fat, and dredge with flour every ten minutes. Cook until the second joints separate easily from the body. Reduce the heat after twenty minutes. For sauce heat two cups of consommé, reduced by cooking to one, with two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly and three tablespoonfuls of sherry wine. Half an hour before the goose is cooked, put eight, cored-and-pared, tart apples into a dish of hot syrup (a cup, each, of sugar and water) and let cook, turning frequently that they may retain their shape, until tender throughout. Dredge

the apples thick with granulated sugar, and set into the oven to glaze. When the goose is set on the platter, dispose the apples at the two sides of the dish, fill the centres of the apples with currant jelly, and put a few sprigs of cress between them.

QUERY 1870.—“Is it safe to mold gelatine mixtures, containing lemon or other acid or milk, in a tin mold and allow the mixture to stand in the mold overnight? Does an aluminum dish affect a gelatine mixture containing milk or acid?”

### Tin and Aluminum Molds for Acid Mixtures, Etc.

Theoretically a tin or aluminum mold would not be selected for molding acid mixtures. We see no reason for objecting to milk mixtures. In practice we know of no ill effects that have arisen from the use of clean, first-grade tin or aluminum molds used for acid jellies.

QUERY 1871.—“Recipe for Dewberry Jelly.”

### Dewberry Jelly

Dewberries are not very rich in the jelling principle and, while sometimes they may produce a satisfactory jelly, it is safer to combine them with apples. To the juice from ten quarts of apples, use the juice of two quarts of berries. Let boil fifteen minutes, add the sugar, heated in the oven, and let boil till the mixture jellies. Use three-fourths a cup of sugar to one cup of juice. To obtain the juice, cook the apples and berries separately. Of course, the apples call for longer cooking than the berries. Probably less apples could be used and a jelly with more of the characteristics of the dewberries would result. We should not hesitate to try this, but give the above formula, because we have used it successfully.

QUERY 1872.—“Recipe for Vinegar Pie.”

### Vinegar Pie (Housekeeper Cook Book)

Sift together half a cup, each, of sugar

and flour; pour on one cup and a half of boiling water and cook and stir until boiling; add half a cup, each, of molasses and vinegar, grated rind and half the juice of one lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Let cool a little. Bake, in a plate lined with pastry, in the same manner as a custard pie.

QUERY 1873.—“What is meant by the expression Tunny Fish?”

### Tunny Fish

Thudichum says the tunny is a large-sized member of the mackerel family, taken mainly on the Mediterranean coasts. The fishermen call it “Chartists” veal because some parts have the taste and color of veal, and being fish could be eaten by Carthusian monks on “lean” days. It is eaten fresh, salted and canned, or tinned. At the present time it is often canned without any preparation or addition, but it was formerly grilled, then cooked in oil and finally infused with vinegar and oil, before tinning.

QUERY 1874.—“Recipe for Sauce Melba, used for asparagus and cauliflower.”

### Sauce Melba

Chop fine a shallot, a branch of parsley, and a branch of chervil, add four tablespoonfuls of Chablis and let stand on the back of the range until the wine is partly evaporated; add half a cup of butter, beaten to a cream, and the beaten yolks of three eggs; cook over hot water, stirring constantly, and adding, from time to time, tomato puree (well reduced) until half a cup in all has been used. Season with one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and finish with a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Strain if desired.

QUERY 1875.—“Recipe for Canned Carrots.”

### Canned Carrots

The carrots should not be too large; small ones are the best. Scrape and



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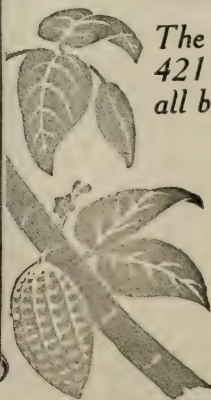
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clean thoroughly. Cut in halves and pack in jars, then proceed as in canning asparagus, given in answer to Query 1863. The time of cooking can not be given accurately; probably it will take from one hour and a half to two hours. Young carrots contain but a small percentage of cellulose or starch and are easily canned.

QUERY 1876.—“In ordering beef, lamb or pork for a family, how much in weight should be ordered per capita? How much turkey in weight should be ordered for each person when neither soup, nor fish is to be a part of the meal?”

### Weight of Raw Meat Per Individual

Half a pound of raw meat is deemed sufficient for each person when a large number of people are to be provided with meat, but, of course, this is subject to variations. When buying ribs of beef for roasting, half a pound would serve two people. A leg and shoulder of young lamb, boiled or roasted, would serve about twelve people. A yearling lamb would serve from fifteen to eighteen. Large turkeys are not always as economical as those of ten or twelve pounds in weight, the extra weight is often about the crop and neck and is not usable. A ten-pound turkey will provide for fifteen or sixteen plates.

QUERY 1877.—“Recipes for Swiss Steak, French Pancakes and Omelet au Beurre Noir.”

### Swiss Steak

Select a slice of round steak, cut about two inches thick. A steak from the top of the round is preferable. For a small family half of the slice will suffice for two meals. A full slice from heavy beef will weigh four or five pounds. Pound into the steak, on both sides, as much flour as it will take up (nearly one cup). The pounding is to break the fibers of the meat, the flour will take up the loosened juices which would otherwise be lost. Brown the meat on both sides in bacon or salt-pork fat, cover with boiling water and let simmer about two

hours. Peel an onion for each person to be served; let cook five minutes in boiling water, drain, rinse in cold water and set to cook around the meat. If preferred the onions may be sliced into the dish before the steak is put into it. If the meat is browned in an iron frying pan, finish the cooking in an earthen dish. The sauce around the meat is thick and brown. Mushrooms may be added to it. This steak may be served on a plank.

### French Pancakes, Filippini

1 cup of sifted flour	8 drops of vanilla essence
1 tablespoonful of powdered sugar	4 drops of orange essence
2 whole eggs	1 tablespoonful of Jamaica rum
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of salt	
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of cold milk	

Break the eggs into the flour, salt and sugar sifted together; add extracts etc. and the milk, gradually, and with a wire beat the whole together for five minutes. Pass it through a strainer into a small vessel and let it stand thirty minutes. Have a tablespoonful of melted butter on a saucer. Brush a hot frying pan, six inches in diameter (at the bottom) with butter; pour in three tablespoonfuls of batter (at once) and cook to a golden color—about one minute—turn and cook on the other side. Remove to a hot plate, on one corner of the stove. Proceed in the same manner to make twelve cakes in all. Lightly dredge the top cake with fine sugar, roll it, dredge the outside with sugar and lay on a hot plate. Finish the others in the same way.

### Omelet au Beurre Noir

The term *au beurre noir*, which means with nut-brown butter, is usually employed with poached or fried eggs, but has the same meaning when applied to an omelet. Prepare the usual French omelet (yolks and whites beaten together until a full spoonful can be lifted) and turn on to a hot platter. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a small sauce pan and let cook until well browned; add



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eight or ten drops of vinegar and pour over the omelet. Sometimes the butter is poured over the article, then the vinegar is added to the dish and then with the rinsing of butter, is poured over the omelet.

QUERY 1878.—“Kindly suggest dishes suitable for luncheon for twelve nurses. Meat is not used at luncheon.”

## Luncheon Dishes without Meat

Cream of Corn Soup.  
 Creamed Corn.  
 Stewed Lima Beans.  
 Succotash.  
 Corn Custard.  
 Mexican Rabbit.  
 Tomato Rabbit  
 String bean Salad (French dressing with onion juice).  
 Macaroni, with Tomato and Cheese.  
 Lettuce-and-Egg Salad.  
 Creamed Celery, with Poached Eggs.  
 Green Peppers Stuffed with Cooked Rice or Macaroni, (Cheese, nuts, tomatoes, etc).  
 Stuffed Tomatoes.  
 Onions stuffed with Nuts, Cream Sauce.  
 Scalloped Tomatoes with Nuts.  
 Cheese Soufflé.  
 Eggs Aurora.  
 Scrambled Eggs.  
 French Omelet with Green Peas.  
 Shredded Codfish Custard.  
 Bread and Butter or quick rolls with each dish.

QUERY 1879.—“Suggest hot dishes suitable for the supper of patients in a hospital. Something other than Creamed Chicken or lamb or soufflés.”

## Hot Supper Dishes

Most of the dishes mentioned above are suitable for supper dishes. Among hot dishes the following might furnish a choice: Hot Chicken Salad; Hash, Creole style; French Hash; Tripe, Broiled or Creamed; Shirred Eggs with Chicken; French Omelet, with Fresh Fish or Chicken; Turbans of Fish,

Baked; Shepherd's Pie, (meat in sauce, mashed potato above, browned in oven) Fresh Fish Chowder; Fillets of Fresh Fish, Baked in Milk; Finnan Haddie, Delmonico.

QUERY 1880.—“Recipe for Eggs à la Aurora, referred to in a menu mentioned in an article in McClure's Magazine.”

## Eggs à la Aurora

Pour a quart of boiling water over four eggs, cover and let stand on the back of the range where the water will keep hot without boiling, half an hour. Drain, cover with cold water and when cold remove the shells; separate the whites from the yolks and chop the whites. Make a cup of cream sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a tablespoonful, each, of salt and pepper and a cup of rich milk. Toast from four to six slices or rounds of bread, dip the edges into salted, boiling water and spread lightly with butter. Stir the chopped whites into the sauce and spread evenly over the slices of toast, then pour the yolks through a sieve over the whole. Add a few sprigs of parsley and serve at once.

## Honesty

Prudence and honesty are not necessarily synonymous terms. A man may cheat his neighbor and still remain within the limits of discretion.

We should not be in such haste to thrive that we mistake expediency for justice. Many a man conforms strictly to the requirements of fair dealing when he knows that he is dealing with those who are able to detect and expose fraud, but does not hesitate to take advantage of ignorant or helpless people who fall in his way. Such a man is not honest; he is merely cautious.

Honesty is that spirit of equity which deals with a child or a feeble-minded person as with an equal. We are honest when we make bargains with our fellow-men as though we were dealing with ourselves.—*M. Franklin Ham.*





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## New Books

*The Life of Ellen H. Richards*, By CAROLINE L. HUNT, Cloth; \$1.50 net, postage, .16, Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows.

To many friends and acquaintances, as well as to women in general, this sketch of a busy and eventful life, which is almost an autobiography, will be of great interest. Mrs. Richards is to be regarded as a pioneer in many things and a leader among women throughout her life. She is numbered among the early graduates of Vassar, when that college was in process of formation, and a college education for women was thought by many to be something almost abnormal. She became the first woman to enter the Institute of Technology, or, for that matter, the first woman to enter any such strictly scientific school in the United States. With the Institute she rendered service in some capacity the remainder of her life. In course of time, she became prominently identified with the Home Economics Movement; and the last thirty years of her life were given to developing the "science of controllable environment," for which she coined the name "Euthenics." But in this volume is the narrative of a life that should be read in full. It will prove a source of inspiration to earnest women everywhere.

*The Fun of Getting Thin*, By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE, Price 35 cents. Chicago; Forbes & Co.

"The Fun of Getting Thin," or "How to reduce the waist line," is a very readable little brochure. In tone it is somewhat humorous, and yet it is sensible and aims directly to the point. It describes the conditions of a man who was excessively fat and his method of reduction, which proved a complete success, in one instance at least, that is, his own. His method is no fad. He came to the sensible conclusion that superfluous fat is

caused by an excess of food and drink, and that it can be taken off by a reduction in those fat-makers. That is, "the only way to get rid of the effects of over-eating and overdrinking is to stop over-eating and overdrinking." This is simple enough, if one has the nerve to go through with it. In the writer's case, we are informed, he finally decided he could go to it, and he did.

By many people who are in the same condition as the writer these three chapters are worth reading. Others may appreciate and profit by them.

*Pin-Money Suggestions*, By LILLIAN M. BABCOCK, 12 mo. Cloth, \$1.00 net, Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

In this book the author has included about four hundred ways in which a woman can employ her spare time to good advantage.

There are ideas for the one who is a good cook, who is an adept with her needle, who has a faculty for "growing" things, who has an artistic eye, in fact for the development of whatever special talent she may be endowed with. These suggestions have been tried with success, and wherever necessary exact directions and recipes are given. The book should



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Certainly here are suggestions of ways in which a woman may display her activities, and which go to show that where there is a will there is a way. The desire and the will, however, are of first importance. Each individual woman should learn to adapt herself to the conditions that environ her, to seize upon opportunities as they arise, and make the most of them. And this is all that can be expected of any one.

### Love of Work

When President Faunce asked a Boston audience of 800 not long ago how

many took pleasure in their work, only 50 held up hands. He professed surprise, but this may have been merely rhetorical. Academic halls are not nowadays so cloistered but that he must have noted how few men strike for a longer working day. A deal of hypocritical nonsense is written on the supposed duty of loving one's work. Once on a time a tender-hearted young woman from the city, seeing the farm horses straining at the plough, anxiously asked the farmer if they liked it. "They don't have to like it," he grimly answered as he set a new furrow, "they just have to do it." This defines perfectly the case of man with respect to much of the work that has to be done. Somebody has to do it, but to insist on its being done with pleasure reminds one of the Prussian king who used to drill his famous grenadiers with a big rattan, saying at every blow, "Love me, confound you, I want you to love me." There is much work that nobody shows real affection for,—work that the men who preach love of work would loathe beyond measure if they had to do it. Luckily there are men to whom it is less repellent, who will do it, and do it honestly, for wages. But to ask them to like it into the bargain is too much.

Roughly speaking, we may divide mankind into three classes, the men who like their work, the men who hate their work, and the much larger group of those who are indifferent. The first find life a paradise, the second find it an inferno, the third—that is to say, most people—find it just one blanked thing after another, "the long, straight road" which Stevenson called sober married life. The division is largely accidental, for it depends partly on the man, partly on the work, but more on the relation between the man and his job. No student of "scientific efficiency" can afford not to know the chapter in "Tom Sawyer," in which the boys bid eagerly for the privilege of whitewashing the fence. What one wants to do is a luxury; what one hates doing is a martyrdom. Stevenson was amazed that artists should be paid, even badly, for

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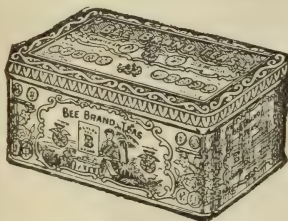
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There are no happier men, on the whole, than those who do the work they like, even at a pecuniary sacrifice. And, the more civilized the country becomes, the more will men have courage to follow their bent, even unprofitably, instead of turning automatically to the callings that yield most money or most social honor. No society has ever been so ordered that each man could do the thing he best likes. But no society can be happy or highly civilized when most men, even men of potential ability, are doing things they dislike. It has been urged, and not without plausibility, that the great ages of civilization, like the age of Shakespeare and the age of Michael Angelo, have been due not to a sudden increase in the intellect of man, but to conditions that set men in varied fields to doing with the utmost intensity and enthusiasm, not the thing that paid best, but the thing they most wanted to do. America is still too much enslaved to the thing that pays best, and no sermonizing on love of drudgery will mend matters. We have enough thousand-dollar men doing fifty-thousand dollar work; we need more fifty-thousand dollar men who will do thousand-dollar work because they enjoy it. For the worse paid work is often not merely the more pleasant, but intrinsically the more valuable.—*Springfield Republican*.

### Freedom of the Press

"Well," said the editor, "the freedom of the press is a great privilege for the people; but it has some rather startling aspects sometimes. Only this morning a tramp came in with a gleam of impudent fun in his eye.

"'Halloa, guv'ner!' he said. 'Is this the *Free Press* office?'

"'It is my man,' said I. 'What can we do for you?'

"'Well, I want you to press creases into my trousers. They're gone out of shape. Got a room where I can wait?'"





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ON EVERY  
PIECE



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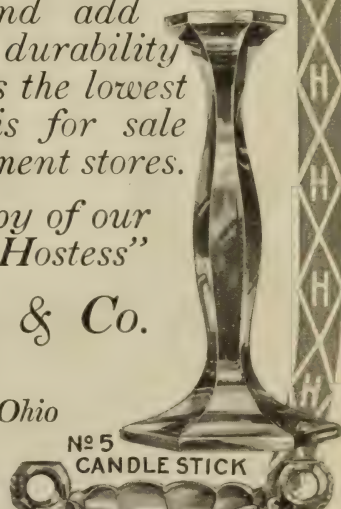
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351  
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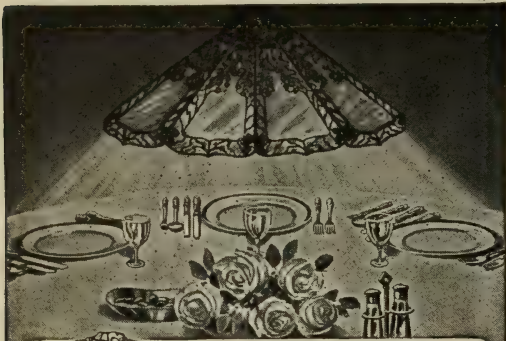
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341 PARFAIT



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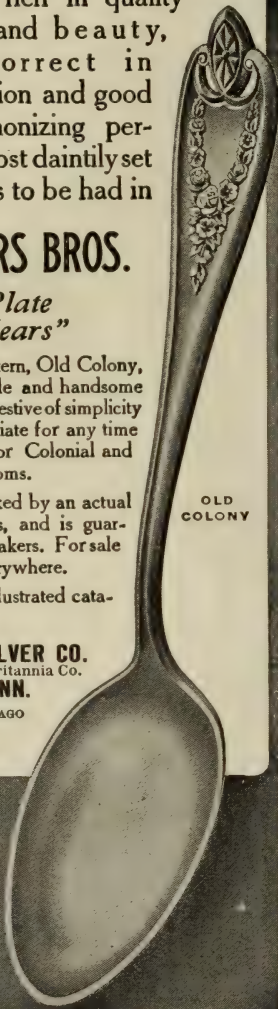
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## She Followed Directions

Dr. Woods Hutchinson was once called upon by a young matron who had read his article on "Fat and its Follies" in a popular magazine, and wanted him to help her get rid of some of her fat. After a few questions he handed the lady a diet list, telling her to come back in two weeks. The good doctor's consternation can scarcely be imagined when he saw his patient again. She weighed twenty pounds more. He was puzzled. His list contained no sweets of any kind, nor any fat producers; yet it was putting flesh on at an enormous rate.

"You are sure that you ate the things on the list?" the doctor questioned severely.

"Yes, Doctor," was the firm answer.

"What else did you eat?"—as a sudden inspiration seized him.

"Why, nothing but my regular meals," was the indignant answer.

"Quite recently," said a writer in the Green Bag, "a woman asked for a warrant against a man for using abusive language in the street. 'What did he say?' asked the magistrate. 'He went foreninst the whole world at the corner of Capel Street, and called me—yes, he did, yer wuship,—an ould, excommunicated gasometer!'"

One day Mr. Tom Corwin met a political opponent with whom he promptly fell into a discussion, in the course of which he constantly referred to the Whig party as if it were still in existence. "Don't you know the old Whig party is dead?" at last exclaimed his acquaintance, with evident irritation. "Horace Greeley killed it, and it's dead and buried." Certainly," said Mr. Corwin, with much solemnity, "and I am one of its graves, sir, and not to be trampled on!"

"It's all very well for the ministry to preach from the text, 'Remember Lot's wife'," said an overworked, discouraged matron, "but I wish he would now give us an encouraging sermon upon the wife's lot."—*Lowell Courier.*



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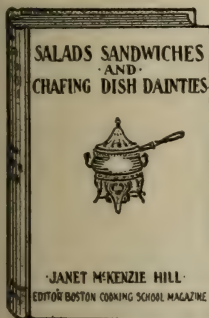
## Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing-dish Dainties

By Mrs. JANET McKENZIE HILL, Editor The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

*A New and Revised Edition.  
Profusely Illustrated.*

**230 pages.**

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**S**ALADS and chafing-dish dainties are destined to receive in the future more attention from the progressive housekeeper than has as yet been accorded to them. In the past their composition and consumption has been left chiefly to that portion of the community "who cook to please themselves." But since women have become anxious to compete with men in every walk of life, they, too, are desirous to become adepts in tossing up an appetizing salad or in stirring a creamy rarebit. The author has aimed to make it the most practical and reliable treatise on these fascinating branches of the culinary art that has

yet been published. Due attention has been given to the a b c of the subjects, and great care exercised to meet the actual needs of those who wish to cultivate a taste for palatable and wholesome dishes, or to cater to the vagaries of the most capricious appetites. The illustrations are designed to accentuate, or make plain, a few of the artistic effects that may be produced by various groupings or combinations of simple and inexpensive materials.

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The pupils of an Alabama school have organized among themselves a Good Health Club, and have adopted the following as their membership pledge:

"I promise:

"1. To be as regular in my duties as I can, to rise at the same hour, retire at the same hour, eat my meals at the same hour each day and not to eat between meals.

"2. Never to sleep in a room without having at least one wide-open window.

"3. To choose food that is nourishing and to stop eating when I have enough.

"4. To drink at least eight glasses of water each day, two before breakfast and two before dinner, two after school and two before retiring.

"5. To walk and sit with head and shoulders well up and chest expanded.

"6. To fill my lungs with fresh air before each meal.

"7. To spend as much time in the sunshine as possible each day.

"8. To avoid strong stimulants of any kind.

"9. To brush my teeth every night and morning.

"10. To bathe frequently so as to keep all the pores in my body open."

This is a capital idea. We should like to see a Good Health Club in every city and village in the United States.

Betsey, an old colored cook, was moaning around the kitchen one day, when her mistress asked her if she was ill. "No, ma'am, not 'actly," said Betsey. "But the fac' is, I don't feel ambition 'nough to git outter my own way."—*Exchange*.

Dr. Wines, principal of a boys' school, one day had occasion to cane a boy, and, it is to be supposed, did the work very thoroughly. The lad took his revenge in a way that the doctor himself could not help laughing at. Dr. Wine's front door bore a plate on which was the one word "Wines." The boy wrote an addition in big letters, so that the inscription ran, "Wines and other lickens."—*Sporting Life*.

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# NESNAH

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Appliance is made of iron and steel  
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what he could do, provided he had  
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country without sending any acknowl-  
edgments. "Why, that's simple: just  
write him to send an acknowledgment  
for the \$5,000 you lent him, and he will  
doubtless reply, stating it was only \$500.  
That will suffice for a receipt, and you  
can proceed against him if necessary."  
—Harper's Round Table.

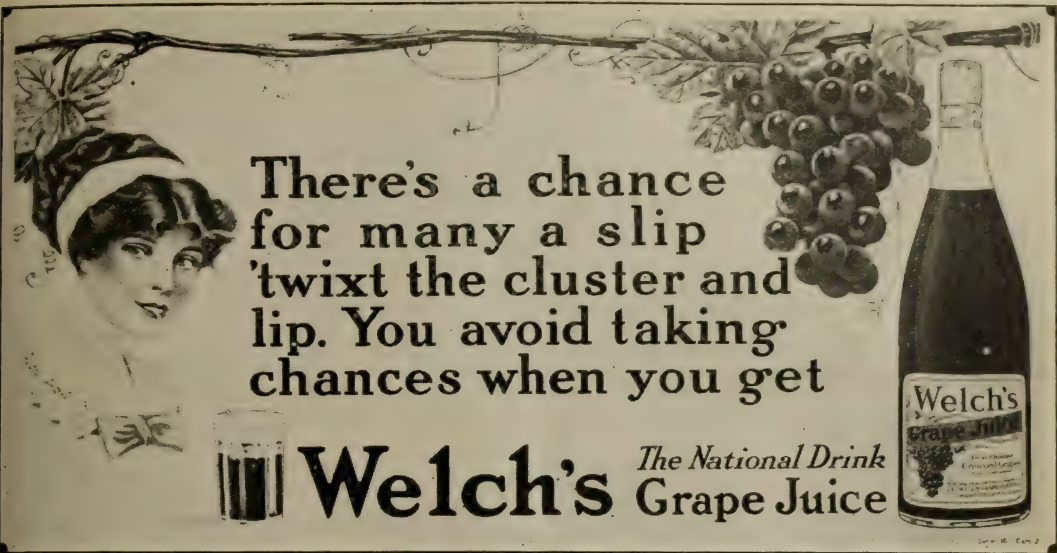
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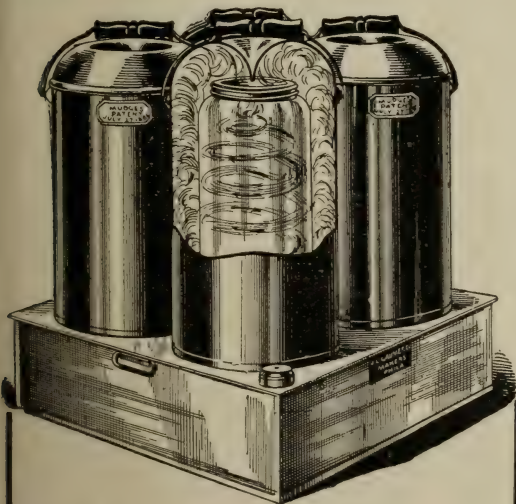
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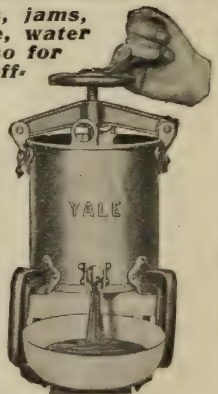
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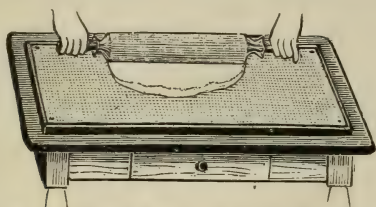
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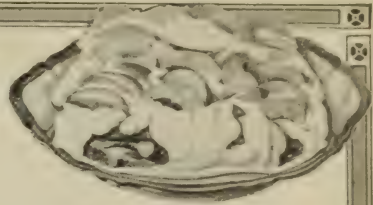
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4 tablespoons Borden's  
Condensed Milk  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup water  
1 heaping tablespoon butter

2 cups flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
Pinch of salt

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt; rub into it butter and mix lightly with the milk diluted with the water. This will make a soft dough, which spread on a buttered pie tin. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Split, and fill with sliced peaches that have been sweetened to the taste, and cover with whipped fresh cream.

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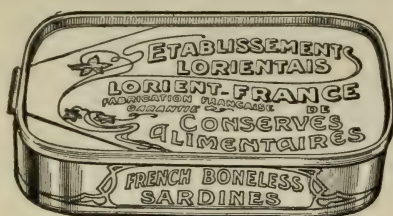
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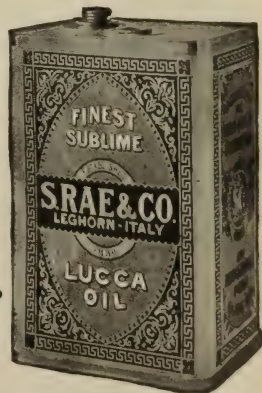
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**The Boston Cooking School Magazine,**

**Boston, Mass.**

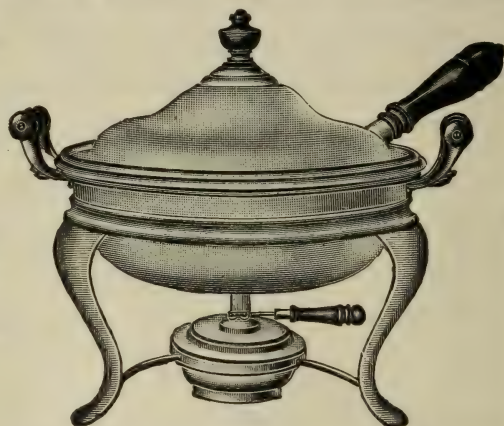
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The Chafer is a full-size, three pint, nickel dish, with all the latest improvements, including handles on the hot water pan. It is the dish that sells for \$5.00.



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**The Boston Cooking School Magazine, Boston, Mass.**



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It is *not* canned corn. There is no 'hull' or other coarse matter in it. It is made by a special process which eliminates all indigestible substances.

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*The Boston Cooking School Magazine, Boston, Mass.*



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It is the knowledge that his efforts are given to an article worth while which inspires him to do his best.

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And as his thousands of fellow-workers share the same inspiration, it is but natural that Ivory Soap should be the embodiment of the Spirit of Cleanliness.

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## Dishes for Halloween Spreads

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Scalloped Oysters in Individual Shells  
Oyster Salad in Cabbage Shell  
Cabbage-and-Nut Salad  
Potato Salad in Green Pepper Cups  
Potato Salad in Pimentos  
Cabbage-and-Pimento Salad  
Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin  
Cold Pickled Tongue, Sliced Thin  
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin  
Ham Sandwiches  
Sardine Sandwiches  
Cottage Cheese-and-Pimento Sandwiches  
Brownie Canapés  
French Doughnuts  
Orange Doughnuts, Surprise  
Yeast Doughnuts, Sugared  
Ginger Snaps  
Pfeffer Neuse  
Hermits  
Cream Cakes, Chocolate Filling  
New York Gingerbread  
Coffee  
Ginger Ale-and-Mint Punch  
Apples   Nuts   Grapes   Peanut-Brittle  
Pop Corn Balls   Toasted Marshmallows



WOMAN CHURNING

(By courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company)



# The

## Boston Cooking-School Magazine

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OCTOBER, 1912

No. 3



### Pictures in the Home and Home Pictures

By Estelle M. Hurl

**I**N furnishing a home, the pictures are an important element, deserving the most careful consideration. We ought to regard them as necessities, rather than luxuries, as an integral part of the decorative scheme, rather than a mere afterthought or finishing touch. A great deal of thought should be given to their selection and arrangement, if we would have an ideal home. For, as a matter of fact, the pictures are the first thing to attract the attention on entering a room. Hanging on a level with the face, they catch the eye before we see any article of furniture. And in this first glance we have an immediate clue to the taste of the occupant. A beautiful picture ennobles the meanest surroundings as a poor picture cheapens the richest furniture. I remember well a delightful call I once had in what seemed to me one of the most beautiful rooms I had ever seen. Two exquisite paintings hung on the wall, the work of my hostess' artist husband. My eyes were fixed on one or the other all the time, and it was not till I rose to go that I noticed how bare and poor the place was.

A precious gem in so rude a casket is,

of course, a rare occurrence. The ideal combination is when pictures harmonize in character with all the other objects of a room. This harmony should be in subject, color and quality. The juxtaposition of a religious picture with a drinking scene—a Raphael's Madonna beside a Tavern Brawl by Steen, for instance—is jarring to one's sense of propriety, while the color sense is equally offended by a gray platinum print against a terra cotta wall. The cheap poster which is suitable for a den would be out of place in a drawing room, nor should prints and paintings be mixed indiscriminately together.

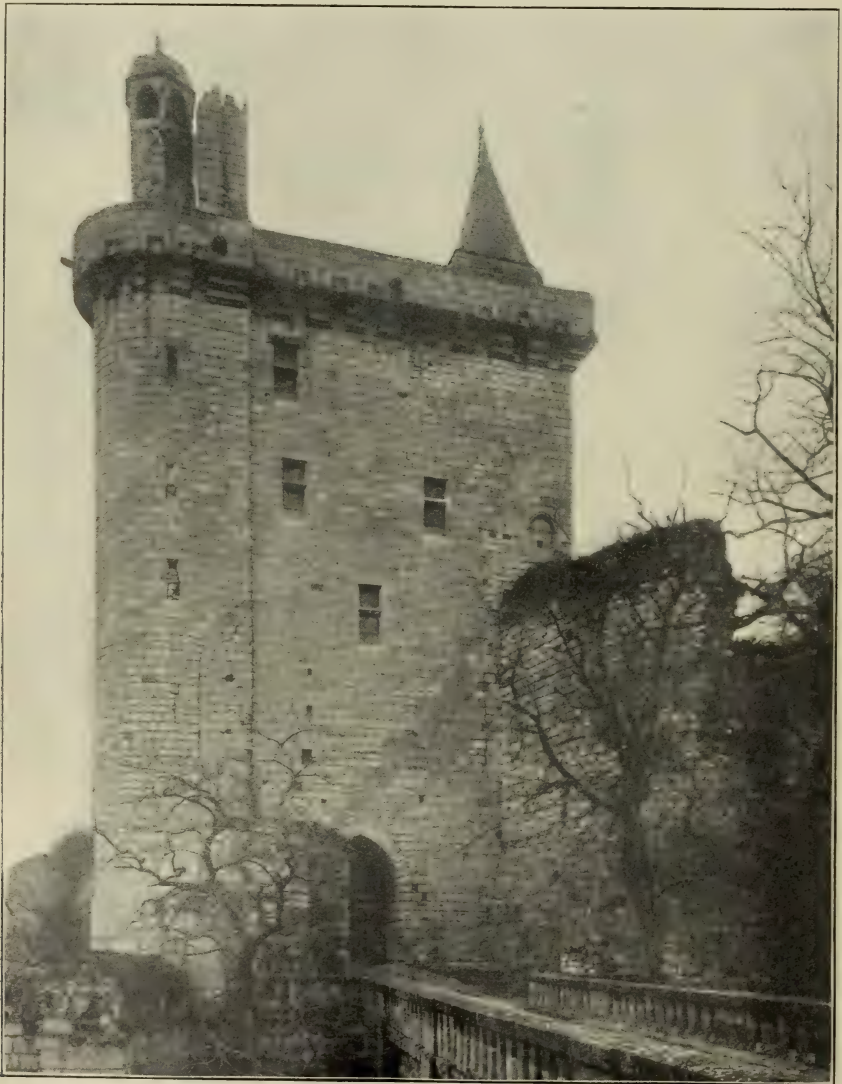
The best background for pictures is of a plain neutral tint in a paper or fabric of dull finish. The pictures and their frames should blend or harmonize with their setting, as the wall itself with the floor coverings and draperies. Here let me register a protest against the multiplication of little pictures which sometimes "spot over" a wall space in which a much simpler and more dignified effect would be produced by a single good-sized picture. What may be called the "space composition" of the room ought to be considered in connection

with other harmonies.

The decorative value of pictures, important as it is, is not their only mission. When the subjects are rightly chosen, they are an education and an inspiration in the home life. Our range is practically unlimited. Modern processes of reproduction bring most of the world's great art within the reach of the most modest purses. Splendid buildings, noble sculpture, and the masterpieces of great painters may be ours to look at daily. Within the four walls of a single

room we may travel all over the world, so to speak. We may be transported from the Pyramids of Egypt to the canals of Venice; we may gaze on the grandeurs of the Yosemite or the cathedrals of England; we may roam in the byways of Italy or among the romantic ruins of France.

With so much that is grand and uplifting to choose from, it is a pity to lower the taste by inferior art. Many pictures, which seem pretty enough at first blush, grow very tiresome after



CHINON



awhile. As we weary of the vapid society of some superficial people, so we lose interest in trivial or meaningless pictures. On the other hand, it is, I think, an affectation to hang pictures of a purely educational character in the home. Many subjects appropriate to a school hall are not at all suited to a family living room. The Roman Forum, for instance, is of interest to a classical student or an archæologist, but it is straining a point to hang it in our dining rooms. So, too, a painful subject is not for daily contemplation, though some of the great painters, like the great dramatists, have chosen tragic themes for their work. Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson*, painted with entire appropriateness for the assembly room of a Surgeon's Guild, is absurdly out of place in a home. The Saviour's Passion and Crucifixion, intended for purely devotional purposes, are subjects for a church or the inner sanctum.

Pictures which are good to live with possess many of the same qualities as the people whom we like best. They are cheerful, restful, tranquil, unobtrusive, and their society is wholesome and uplifting. Jean Francois Millet painted pictures of this kind, drawing his subjects from the homely work-a-day life of his native France. Some deal with indoor tasks, like "*Churning*," others with the farm yard and the field. The out of door scenes have lovely vistas, like the "*Shepherdess*" and the "*Angelus*," restful and inspiring to the imagination.

The Dutch school of the 17th century made a specialty of purely domestic subjects, many of which are delightful home pictures. Interiors by Peter de Hooch and Gerard Terburg, market scenes by Gerard Dou and Gabriel Metsu, transcripts of life among humble folk by van Mieris and Nicolas Maas, are of this class.

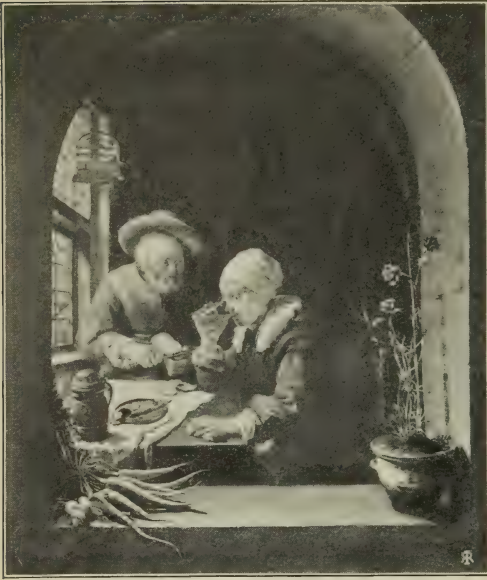
As we all love the great out-of-doors, landscape art should have a place in every home. If one is fortunate enough



PORTICO OF AN OLD HOUSE, POSITANO



REMBRANDT WITH HAT



INTERIOR BY GERARD DOU

to possess a single good landscape painting, he will find it a perpetual delight. Failing this, or indeed supplementing this, reproductions from the works of Corot, Constable, Rousseau or Daubigny, are very satisfactory. Photographs direct from nature are often the best possible way of bringing forest, field, river, lake and mountain within doors. Artistic landscape photography is a comparatively new institution and has a great future.

The so-called "fancy head" is a popular part of the home picture scheme. Such subjects range from trivial inanities to the strong, fine characterizations of Rembrandt and Frans Hals. For pure decorative value, the English portrait school furnishes charming examples by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney and the rest. A well executed head has, in fact, the two-fold interest of decorative quality and character insight. Portraits of quaintly dressed great ladies of centuries past, of dignified Venetian senators, sturdy Dutch burghers or elegant English courtiers start many an interesting train of thought in imagining the life story of the sitter. The somewhat exaggerated

"mystery" of Mona Lisa, and the gracious charm of the Duchess of Devonshire, are an unfailing source of interest. One does well, also, to include in one's collection, real portraits of real people, the great personages who are the heroes of our family tradition. In this respect the school room should not be the only place where great men are honored by their portraits. Dante and Shakespeare, Beethoven and Mozart, Raphael and Michelangelo are faces the children should know, in those homes where music, art and literature are fostered.

The faces of little children are perennially dear and charming. Successful delineators of child life have been none too numerous, and we cherish such ideals as Reynolds and Vandyck have produced for us. Here and there, in our journeys through the galleries, we pick up one and another child picture to add to our repertory. One such is the sweet little fellow by Paris Bordone, another a round faced Dutch boy by Cuyper, while



PORTRAIT BY PARIS BORDONE



some notable ones are from French and Flemish schools, by Greuze, Mme. le Brun, Cornelis de Vos and others. Very charming, too, in this class of pictures, are the child angels of Italian Renaissance art. The Florentines caught many a picturesque street boy, in their compositions, masquerading in celestial robes, and adorned with wings, as attendants of the Christ child. The Venetians produced some lovely boy musicians, playing lute or viol at the foot of the Madonna's throne. Many of these are seen

seen very inexpensive Italian prints reproducing bits of scenery and architecture with the delicate charm of the water color. Even a five cent post card may be a genuine work of art. At the other end of the scale are the Medici prints—the latest word in exact color reproduction of the old masters, the present condition of the work being faithfully duplicated. The process is an English one and rather costly, but the happy owner of a Medici has a great art treasure.



THE FORD

on the walls of picture lovers. The Spanish Murillo delights us likewise with pictures of the child Jesus, and of the boy St. John, the Baptist, playing with a lamb, as well as with the contrasting subjects of the street boys of Seville.

A word as to the color element in picture decoration. Time was when we had to choose between two alternatives: the painting or the glaring chromo. Now our color reproductions cover a long range of quality and prices. I have

Perhaps the final word of advice in regard to the choice of home pictures should have to do with their variety. It was an old-fashioned mistake to decorate the home with family portraits. The vogue of the crayon was an era of artistic horrors. From such errors we have passed to modern mistakes of another sort. The multiplication of certain popular subjects, sold at bargain prices in department stores, has led to more or less monotony in our choices. There are a few stock pictures which

every bride is sure of receiving among her gifts. It is a pity to let fashion shape our selections. Our furniture has to be more or less like other people's, but surely our decorations should

represent our own point of view. Let the home pictures express the individual taste, aspiring to what is best and noblest in the world's great art. Our ideals are depicted in our homes.

## The Havelock Innovation

By Marion Wathen

**H**AVELOCK was a railway village "down East." The railway track ran directly through the middle of the village. A few yards away from the track, on either side, was a road. A few feet beyond each road was a plank side-walk, more or less "hole-y." And on the far side of each of these side-walks was a long string of wooden houses. This was Havelock.

But the Havelock people were not slow, especially the women. Some of them had only been Havelock people for a short time and rather prided themselves on that fact. An occasional woman in Havelock even wore a hobble-skirt (it was in those days) so they were more or less abreast of the times.

Miss Lillian French was in Havelock. In fact, Miss Lillian French's people lived in Havelock. She had been visiting them for the last two months. Miss French was a literary person, employed in "literary pursuits" in Boston, and was to return to these same "literary pursuits" very shortly—so the "Queen's County World" informed the public.

When the few ladies in Havelock who formed "Havelock Society" became aware of Miss French's impending departure they were somewhat conscience stricken; Miss Lillian French had been in Havelock two months and nothing had been done in the way of entertaining her—socially! Each lady was rather indignant with the others for their negligence in the matter. "It's scandalous!" declared Mrs. Mann, the doctor's wife, as she talked the matter over with her

sister, Mrs. Lancaster—wife of the "leading merchant" of Havelock.

All at once a brilliant idea came to Mrs. Dr. Mann: She would have a five-o'clock tea in honor of Lillian French; a real genuine five-o'clock-tea, to which all the ladies of Havelock, "who were anybody," would come dressed in their best—shake hands in their very nicest fashion, do about an hour's talking in ten minutes or so, drink tea and eat cake without removing their gloves—their very best gloves, and then have a further half hour's chat inside of the next five minutes, make a very gushing shake-hands and—take their leave. Already, in fancy Mrs. Mann heard the delightful hub-bub of many voices and the clatter of china.

"Doris, I feel that we really owe it—not only to Miss French, but to the ladies of Havelock, to show them how to do these things. We certainly should do something, for their five-o'clock-tea education has really been sadly neglected."

"It's certainly shocking," answered Mrs. Lancaster, with a very grave face.

"What to give them to eat," of course, was the momentous question. Something without much work (these ladies were strong) or much expense was agreed on. And they agreed to this, for a time.

"I'll have chicken sandwiches! There are those chickens the doctor got from a man down country to settle the account that he's owed him nearly ever since we came here. Of course they'll keep as



long as the weather stays like this; but I'm tired of chicken, already," decidedly declared Mrs. Mann.

"The very thing," enthusiastically answered her sister—"and I've some celery left you may have."

"But about cake; I'm afraid of that. I'm really never sure of anything lately but Spanish Bun, and the doctor likes it best. But then, I've had that so much. And it isn't really the best kind of cake for a five-o'clock-tea."

"Oh, I know the very thing! I've some of that cake left that Frank's mother sent me at Christmas. And it's perfectly delicious, isn't it? Come right up with me and see it. I'm sure there's enough."

"But it's a shame to take your cake. It would be lovely, though, and I've never tasted any like it, here. Now, isn't there something real nice we can have in the way of small cakes?"

"Let's look through the Journals," suggested Mrs. Lancaster. So they did. And in the very last number found a receipt for mocha-cakes with an illustration showing a plateful of these arranged on a fluffy doiley.

"The very thing!" they both exclaimed as they read the receipt. So it was fully decided that mocha-cakes would be part of the menu.

Right under this receipt it happened that there was one for "Pine Apple Cream"—pine-apple with a sprinkling of nuts mixed with whipped cream. Almost breathlessly they read it. Then they looked at each other.

"Nobody here's had that at anything!" excitedly said Mrs. Lancaster.

"I'll have it," emphatically declared Mrs. Mann.

After another long discussion it was decided that the tea was to be on Friday. "That will give us the week," said the doctor's wife. "And we won't give the invitations until Wednesday—that will be time enough. But you mustn't breathe a word of it to a single soul in the place, Doris—now mind! I suppose you can

tell Harry; but it's to be an entire secret."

So after many promises of secrecy Mrs. Lancaster went home, glad that she had a husband; for it certainly would have been hard to have remained in perfect silence over such a matter.

Now there was a Mrs. Bell in Havelock. She was one of the "somebodies." Mrs. Bell was quite intimate with the Frenches. She ran in on Monday afternoon and found Lillian talking of beginning her packing. "I'm to go next Monday," she explained. Then Mrs. Bell realized that something had to be done. She went home and thought it over. Her first thought was: "I'll have Lillian and her sister over to tea to-morrow night." "But having people to tea is kind of old-fashioned for a person who's lived in Boston so long," was her next thought. Then another idea came—a really brilliant one, so it seemed just then. She would have a five-o'clock-tea. It would be a real genuine five-o'clock-tea—something that would at once lift the Havelock people out of the old-fashioned "having people to tea" business.

"There's no reason in the wide world why people, just because they live in a village, should not aspire to five-o'clock-teaism," she said to herself, and later on explained to her daughter Minnie.

"It will not only be nice for Lillian French, but it will be a kind of education to the rest of them. Now there's the doctor's wife and the minister's wife, who really should know about things, being professional men's wives, and there's really no one else in the place you know to—to—"

"Exactly," said her daughter.

"Of course, the lunch is really the most important thing," continued her mother. "I wonder what we'd better have."

"Pea-nut sandwiches would be nice," answered Minnie.

"Oh, those old things! I couldn't think of having them. I've had them at

almost everything we've had since I came to Havelock."

"How would egg-sandwiches do?"

"Oh, I'm sick of egg-sandwiches. Mrs. Philips has taken them to every picnic and church affair in the last ten years—just because they're easy to make."

"There are some nice receipts in *The Times* some days," suggested Minnie, taking up a copy of that newspaper. Then she read aloud "Chicken Sandwiches!" "They'd be nice!"

So her mother looked over her shoulder and read the directions for making chicken sandwiches. After some further discussion Mrs. Bell finished up with, "Well, they haven't been used much in Havelock and I would like to have something different from the ordinary run and do the tea up right, if we do undertake it. But you may depend, if we have anything new, they'll be all after the receipt the very next day. That's the worst of living in a small place." So the chicken sandwiches were agreed upon.

Then the question of cake came up. Minnie was for angel cake. But her mother at once settled this with a, "Takes too many eggs, and it's a cake one's never sure of. But there's enough of the Christmas fruit-cake—why wouldn't that do? and it's good."

"Oh, it's too near Christmas for fruit cake. Everybody has been fruit-caked to death already. Didn't Mrs. Graham give you the receipt of that white-mountain cake before she left? It was beautiful, and I don't believe anyone round here makes it."

"Well, that's so. And Mrs. Graham said she'd never known it to fail." So another momentous decision was reached.

"Well, we'll not decide on anything else in the eating line just now. We both better think it over during the day. I think we'd better make up our minds right now just when we're going to have it—the tea, I mean," said Mrs. Bell.

"Well, I can't see that we can have

things ready any before Friday and do it right," wisely suggested Minnie.

"That's so. And we'll give the invitations on Wednesday. We won't say a word to a soul until then, for the dear knows what might turn up between now and then."

"Yes, and if they hear about it sooner, they'll be on the watch just to see how much fuss we're making over it. And if we leave it till Wednesday, the worst will be over before anyone suspects what's going on."

Now it was not in the least strange that that very afternoon Mrs. Bell happened to pick up the last copy of the *Woman's Journal*. And it was not in the least strange that she turned to the receipt page. In ten minutes she dropped the *Journal*—dropped it smilingly, exultingly, triumphantly. She hurried to the foot of the stairs and called for Minnie.

Minnie wasn't long in responding, for her mother's tone bespoke urgency.

"Well, I've decided," she explained in much the same tone and manner, as though the future welfare of the entire Bell family had just been decided on.

"What else to have for the tea?" questioned Minnie, guessing in a minute the cause of her mother's emphatic declaration.

"Yes—I saw it in the *Journal*, listen!" And she told her.

The Reverend Wesley Strangways was one of the two ministers in Havelock.

"My dear, are you not going to invite Miss French to the parsonage before she leaves?" one day said Mr. Strangways to his young wife.

"Oh, do you think I ought?" questioned she with some trepidation. You see, I haven't any girl and having people to tea is so much work. And if I had her, there are a number of others I ought to ask, and—"

"Well, have 'em all," answered her husband, in that magnanimous, whole-



sale way in which a husband is often likely to speak when dealing with affairs belonging to "the other side" of the house.

"But—but, you see, we're awful short of dishes, and we really haven't a decent tablecloth left."

"Well, why couldn't you have one of those little affairs you and your sister used to have—five-o'clock-tea or whatever you call them?"

For a minute Mrs. Strangways didn't reply. The suggestion was too startling. But when she did it was with:

"Oh, you dear! Why, it's the very thing! How perfectly lovely of you to think of it! They don't seem to have had them in Havelock. It will be such a novelty for the poor souls!" she said, somewhat condescendingly, and continued: "But you'll have to help me."

"Sure I will"—hash nuts or do any old thing," he answered with a roguish twinkle.

"Why, Wesley whatever's got into you today?—you're such a help—hash nuts! Why, that's the very thing—*mocha cakes*! Oh, I know what made you think of chopping nuts! It was that time you were visiting us before we were married and Jen and I were making mocha cakes and the chopper was broken and— But mocha cakes will be perfectly lovely for the tea."

And that very evening, Monday, Mrs. Strangways hastily scribbled a note to her sister in the next town asking her advice in regard to completing the menu for her tea.

It was not until Tuesday morning that the important matter of time was discussed.

"I'll be home all day on Friday, dear; so how would it do to have it that afternoon? I'll be able to keep you about before the ladies come, then—guess I'll make myself scarce," suggested Mr. Strangways.

So Friday was decided on, and, also, that the invitations were not to be given until Wednesday afternoon. "I'll have

time to hear from Jen by then, and I wouldn't wonder a bit, if she don't come over herself—be just like her, the dear," she explained to her husband.

And that very night, Jen arrived, on the ten o'clock train.

"Here's your five-o'clock!" she gaily exclaimed, almost before she had time to sit down, thrusting a big lunch basket on her sister.

"Hurrah!" said the minister as he jerked out a plump chicken. "And celery—did I ever! And pineapples! Jen, you're extravagant! But I'm glad I married into the family. But what's in the bottom, wife?—something heavy!"

"Heavy! Well, I like that. Indeed, it isn't heavy. It's a white-mountain cake that I made myself and Sis knows my white-mountain cakes are never heavy."

"Oh, Jen, you're a dear! To think you thought of all this! Won't we give the Havelock women a lunch worth while! Do them to talk about for a month, at least."

Wednesday was a beautiful day.

"Must be going to be a storm, nearly all the women in the place seem to be out," commented the postmaster to the Rev. Mr. Jackson—the "other" minister of Havelock, as he handed him his afternoon mail.

"That so?" replied Mr. Jackson.

"Yes; there goes the doctor's wife. And it isn't more than ten minutes since Mrs. Strangways and her sister went up. Mrs. Bell was in here dressed in best not long ago—guess there must be something brewing amongst the women folks."

"I haven't heard of anything," answered the minister.

But he heard when he returned home. Mrs. Jackson met him at the door. One glance told him that something unusual had happened during his absence.

"What is it, Nell?" he hastily questioned.

"Oh, come in, quick! And shut the

door. Please hurry—I'm dying to tell someone!" Then she leaned against the wall and laughed—and laughed.

"Out with it, Nell!"

"Did you meet any women?"

"No, but—"

"Well, they were all here together—they didn't come together; but it was so funny! Mrs. Dr. Mann and Mrs. Strangways and her sister and Mrs. Bell. And, guess what? They all came to ask me to a *five-o'clock-tea*. And they just happened to strike here at the same time and found out about it—they're each having one for Lillian French and they're all round giving their invitations for Friday—the same day, mind you! To think that it should happen like that—and there's never been a five-o'clock-tea in Havelock before that I ever heard about. I wish you could have seen their faces when they found out, you would have felt sorry for them, for I'm sure each one thought she was springing something so unusual on us all and meant it to be a decided innovation. And then to think they'd thought of exactly the same thing—same day and all! But the funniest part, or the saddest part, was when they tried to arrange matters, for of course they were each asking the same women—such a hub-bub! Each one was doing her best to explain why she must have hers on Friday and no other day."

"Well, how did they settle it?" asked the minister, now thoroughly interested.

"Oh, they hadn't, when they left here. They were all a bit huffy. But they left together and I saw them all go in to Mrs. Bell's together. And they haven't come out yet; that's a good hour ago."

That evening the "society" ladies of Havelock received three notes. One invited them to Mrs. Strangway's tea on Thursday. Another was for Mrs. Bell's on Friday. And the third was for Mrs. Mann's on Saturday.

Mrs. Strangway's tea was a "decided success." The lunch was "perfectly

delightful—I've never seen or tasted a nicer," explained Mrs. Jackson to her husband as she was giving him a detailed account of the first tea. "The only thing to be regretted," as Mrs. Strangways herself remarked to the other ladies, was that Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Bell, and Mrs. Lancaster found it impossible to be present.

And Mrs. Bell's tea was also a decided success. All the ladies invited, except Mrs. Mann and her sister, were present. Doubtless it was their preparation for their own tea that detained them. But here was one thing quite noticeable: Though the ladies nearly all left Mrs. Bell's at the same time, they were very quiet on their homeward way. This was certainly to their credit. But, doubtless, their husbands could have told a different story.

Mr. Strangways opened the door for his wife and sister. Immediately they "dropped" on to the hall settee. Mrs. Strangways looked at her sister—a puzzled, somewhat dismayed look.

Her sister looked at her in about the same way. At last—"What on earth?" exclaimed the minister's wife.

"Did I ever?" answered her sister.

"Have you two gone batty?" questioned the minister.

"It was the lunch," explained his wife. "They had chicken sandwiches and—mocha cakes and—"

"And white-mountain cake," added her sister.

"And pineapple cream?" questioned the minister.

"Yes!" groaned the minister's wife. "Oh, poor Mrs. Bell, when she hears of mine!"

All the ladies were present next afternoon—Mrs. Bell still oblivious in regard to the repetition of the luncheons.

And Mrs. Mann's really was a delightful function. It left nothing to be desired; only—the luncheon was: *chicken sandwiches, mocha cakes, white-mountain cake and pineapple cream.*



# The Market of Oakland, California

By Jessie Juliet Knox

THE market of Oakland was originally named the Free Market, because the stalls were to be had, rent free, for those who wished to use them for selling their wares. This custom has been abolished now, though, and a large rental must be paid.

Wednesdays and Saturdays are red-letter days for Oakland housewives, for it is on these days that this market is open to the hungry public. If you are not hungry at the start, you surely will be after you have threaded your way through the several blocks leading into the great market place, and have caught a few of the delightful whiffs, and feasted your eyes on the delicacies and substantial displayed therein.

The market is situated on the corner of Fifth and Washington streets, in the city of Oakland, and is easily accessible by the car lines. Here it is considered no disgrace for the best ladies in the city to pick their way through the crowd, armed with a long brown or black fish-net market bag, and to have the pleasure of selecting for themselves and family the very best that the market affords.

Their automobiles may wait outside, it is true, or they may have come on the street car, but they are only part of a throng of ladies of all nations, who have taken this opportunity to purchase the family supplies.

On Washington street, practically the last three blocks, before reaching the market proper, are blocks that make one think herself in a foreign country, as the stores and stalls are almost all conducted by foreigners—mostly Italians, as they are so often to be found dealing in fruit of all kinds. Many Swiss people are there, too, with their excellent milk, butter and cheese.

Finally, after coming to the entrance of the market, one finds the usual stands

for peanuts and popcorn, hot and fresh, with all the soda pop and etceteras that accompany. This always attracts a crowd of juveniles, and extracts many an unwilling nickel from the pockets of much-abused parents. One cannot really blame the youngsters, though, for it is almost as tempting to grown-ups, to catch the familiar odor of peanuts and popcorn, while in process of roasting.

Outside on the pavement is a fragrant corner of flowers, for here the artistic sense must be catered to, as well as the inner man, and one finds as many enthusiasts gathered around the flower booth as there are inside.

Selling flowers in California seems almost foolish, sometimes, when one has only to open his eyes, to see flowers blooming all around; climbing over houses and fences, and peeping in at upper windows.

At the other side of the entrance way is a notion stand, where one may obtain anything, from a shoestring to a shopping bag, and it saves time and trouble to be able to purchase small necessities here instead of walking to the shops.

On entering the market proper the first stand to the right contains a most tempting array of vegetables. It is beautifully systematic, with tier on tier of great white cabbages, green peas, beets, rutabagas, carrots, celery and celery root, turnips, spring onions, lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, green and yellow string beans, brussels sprouts, Italian squash and summer squash, tomatoes, bell and Chili peppers, Irish and sweet potatoes, egg-plant, garlic, parsley, sweet-corn, water-cress, spinach, cauliflower, parsnips and curly lettuce.

It is with great difficulty that we refrained from beginning our purchases then and there, but as we had made a firm resolve to go all through the market

before buying anything, we rigidly hold to our resolution.

Passing to the next stall we discover that it has for sale cheese of all kinds, fresh ranch butter, eggs and ice cream.

We rapidly pass on to a fruit stand, where Italian vendors are calling out the merits of bananas, two dozen for two bits (twenty-five cents); pineapples, oranges, apples, peaches, grapefruit, limes, lemons, tomatoes, strawberries, grapes (seedless white, three pounds for ten cents).

Next come the condiments and appetizers, and we can hardly drag ourselves from this place. Here are pickles of all kinds, olives, ripe and green, Mexican hot relish, grated horseradish and the root, peanut butter, mayonnaise, etc. Stands of butter, eggs and cheese are frequent.

Next are melons of different kinds, and another fruit stand contains quantities of large blue plums, great yellow pears, freestone peaches, tomatoes, new sweet potatoes, English walnuts, Brazil nuts, pecans, almonds, cocoanuts, bell peppers and string beans.

Poultry stands are numerous, and here one can surely obtain everything, such as chicken, rabbits, turkey, squab, oysters, etc.; but the most appetizing places are the stalls where are sold such things as breakfast bacon, of the finest quality, ham, dried beef, smoked and salt fish, olives, condiments, cheese, olive oil, lard, etc. The odor of the bacon and ham makes us feel like buying out the whole business, and we temporarily forget our resolution not to eat any more meat.

The fish stalls, of which there are many, are very interesting, and it is decidedly surprising to learn all the different kinds of fish on display. There are white fish, barracuda, fresh sardines, mackerel, rock-cod, sole, halibut, salmon, sea bass, alba cora, yellow-tail, crabs, shrimps, lobsters, mussels and clams. There are eight large fish stalls on one side of the market.

Next come the meat stalls, where one can purchase roast lamb at ten cents a pound, roast mutton, eight cents, leg of lamb, fifteen cents, and leg of 'yearling for twelve and a half cents.

Nearby is another stand where they sell only tripe (yards of it), liver, sweet-breads, pigs' feet, hearts, and such dainties.

The odor of coffee greets us now, and we come to the place where they sell it in abundance, and every brand that heart could desire.

In the center of the market are fruit stands as well as many vegetable stands. Here tier upon tier of luscious fruit rises fragrantly in the air, and here it is, after having traversed the entire market, that we, at last, yield to temptation and buy delightful sweet corn, at fifteen cents a dozen, big round tomatoes, four pounds for ten cents, cucumbers, crisp and fresh, for five cents a dozen, oranges at ten cents a dozen, etc.

As we soon have really more than we can conveniently pack into our bag, we are compelled to cease making purchases; but we can assure you that the only reason we stopped buying was because we simply could not carry another thing, even so far as the street car.

## October

Pregnant with spring, hope shining in her  
tears,  
Safeguarded by the father of the years,—  
No shadow of his scythe upon her breast,—  
Now meditative Nature welcomes rest.

STOKELY S. FISHER.



# The Scavenging Diet

By Helen Graham

**P**ERHAPS no other single deficiency of the body will lead to so many and complicated ills and diseases in the course of a lifetime as the failure of the intestines to excrete waste material, and yet there is probably no more common trouble than this. It is allowed to continue and is not considered a serious malady by the average sufferer from constipation, because they may feel no immediate bad results from it or do not recognize even the less serious results, such as a bad complexion, headache, general debility and lassitude, as coming from this unclean malady.

Like all ills that are not sufficiently acute to interfere with one's daily occupations, this is not taken to a physician, in many cases, and even in such cases his directions are not carried out because of the trouble or inconvenience involved, so such sufferers acquire the cathartic habit. Drug statistics show that a very large percent of medicine sold is cathartic—mostly pills and various patent medicines. Experience has proven that while these give temporary relief, their use is inadequate for this reason, the relief given is only temporary, the bowels are overtaxed, leaving a worse condition than before they were taken, and more and more being required to have any effect at all. Beside this disadvantage, the average person does not know what harmful substances may be in patent cathartics.

The use of natural remedies is unquestionably the only way of permanently correcting this trouble, and of the natural remedies the diet is of first importance. But to aid the dietetic treatment certain rules of hygiene must be strictly adhered to. Regularity in hours of sleep, mealtimes, bathing, exercise, etc., must be observed. Tight clothes and belts must be avoided and the

weight of the clothing should be suspended from the shoulders.

The diet calculated to act as a scavenger and at the same time nourish the body sufficiently should contain: first, bulky material, as vegetables; second, coarse flours, whole wheat, Graham flour, etc.; third, fruits; fourth, oils; fifth, nuts; and sixth, a large amount of water in the form of beverages or otherwise.

Bulky material is necessary to play the part of a scavenger, because bulk will excite the normal peristaltic motion of the intestines and prevent the accumulation of waste products. It is quite possible to arrange the diet to have the required amount of protein, fat, and carbohydrate in such concentrated forms as eggs, meat, milk, gelatine, rice, white bread, prepared foods, etc., that when they are almost completely absorbed there is not enough waste matter left to excite peristalsis or there is insufficient bulk for the intestinal walls to take hold upon and expel. So the correct diet is not only a case of nutrition, but of digestion, assimilation, and expulsion of unassimilated residue.

This necessary bulk may be obtained from vegetables, especially the salad plants, turnips, lettuce, cabbage, spinach, asparagus, celery and tomatoes. These contain a large amount of cellulose or woody fiber, which is very difficult of digestion and of very little value to the body, if it were digested, so it is left as a waste product in the intestines. Some vegetables, beside giving this waste cellulose, have peculiar laxative properties because of certain acids which they contain. Tomatoes and spinach are said to have this property to a certain extent as have, also, boiled onions.

As a rule, these vegetables are more

effective when eaten raw than when cooked, as cooking softens the cellulose and some of the laxative juices are lost in the water in which they are cooked. However, cooked vegetables are valuable to a certain extent and should constitute a large part of the diet in cases where raw ones are not available.

Bread made of flour containing practically the whole edible part of the grain, as whole wheat flour, rye flour, etc., is laxative in its effect because the external covering of the grain is rough and hard and its presence in the intestines becomes irritating to the intestinal walls and produces peristalsis. It is true that the extra amount of protein in such flours is not assimilated because it is so incased in cellulose, but is excreted unchanged, and so far as nutrition is concerned they seem to be of no more value than ordinary white flour (not so great as regards starch), but their scavenging properties are worth considering.

Fruits act as scavengers for several reasons; first, because of the cellulose as in the case of vegetables, especially when the skins, as of apples, pears, etc., are eaten with the fruit; second, the acids and mineral matter contained in fruits when absorbed stimulate the secretion of the digestive juices and promote peristalsis; third, they are laxative in effect because of indigestible seeds, as fig seed, blackberries, strawberries, etc., that act as irritants to the intestinal walls.

The fruits that are of special value as laxatives because of acids are apples, pears, oranges, peaches, prunes, cherries, plums; those that are laxative because of seeds or irritating skins are figs and all kinds of berries, apples, pears and prunes. Some of the fruits act as scavengers in all three of these ways because of the large amount of cellulose residue left, the seeds and their chemical action.

Like vegetables, raw fruits are more effective laxatives than cooked, for the same reason. They contain, also,

very digestible forms of sugar and mineral matter and for this reason should be given to children in large quantities. They are the most effective when eaten early in the morning (before breakfast) or between meals so that they are not hindered in their effects by the presence of other foods. Dried fruits, instead of being cooked as they usually are, are better scavengers, if they are washed thoroughly, then soaked for several hours. This is especially true of dried prunes, raisins and figs (if they are whole). A disadvantage of cooking fruits, especially the very sour varieties, is that so much sugar must be added to make them eatable that their good effect is destroyed, and "preserves" could hardly be counted as fruit at all, but as sugar.

Nuts are laxative because of the large percent (from 25 to 50) of oils contained and, also, because of the residue left, but they are not as useful as they might be, if they were more easily digested by the average person. Olive oil, used to dress a salad or with any vegetable, is laxative and especially so when taken alone on an empty stomach. Cream has this effect, also, but more is required, as cream is only about twenty percent fat.

Large quantities of water, either hot or cold, have a cleansing effect on the intestines, and especially so when drunk in large quantities on retiring at night and on rising in the morning. Coffee at meals or at any time may be objected to by many and no doubt its stimulating effect is harmful, but the good effect of the hot water in it almost balances the injurious effect of the coffee itself. If a person does not care for water during the day, it might be taken in the form of lemonade, or with any flavor, such as cloves, cream of tartar, etc. Water in large quantities is especially necessary in warm weather because of the large amount lost by perspiration, there being an insufficient quantity left to prevent an undue thickening of the contents of



the alimentary canal.

In planning a dietary that will be of a scavenging nature and at the same time be a "balanced ration," several things must be taken into account. Unfortunately a certain food that has had a laxative effect when first used loses its effect or else produces diarrhea when eaten constantly and something else must be substituted, so there must be variety in the diet for this reason if for no other. After about a week the first thing tried will again be effective and the same special dietary may be used again, changing the other things. In planning this special dietary, only enough of the specially laxative foods should be used in one day as will be

necessary for the person for whom it is planned so that less trouble will be had in giving a variety, from day to day. Enough solid food should be eaten to produce the normal peristaltic motion of the intestines. Too little food is often the cause of constipation. If a person does not care for food, he should take more out door exercise; tennis, golf or even walking will create a healthy appetite. This exercise itself will tend to relieve the trouble aside from creating an appetite that will increase the quantity of food partaken. Swimming is an excellent exercise, as it brings into play the abdominal muscles (as well as every other muscle). Bicycling has the same effect also.

## The Key to the Cookery of Vegetables or How Vegetables are Spoiled in Cooking

By Jessamine Chapman

**G**LANCING over modern cook books with the idea of the relationship and proportion of the different subjects treated of, one cannot but note the small space given to one of the most important of all subjects—the cooking of vegetables. Perhaps there is some connection between the general failure in the preparation of this group of food products and the lack of attention given to the question in cookbooks. However that may be, we have much to learn, if we wish to reach perfection in this art.

The spoiling or the failure to get the greatest good from vegetables begins, not with the cooking alone, but first with the selection. In our desire for variety, we often buy vegetables out of season, which nearly always proves anything but economical and generally most unsatisfactory, for the flavor is usually lacking and the expense is often doubled. No amount of care in the cooking can fully compensate for this

mistake. Forced hothouse vegetables cannot ever equal the naturally developed, garden-grown kind.

Again, in our desire for fine looking vegetables and in our eagerness for economy, we often select the largest sized vegetable rather than the medium or small kind. The result is we buy (1) the old and woody kind instead of the young and tender, (2) the largest kind is less nutritious, having more waste and also less flavor, (3) more fuel is required to make them tender, (4) and the measure in our purchase is less than of the medium or small sized.

The freshness of the vegetable is, perhaps, more important than the size. We cannot but feel disappointed in the final product, even with the best of care in cooking, if we purchase wilted spinach, corn, peas, or any other green vegetable. To be sure, we can freshen them up in cold water, but the result will never be the same. Buy a little dirt on your vegetables. It is a good sign. Perhaps

they haven't been out of the ground long enough to have it rattle off.

After the proper selection of the vegetable has been made, spoiling may result from lack of care of it until it is cooked. In the many demands on our time, we sometimes forget to put the green vegetable in a cool, dark, dry place, or let soak if wilted; to open the canned vegetable, drain, and let *stand* in the air a time to regain oxygen; to think to soak dried vegetables long enough so that less cooking will be required. Thus, in the selection and care of the vegetable spoiling may be the result.

To avoid bad cooking, it is necessary to have in mind just what the object is in cooking, and then how to attain the object. It is three-fold: First, to retain all the constituents of the vegetable or as much of the nutriment as possible. Second, to soften the cellulose—the woody fiber of the vegetable. Third, to make palatable by developing the flavor.

How may the first of these three objects or aims be obtained? How may the nutriment of the vegetable be retained? There are five ways of accomplishing this, namely, (1) to cook whole or in as large pieces as possible, (2) to cook with the skin on when possible, (3) to cook in as small amount of water as possible—only enough to cover, (4) to use the water in which the vegetable is cooked whenever possible, (5) to season after the vegetable has become well started in cooking. Take the cooking of spinach, for example. It is the richest of all foods in iron; in fact, almost its whole food value consists in this valuable mineral salt. This iron salt is very soluble in water. If this is to be retained, the spinach must be cooked in as little water as possible, so that at the completion of the process there is no extra water left, or, if any, this water should be made use of in serving. The vegetable oyster or salsify is a very delicately flavored vegetable with small food value. To cut it up in small pieces, peel it, cook in an abundance of water and discard the ex-

cess at the end, would leave practically nothing but tasteless, woody, cellulose. The flavor and the nutriment would be found in the discarded water.

An ideal method of cooking is one in which the vegetable is cooked in its own moisture, by dry heat, baking or roasting. This, however, isn't always possible, some vegetables lacking the necessary water. This is sometimes supplied in cooking by means of steam, an excellent method, also. There is no reason, however, why boiling can not be employed, if the above five points are observed.

The second object in securing right results is the softening of the woody fiber or cellulose. In doing this there is no danger of other constituents not being cooked. A method that will soften cellulose will thoroughly cook starch. Time and temperature are the keys to this object. The time required is determined by the size, age, freshness of the vegetable, and the quality and quantity of cellulose, whether tough and woody as in the beet, or tender and easily broken down as in the tomato. Hence no definite time can be given, but the above points will determine it for each individual vegetable. The temperature best suited for breaking down the cellulose is a boiling temperature—only the legumes, dried peas, beans, and lentils are injured by the use of a high temperature. The inexperienced person need not wonder, then, what amount of heat to apply in cooking, and tenderness will result when sufficient time is given.

The *third* object in cooking is the making palatable, developing the characteristic flavor of the vegetable. Here seasoning is the secret. The water in which the vegetable is cooked should be salted, but best, after the vegetable has boiled for a short time, to prevent in a measure the drawing out of the juices and flavor into the water or any other osmotic action which would take flavor from the vegetable. If the cooking



water is to be used in the serving, this precaution need not be taken. The additional seasonings come properly after the vegetable is finished cooking.

But, even with the vegetable cooked hygienically and with a thorough knowledge of the objects in cooking and how to attain them, a complete failure is still possible, for the critical point is in the seasoning and serving.

There are innumerable methods of serving a cooked vegetable, and when in doubt as to the best method, always choose the plainest: butter, pepper, and salt. There is less danger of spoiling the vegetable and a greater chance of retaining the flavor. Sautéing may come second, a little browning in butter developing the natural flavor of the vegetable. The greatest care must be taken in the use of sauces in serving. A delicately flavored vegetable, as the carrot for example, may be deprived of all its characteristic flavor by a highly seasoned sauce. A cauliflower may just lack an indescribable something in taste, which a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a grating of cheese, or a dash of cayenne, would have brought out. Milk and cream are the most useful accompaniments to certain vegetables. Failures result in using these, often times, in making a sauce far

too thick, lumpy, and lacking in flavor. It is just this last act, the final seasoning, that is the critical moment of the whole process. It requires the keenest of judgment, endless patience, and a true artistic touch, to place before the critic, a vegetable, perhaps unattractive in itself, but made above reproach by skill in cooking. This skill is worth striving for, because it will lead to a greater use of vegetables in our menus, of which there is now a lack. Perhaps the chief reason for this is the fact that they are so poorly cooked.

Every part of the plant is used as a vegetable;—the root, as the beet, the tuber, as the potato, the bulb, as the onion, the stem, as asparagus, the leaf, as lettuce, the flower, as cauliflower. A knowledge of the nature of each and the objects to be obtained in cooking is the key to success in all vegetable cookery. The nature of the cellulose or fiber will determine the time and temperature to employ. In all, the retention of food value, the softening of the cellulose, and the development of flavor are the aims to seek. How to attain these we have seen. To fail to give thought to these points can only lead to a spoiled vegetable—spoiled in tenderness, in loss of food value, and in loss of flavor.

## Happyville

My sunny friend in Happyville  
Whose methods I would fain employ  
Has kept the morning in her heart—  
She keeps a diary of joy;  
Each day some blessing marks the page,  
Some face was kind, some welcome true,  
Some voice wrought magic with its tone  
In Happyville where skies are blue.

My frowning friend in Grouchyville  
To such light thought cannot give room,  
She sees through all chicanery  
And everything she says spells doom;—  
She is the world's mouthpiece of wrong,  
She sees each idol's feet of clay,  
She has felt treachery's mean stab,  
Been rudely pushed on life's highway.

But somehow her discerning eyes—  
The scathing wisdom of her lips,  
Whene'er my sunny friend draws nigh,  
Retreat to shadowy eclipse;  
While sweet forgotten things of youth  
And present hopes and right good-will  
Entice me back, with laughing lure,  
To glimpse the joys of Happyville.

ELEANOR ROBBINS WILSON.

# Reading: A Safety Valve

By Henriette W. Roberts

WITHOUT doubt there is hardly a greater help to daily living, nothing that provides a better escape from the failings and weaknesses of human nature than the love of reading. Lacking it, many lives explode and are wrecked.

I can see the ultimate unhappiness of a young couple, neither of whom read. The honey-moon is waning and the evenings drag most painfully. They are newcomers in the little suburban town, have few friends, no fads, and although they have a charmingly cosy home, the lack of desire to read spells satiety and emptiness.

A woman, unhappily married to a selfish, brutal husband, told me that she kept sane and sweet because she loved to read. A good novel bore her away from her troubles, a poem of Tennyson or Browning inspired her to renewed effort, an essay of Emerson stimulated her to higher living.

The non-reader is less refined in the choice of pleasures. Two brothers of my acquaintance illustrate this perfectly. Both are pleasant, likable fellows, keen business men, and fond of "good times." One, who barely reads the daily newspaper, thinks enjoyment is found only in exciting diversions, cards, melodrama, joy-rides. His conversation is punctuated with slang and swearing and the big, blond, flashily-dressed woman is his admiration. The other, a reader of Scott, Hugo, Stevenson, as well as the "six best sellers," plays cards on occasion, sees the best plays, and motors in moderation. A quiet evening at home with a good book is a delight. The girl he admires is modest and unassuming.

Reading may prove the preventive of ill-temper. A young woman had an appointment to meet another, at half-past twelve, at a certain bank. The other

lady did not arrive until half-past two, a wait of two hours. The waiting lady had with her a book, which she read contentedly, glancing seldom at the clock. Without a book it would have taken "patience on a monument" not to have gotten up every few minutes to look out of the door, inwardly resentful and becoming more and more sullen. In this case, when the belated lady arrived, the reader was calm and unruffled, ready to accept the explanation and apology offered.

Did you never notice that the kitchen maid, if a reader, does not crave so much the excitement of the dance or the society of the bold, improvident young man? The maid, who is not a reader, is either out most of the time or she lets her work drag, because she knows not what to do with her leisure. The maid who reads merely the papers and magazines is easier to train and renders more efficient service.

Alphonse, an Italian, after learning to read at night-school, began to "spruce up" and acquire an ambition to be something more than a mere ditch-digger. He did finally become a good assistant gardener, with an eye on the position higher up.

If you notice, the gossip woman is almost invariably not a reader. The woman who talks hours on a stretch about what she used to do and omits not the smallest detail of the illness and death of a relative; the woman who rushes to the window every time a person or carriage goes by, and comments on the doings of her neighbors, never has a book on hand.

A young wife of my acquaintance "nags" her husband for reading too much, for he spends most of his evenings absorbed in a book. Instead of complaining, that young woman ought



to clap her hands in joy, for, without doubt, that very reading habit keeps him away from the club with its high-balls and poker.

A well-to-do widow in a large city is discontented, notwithstanding her beautiful clothes, a fine house and a limousine. She plays cards very little, attends the theatre seldom, entertains rarely, because she does not care for these things. Neither does she care for reading. Her life is empty and meager, when it might be rich and full, if she had been trained to a love of reading.

An elderly woman, of violent temper, who has no friends and who never goes out because of a physical deformity, told me that she gets crazy thinking of the same things. "That we are born only to die. That the world is full of bad men and women, and everything is altogether horrid." This woman's life consists in

daily abusing those with whom she comes in contact. Surely the love of reading would help to a better control of temper, a desire to see and know what is going on in the world, and suggest paths to better living. Two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time, and, if one is occupied in reading or one's mind is filled with thoughts suggested by reading, there is that much respite from temper and the blues.

I do not, of course, mean to maintain that, because individuals read, they are neither vicious nor criminal and necessarily good and nice, but I do assert that the love of reading is a resource and consolation in times of trouble and sorrow, an inspiration to refinement, and a safety-valve for emotional excitement and aimless living. Books are safe and genial companions.

## Autumn

Out there in the meadow the crickets are calling

And frost-flakes are drifting their vanishing snows;

While field mice are darting and pheasants upstarting

Glean, after the reapers, the barley's long rows.

In forests the squirrels are storing their largess

Of nuts for the winter, an adequate store.  
And cocoons are swinging, and birds southward winging,

Since Autumn is with us and Summer is o'er.

By ocean and river the breezes go chanting

And shipwrecks of sea-weed drift in with the tide.

The sun crimson-glowing, a watch-man is growing

And sea gulls drift, idly, in circles grown wide.

O'er mountains the tempest hangs low with foreboding

Of drifts that shall crown them with crystal once more;

No mortal foot daring to through them go faring

When Autumn is with us and Summer is o'er.

But here's a "we greet you," and "happy to meet you,"

Crisp days that are coming with gifts for our cheer.

Here's tribute of praises, fall fogs and fall hazes,

For surely without you imperfect the year.

You dampen our pathways with raindrops, slow falling,

You spur us to duties we slighted of yore,  
And keen for the guerdon, we take up

Life's burden

When Autumn is with us and Summer is o'er.

L. M. THORNTON.

## THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

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JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

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## Household Gods

The baby takes to her bed at night  
A one-eyed rabbit that once was white;  
A watch that came from a cracker, I think;  
And a lidless inkpot that never held ink.  
And the secret is locked in her tiny breast  
Of why she loves these and leaves the rest.

And I give a loving glance as I go  
To three brass pots on a shelf in a row;  
To my grandfather's grandfather's loving-  
cup

And a bandy-legged chair I once picked up.  
And I can't, for the life of me, make you see  
Why just these things are a part of me!

J. H. MACNAIR.

---

It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle, for this is naturally pleasing to all. But to be able to live peacefully with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace and a most commendable and manly thing.—  
*Thomas à Kempis.*

## THE FRUGAL MEAL

**F**RUGALITY and economy are watchwords of the hour. The high cost of living has become something more than a common saying. "The struggle for existence has become so keen that on every side economy must be practiced."

The frugal meal is ever commendable. Aside from an economical point of view, it makes for health, comfort and longevity. Thereby labor is saved, waste is avoided and a degree of thrift becomes possible.

But what is the frugal meal? In determining diet, many things must be taken into consideration, such as age, occupation, individual traits and habits, mode of life, state of health, etc. For large numbers of people, however, the frugal breakfast, for instance, might consist of toasted bread or puffed wheat, a baked potato and slice of bacon or an egg in some form, with coffee and rolls, according to convenience and desire. That is, a few articles well cooked and daintily served make up the frugal, as well as the ideal, meal. In general, not more than three dishes, with proper accessories, can be served at one meal, and commendable frugality be maintained.

Only carefully selected and well prepared viands are tasteful and wholesome. That enduring pleasure and satisfaction are to be derived from the frugal repast can not be denied or gainsaid.

Therefore, we commend the cultivation and practice of the homely, frugal meal, as most desirable in every sense. And in no other wise can the high cost of living be so successfully contended with. In the family, where no extravagance is allowed and no loss is incurred in the kitchen from ill-cooked and wasted food, there thrift and prosperity are wont to be found.

### A MATTER OF MORALITY

**I**T can not be denied that the great problems before us today are eco-



conomic in character, nor that, in the solution of every great problem, the question of morality is foremost in importance. In all reforms moral issues can not be relegated to the background.

In the most vital issue of the present day, the moral question is of chief concern and should be first regarded and settled. It seems to us that many people are making haste to place themselves in the wrong. Even those who are supposed to be professional teachers of ethics and morals, seem either to be indifferent or to have allied themselves manifestly on the wrong side.

Now, in every act or line of conduct, the point to settle first is that of morality. One can ill afford to err here, for the day of reckoning will surely come.

For our own part, we are convinced that true progress lies in the way of evolution and does not come by revolution. We, also, believe in the strict observance and practice of justice to all; while our faith is ever in the ultimate triumph of truth and right.

### TAXATION

**I**N the long run people come to know what they want, and nothing is more apparent today than that people, in general, want low rates of taxation. In all ages, the world over, taxation not self-imposed, has been the cause of infinite trouble and confusion. The reasons for this are many and plain and need not be stated here. But common sense, as well as history, teaches that "taxation without representation" is particularly odious to any people who aim to be free.

Only recently the following statement was made publicly in reference to the state of Massachusetts: "Within the last ten years our state tax has actually increased 316 per cent, and this has come about while our population has only increased 20 per cent, and our total valuation is far below the tax increase. Frankly and bluntly put, we are spending more money than we are earning." If these figures be even approxi-

mately correct, they indicate the need of efficiency and economy in the management of public as well as of private business.

People not only come to know what they want, but they also come to know the meaning and significance of terms and phrases. That a tariff is a tax and an unfair tax is now pretty well understood. At any rate, it has long been plain to the thoughtful that to set our faces steadfastly towards a reduction in rates of taxation of all kinds is both wise and prudent; for it is the most imperative demand of the day.

This magazine claims to inculcate the principles and practice of domestic economics. We stand for justice, fairness and prudence in the management of affairs that concern the home. Economics, in general, and home welfare can not be dissociated.

One of the amazing things in the attempt to create prejudice against all men who have prospered in their doings is what seems to be entire forgetfulness of the origin of our millionaires. Where one has inherited wealth or gained it by the use of patronage, there are scores who have come up from the lowest strata of industrial life. The majority of the wealthy men of America were in the latter part of the last century poor boys. They were pedlers, telegraph operators, bar-tenders, mill operatives, miners, iron workers, and farmers. Their remarkable careers are due to the fact that, all things considered, the way is open from the bottom to the top for all boys and men who are temperate, industrious, skilful, and willing to work hard to get what they want. Some of the worst examples that we have of the uses of predatory wealth are found in the career of men who were too ignorant and morally too imperfect to make proper use of the good fortune which the country and the time provided. That the opportunities to monopolize advantages have been too great, and that the rights of the people

are not sufficiently guarded, all wise men now admit. Intelligent workingmen also see that it would be very easy to destroy their chances of rising above the dead level of ignorance and the mediocrity caused by jealousy and suspicion of all who prosper.—*Christian Register*.

#### PAST AND PRESENT

**F**EW have heard the name of Gonthier d'Andernach, yet he is one of those bright particular stars which shone in the Constellation of the Reformation. What Bacon was to philosophy, Dante and Petrarch to poetry, Michael Angelo and Raphael to painting, Columbus and Gama to geography, Copernicus and Galileo to astronomy, that, says Louis Eustache Ude, was Gonthier to the art of cookery in France. Before him there was no code of the table; the names of dishes were strange and barbarous, like the dishes themselves. Can it be credited, cries our author, that the most witty and inventive of nations had not one single sauce that it could call its own; it borrowed its dishes and their names from alien countries. There were no written precepts, nothing but inconsistent recipes handed down from father to son, recipes whose antiquity was their only claim to esteem. Then Gonthier appeared to raise the culinary edifice, as Descartes, a century after him, raised that of philosophy. Both suggested doubt, the one in the moral, the other in the physical world. Descartes, regarding conscience as the point whence every philosophical enquiry should begin, regenerated the understanding. Gonthier, establishing the nervous glands as the sovereign judges at table, overturned the whole system of bromatological tradition. Gonthier is the father of cookery as Descartes is of French philosophy. If the latter inspired geniuses like Spinoza, Mallebranche, and Locke, the former has been fol-

lowed by a succession of artists whose names and talents will never be forgotten. It is said that Gonthier in less than ten years invented seven cullises, nine ragoûts, thirty-one sauces, and twenty-one soups.—*The Epicure*.

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Whatsoever task is set you to do, do it cheerfully, that your memory of it may be sweet. For, if a thing must be done, we shall like to remember that we did it with a whole heart and ungrudgingly, since that which is done grudgingly availeth little, and is not the deed of the inner man at all, and that which is done heartily groweth light in the doing.—*Letters from an Unknown Friend*.

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Advice is thrown away on a young man who considers it beneath him to work at anything which hardens his hands or soils his garments; but to the one who is not afraid of downright work I would suggest: frugality, investing surplus earnings (if only a dime a day) in the savings-bank, and reading useful books during leisure-hours.—*Huntington*.

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There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy if I may.—*R. L. Stevenson*.

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There is but one virtue: to help human beings to free and beautiful life; but one sin: to do them indifferent or cruel hurt; the love of humanity is the whole of morality. This is Goodness, this is Humanism, this is the Social Conscience.—*J. William Lloyd*.

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May your vacation have done you, physically and mentally, much good.

May your interest in housekeeping be of greater benefit to you.

May you live long and prosper.





PLANKED STEAK, SEE QUERY, 1894

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Brownie Canapés

**T**HESE canapés might be made of good size and used in place of sandwiches at a Hallowe'en occasion. Spread rounds of Boston brown or graham bread with cottage cheese; spread the cheese with mayonnaise dressing, then simulate on the dressing the face of a brownie, using bits of red pepper or pimento for the purpose. Serve each canapé on a grape leaf. Or garnish a plate filled with canapés with grape leaves.

### Watermelon Cocktail in Halves of Muskmelon

Cut chilled muskmelon of small size in halves; remove the seeds and any filaments present. Fill with half-inch cubes of chilled watermelon, mixed with powdered sugar and ground ginger, or with syrup flavored with champagne.

Serve as a first course at luncheon or dinner.

### Sardine Canapés

Spread lengthwise bits of bread with butter and let brown in a hot oven. When cold spread with sardine fillets, pounded with an equal measure of butter and seasoned with salt, paprika and a few grains of mustard or curry. Set half a choice sardine, freed of skin and bones, in the center of the paste. Decorate the corners with capers, spread mayonnaise mixed with chopped olives, parsley and chives over the fillets of fish and let chill thoroughly. Serve as a first course at luncheon or dinner.

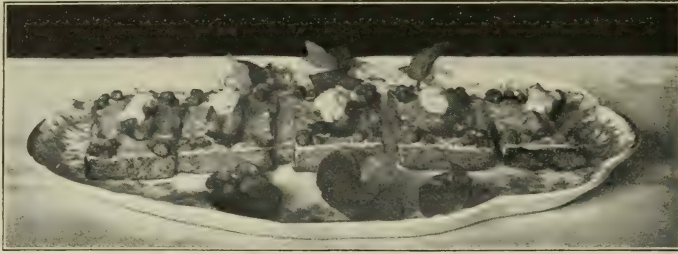
### Canapés à la Selon

Prepare rounds of bread by buttering and toasting in the oven or by frying in fat. When cold spread with butter, creamed with fine-chopped capers, olives

and parsley; add a few drops of lemon juice and a dash of paprika above each round. Set a thin slice of hard-cooked

### Tomato-and-Fish Soup

Three pints of fish stock is needed.



SARDINE CANAPÉS

egg with a small teaspoonful of caviare in the center.

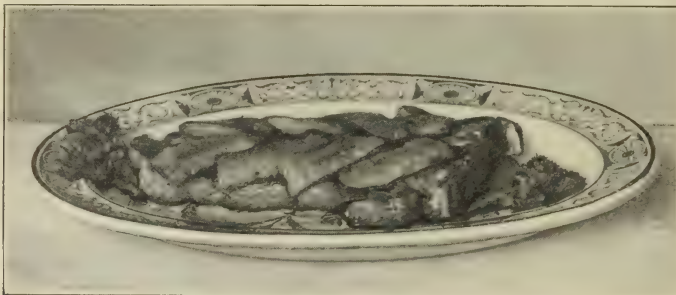
### Ham Soup

Peel and slice a large mild onion; melt two tablespoonfuls of dripping (or fat from the soup kettle); in it stir and cook the onion until it is softened and yellowed; add one quart of broth and a pint of tomatoes with half a small carrot and two or three parsley branches. Let the whole simmer very gently half an hour; add half to a full cup of cold, boiled ham, chopped very fine, and re-heat to the boiling point. Press with a pestle through a fine sieve; return the soup to the fire, stir in a level tablespoonful of potato flour, smoothed with cold water and let simmer five or six

This may be the water in which a fresh cod or haddock has been boiled. The head, bones, and trimmings of any white fish may also be used. Break up the fish bones, add an onion into which two or three cloves have been pushed, two or three branches, each, of parsley and sweet basil and cold water to cover the whole; let simmer twenty minutes; strain off the broth; add one pint of cooked tomatoes, pressed through a fine sieve, and two tablespoonfuls of a quick cooking tapioca and let cook over hot water until the tapioca is transparent. Season as needed with salt and pepper.

### Baked Mackerel

Brush a fish sheet with fat tried out of salt pork; on the sheet set a carefully



BROILED BEEFSTEAK, WITH BANANAS

minutes. Season with pepper and salt and finish with a cup of hot cream. Serve with bread croutons.

cleaned, washed and dried fresh mackerel, skin side down. Put some strips of fat pork above. Set into a hot oven and



let cook about twenty-five minutes, basting several times with the fat in the pan. Slide the fish upon a hot dish:

### Corned Beef Hash, with Fried Onions



CORNEB BEEF HASH, WITH FRIED ONIONS

spread with two or three tablespoonfuls of butter, creamed with a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley and mixed with a teaspoonful of lemon juice.

### Broiled Beefsteak, with Bananas

Broil a beefsteak in the usual manner. While the steak is cooking, have ready bananas, peeled, scraped, cut in halves lengthwise and crosswise to make four pieces of each banana. Roll the bananas in flour and sauté in a little hot bacon or salt pork, or in olive oil, until delicately colored, first on one side and then

Chop fine an equal quantity of cold corned beef and boiled potatoes; stir in a little broth or boiling water and turn into hot salt pork fat or dripping in a hot frying pan; stir and cook until hot throughout, then let stand to color and crust slightly on the bottom. Turn on to a hot serving dish. Surround with fried onions and serve at once.

### Fried Onions

Cut mild peeled onions in thin slices and separate the slices into rings. Dip the rings in milk and toss them in a



SUPREME OF SWEETBREADS

on the other. Serve on the edge of the steak and entirely around it.

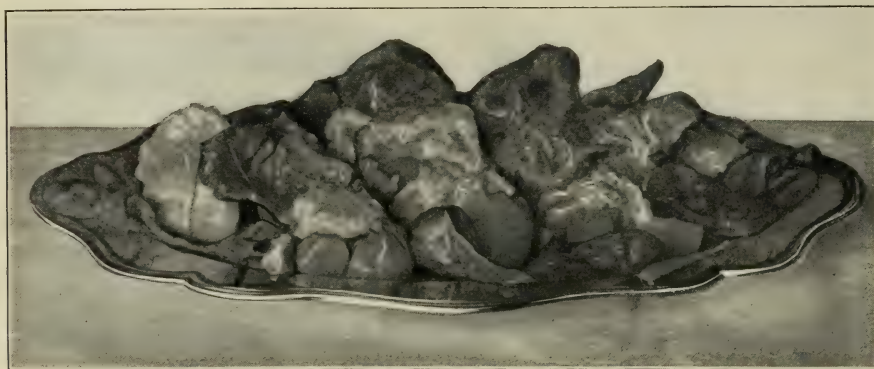
plate of flour. Shake off superfluous flour and let fry in deep fat until tender,

crisp and well colored. Drain on soft paper.

### Supreme of Sweetbreads

Blanch a pair of choice sweetbreads and remove skin, tubes and other unedible portions. Slice half a small onion and half a small carrot into a small casserole; on these lay the sweetbreads, cover with the rest of the vegetables and two or three branches of parsley. Pour in one-fourth a cup, each, of white broth and white wine or tomato purée, cover and let cook in a moderate oven about

mold in the ice water, pour in a few spoonfuls of aspic and, when set, dispose chopped truffles in a narrow wreath next to the mold. Set asparagus tips and figures, cut from truffles, on the bottom; add a few drops of liquid aspic to hold each in place, then cover completely with aspic. Set asparagus tips against the inside of the mold, tips downward, to line it completely. Have the Bechamel mixture on the point of setting and dispose this between the slices of sweetbread, set one after another across the mold. Do not dispose the slices flat, but narrow



KOHL-RABI SALAD

forty minutes. Set the sweetbreads on a plate, cover with a board, bearing a weight, and let stand until thoroughly chilled. Then cut in thin slices. To three-fourths a cup of hot, cleared consommé or chicken broth add three-fourths a tablespoonful of gelatine, softened in a scant fourth a cup of cold water and let chill slightly. To a pint of Bechamel sauce (the liquid chicken broth and cream, half and half) add the strained liquid from the sweetbreads, a tablespoonful of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water, one or two tablespoonfuls of truffle trimmings, chopped fine, and the trimmings from a bunch or can of cooked asparagus pressed through a sieve. Let chill in ice water. Set a mold holding three cups into ice water; when chilled pour in a little of the cooled aspic and turn the mold to coat the inside a little. Set the

edge down, that, when the supreme is sliced across the mold, whole slices may be served. When unmolded serve with lettuce, cress or celery salad.

### Kohl-Rabi Salad

Use only the upper half of the globes of kohlrabi. Pare neatly and let cook in boiling water, adding salt near the last of the cooking. Rinse in cold water, drain and let chill. Cut the globes in thin triangular pieces (as a pie is cut). Dispose on heart leaves of lettuce. Set mayonnaise above.

### Shirred Eggs

Take as many tablespoonfuls, each, of sifted bread crumbs (soft) and chopped chicken, veal or ham as persons to serve. Mix the meat and crumbs to a batter with cream. Season with salt and pepper. Butter small egg shirrers; spread a



spoonful of the batter over the bottom of each dish, break in a fresh egg and pour over a generous spoonful of the batter. Let cook in a moderate oven until the egg is set.

become hot throughout. If the beans are rather dry, use a little more of the purée. When done there should not be an overabundance of liquid.



CREAM CHEESE-AND-PIMENTO SANDWICHES

### Curry of Baked Beans

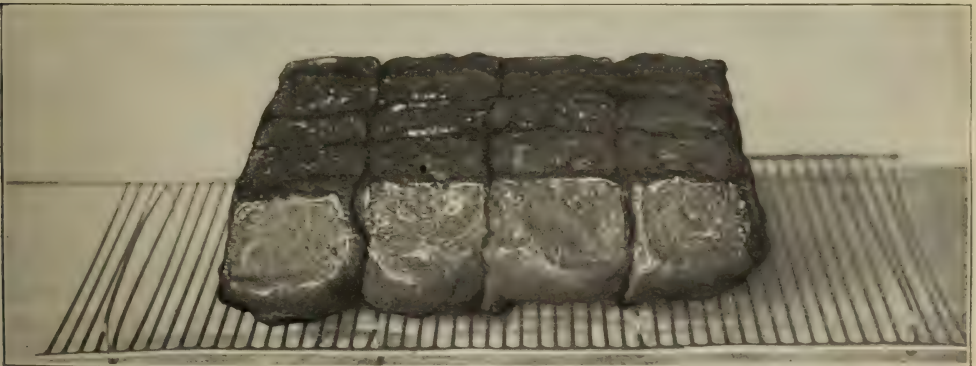
This dish may be made of left-over Boston baked beans, or a tablespoonful of curry powder and two onions, sliced and cooked brown in two tablespoonfuls of salt-pork fat, may be added to one pint of pea beans after they are disposed in the bean pot. For a pint of the left over beans, slice an onion in two tablespoonfuls of salt-pork fat, stir constantly and let cook until browned delicately; add from half to a whole tablespoonful of curry powder and half a cup of tomato purée and let simmer ten minutes, then strain over the beans, cover and set into the oven to

### Cream Cheese-and-Pimento Sandwiches

Cut thin slices of Boston Brown and white bread into rounds; cut the rounds, with the same cutter, to change each into a crescent and an oval-shaped piece. Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in as much or more cream or cottage cheese and one or two chopped pimentos. Spread on the pieces of white bread and press the brown bread above.

### Philadelphia Butter Buns

Mix a cake of compressed yeast through one-fourth a cup of scalded-



PHILADELPHIA BUTTER BUNS



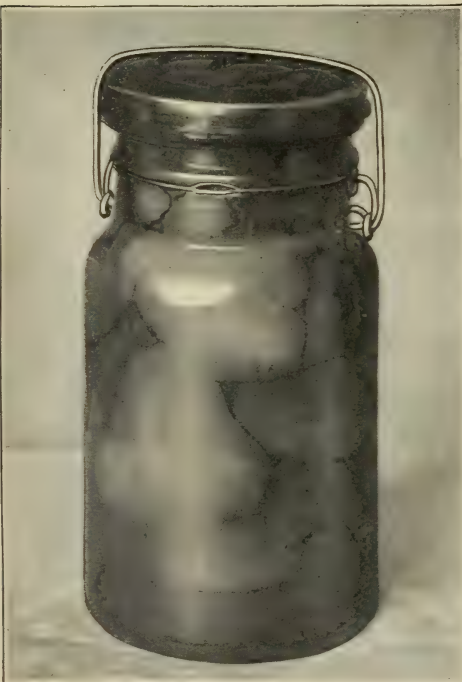
CANNED CARROTS. STRING BEANS, TOMATOES AND BEETS

and-cooled milk, then add to one cup of scalded-and-cooled milk; stir in about one cup and a half of bread flour, then beat the batter until very smooth. Cover and let stand, out of all draughts, until light. Add one-fourth a cup, each, of sugar and shortening, two yolks of eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, a grating of lemon rind or one-fourth a teaspoonful of mace, with flour enough for a dough. About two cups will be required. Knead until smooth and elastic. Cover close

and set aside to become doubled in bulk. Turn upside down on a board, roll into a rectangular sheet, spread with softened butter, dredge with sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle with currants and roll as a jelly roll. Cut into pieces about an inch and a quarter long. The dough will make sixteen buns. Butter well the bottom of a pan of the proper size and dredge generously with brown sugar; set the buns on the sugar and let become light. Bake in a moderate oven. Turn upside down. The sugar and butter should glaze the bottom of the buns. Serve with coffee or cocoa. These are good, reheated. Two or three tablespoonfuls of butter and nearly half a cup of sugar are none too much on the pan.

### Sweet Pickled Pears (One Quart Jar)

Cut seven or eight fair-sized pears in halves, remove cores and skin and press one or two cloves into each half-pear. Put two cups of brown sugar, half a cup of vinegar and two sticks of cinnamon bark, broken in pieces, over the fire. When boiling add a few pieces of the pears and let cook until tender. Remove to a sterilized jar. When all are cooked, fill the jar to overflow with the syrup, adjust and tighten the rubber and cover and set aside in a cool place.



SWEET PICKLED PEARS

### Apple-and-Elderberry Jelly

Pull the elderberries from the stems



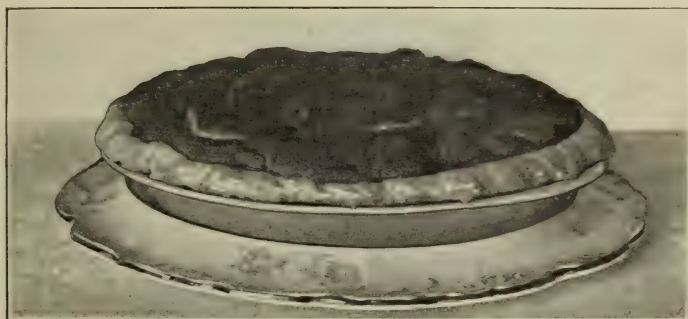
and let heat over the fire until the juice runs, then strain through a bag. Remove imperfections from the apples and cut them in quarters; barely cover with cold water, cover and let simmer undisturbed until soft throughout, then press through a bag. To three cups of apple juice add one cup of the elderberry juice. Let boil twenty minutes; add four cups of sugar, made hot in the oven, and let boil till the syrup will jell on a cold plate. Store in sterilized glass.

### Pickled String Beans

Select tender beans, keep them full length, but prepare otherwise as for the

Beat two whole eggs and one yolk until well mixed; add half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, one-third a cup of sifted bread crumbs (soft), two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one cup of tomato purée. Turn into buttered timbale molds. Set these on many folds of paper in a baking dish. Surround with boiling water. Bake in a moderate oven until the mixture is firm in the center. The water should not boil during the cooking. Remove the molds from the water. After two or three minutes unmold. Serve with cream sauce.

### Lyonnais Carrots



LEMON SPONGE PIE. (MISS SHEA)

table. Cover with boiling water and let boil ten to fifteen minutes; drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Pour on vinegar, scalding hot, to cover the beans. They will be ready to eat the next day.

### Lemon Sponge Pie

Beat three tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup and a half of sugar, then the beaten yolks of three eggs, the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of one lemon and a half. Mix three rounding tablespoonfuls of flour in half a cup of milk and stir into the mixture, then gradually stir in one cup of milk and, lastly, fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a pie plate, lined with pastry as for a custard pie. Bake about forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

### Tomato Timbales

Cut young tender carrots, well-scraped and washed, into lengthwise quarters; let cook in rapidly boiling water until nearly tender, then drain and dry on a cloth. For a pint of carrot, melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan—clarified butter is best—; add a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and the carrots; shake and turn the carrots until the butter is absorbed and the carrots well glazed. Turn into a hot dish and sprinkle with a scant tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley.

### Cauliflower Fritters, Villeroi

Cook a choice head of cauliflower in the usual manner and separate it into flowerets. Let become thoroughly cold. Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, half a cup, each, of chicken broth and cream and

one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; add the beaten yolk of an

granulated sugar or one cup and three-fourths of confectioner's sugar (sifted)



ALMOND MACAROONS WITH JELLY AND CHOCOLATE MACAROONS

egg and if convenient a rounding tablespoonful, each, of fine-chopped ham and chicken. Lastly, add a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold chicken broth or water. Stir over ice-water until the sauce thickens somewhat, then use to coat completely the cold flowerets of cauliflower. To coat, dip them into the sauce and set on a buttered plate. Remove to a cool place to become firm, then carefully dip in fritter batter and fry in deep fat. Serve at once, alone, as an entrée, or with the meat course.

### Fritter Batter for Cauliflower

Beat the yolks of two eggs and add half a cup of milk. Sift together one cup of flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, and gradually beat in the yolks and milk; lastly, fold in the whites of two eggs, beaten dry.

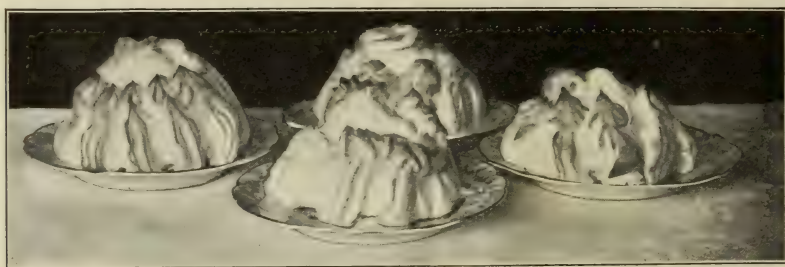
and when well-beaten beat in, one at a time, the unbeaten whites of two more eggs. Beat the whole until very light. Shape in small, smooth rounds (with a teaspoon) in baking pans lined with waxed paper. Set a bit of fruit jelly on each. Bake in a moderate oven from ten to fifteen minutes. Select large eggs.

### Chocolate Macaroons

Melt two ounces of chocolate over hot water and work into the above mixture, before or after adding the last two whites of eggs.

### Melba Ice Cream, Alaska Style

From sponge cake, half an inch thick, cut out rounds for individual service. Dispose on paper doilies set on a board. On these set a square slice of vanilla ice cream; on this set half a peach, holding a tablespoonful of Melba sauce



MELBA ICE CREAM, BAKED ALASKA STYLE

### Almond Macaroons, with Jelly

Beat one cup of almond paste and one unbeaten white of egg until smooth throughout; gradually beat in one cup of

(thick raspberry sauce); over this dispose ice-cream in dome-shape; cover with meringue, dredge with granulated sugar, and set on the board into a hot oven to brown the meringue delicately.



# Menus for Week in October

*Any causes which limit the food supply or increase the burden of securing adequate nourishment strike a blow at a nation's vital powers.—JORDAN.*

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Eggs, Shirred, with crumbs and Ham  
Pulled Bread  
Philadelphia Butter Buns  
Peach Butter Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Ham Soup  
Broiled Beef Steak, Bananas Sautéd  
Scalloped Potatoes Cauliflower Fritters  
Peach Sherbet Jelly Macaroons  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Fresh Lima-Bean Salad  
(Juliennes of Green Pepper, Cress and  
Baked Apples, Cottage Cheese  
Buttered Toast French Dressing)  
Tea Cocoa

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Smoked Beef, Creamed  
Small Potatoes, Baked  
Fried Mush, Syrup  
Coffee, Cocoa

## Luncheon

Cheese Custard  
Lettuce-and-Kohl Rabi Salad  
Sliced Peaches  
Macaroons Tea

## Dinner

Fore quarter of Lamb, Boiled,  
Caper Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes Boiled Turnips  
Baked Tapioca Custard Pudding  
Vanilla Sauce  
Half cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Top Milk  
Ham, Fried Eggs, Hashed Potatoes  
Fruit-and-Nut Rolls  
Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Salt fish Soufflé  
Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing or  
Pickled String Beans  
French Doughnuts  
Apple Marmalade  
Tea

## Dinner

Lamb Pilau, Turkish Style  
Shell Beans, Stewed  
Parker House Rolls  
Lemon Sponge Pie  
Half Cups of Coffee

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Cold, Boiled Calf's Tongue  
(pickled)  
Creamed Potatoes  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Fried Cereal Mush  
Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Macaroni, Milanaise  
Stuffed Tomato Salad  
Apple Fritters

## Dinner

Roast Loin of Veal, with Dressing  
Franconia Potatoes  
Egg Plant, Fried  
Crab Apple Jelly  
Custard Soufflé, Sabayon Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

French Omelet French Fried Potatoes  
Parker House Rolls, Reheated  
Baked Apples  
Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Lamb-and-Tomato Soup  
Rice Croquettes, Cheese Sauce  
Celery  
Apple Dumpling  
Tea

## Dinner

Baked Bluefish or Mackerel  
Cabbage Salad Mashed Potatoes  
Cauliflower, Cream Sauce  
Blushing Apples, Orange Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Sausage, Fried Apples  
White Corn-Meal Muffins  
Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Tomato Rabbit on Toast  
Lettuce-and-Celery Salad  
Grapes

## Dinner

Fowl en Casserole  
Tomato Salad  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Junket Ice Cream, Vanilla  
(Caramel Sauce with Nuts)  
Half Cups of Coffee

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Salt Codfish Balls  
New Cucumber Pickles  
Fried Cereal Mush, Syrup  
Rye Meal Muffins Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Tomato Timbales, Cream Sauce  
Apple Pie Edam Cheese  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Dinner

Cream of Spinach Soup, Croutons  
Fillets of Fresh Fish Fried in Deep Fat,  
(egged and breaded)  
Sauce Tartare  
Mashed Potatoes, Vienna Style  
Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce  
Lemon Sherbet Sponge Cake  
Half Cups of Coffee

# Special Menus for October



## LUNCHEONS

### I

Watermelon Cocktail in Halves of Muskmelon  
 Fried Oysters, Sauce Tartare  
 Truffled Chicken, Mousseline,  
 Sauce Supreme  
 Parker House Rolls  
 Mayonnaise of Stuffed Tomatoes on Lettuce  
 Leaves  
 Cheese Balls (fried in deep fat)  
 Graham Bread Sandwiches  
 Melba Ice Cream, Baked Alaska Style  
 Coffee

### II

Canapés à la Selon  
 Chicken-and-Oyster Broth  
 Browned Crackers  
 Fillets of Fresh Fish, Fried,  
 Potato Diamonds with Late Peas  
 Sauce Tartare  
 Lamb Chops, Maintenon Style  
 Lettuce, Sliced Tomatoes, French Dressing  
 Peach Bombe Glacé  
 Boiled Sponge Cake  
 Coffee

## LITTLE DINNERS

### I

Consomme à la Royal  
 Bread Sticks  
 Rolled Fillets of Fresh Fish, Baked,  
 Fish Bechamel Sauce  
 (Served in Individual Casseroles)  
 Cucumber Salad  
 Yeast Rolls  
 Roast Guinea Chickens  
 Guava Jelly  
 Rice Croquettes  
 Scalloped Egg Plant  
 Celery-and-Pear Salad  
 Charlotte Russe, with Macaroons  
 Coffee

### II

Grapes of Various Colors  
 on Grape Leaves  
 Consommé, with Quenelles  
 Truffled Halibut Timbales  
 Hollandaise Sauce  
 French Artichoke Bottoms, Stuffed  
 Bechamel Sauce  
 French Fried Potatoes  
 Apple Mint Jelly  
 Banana Fritters, Wine Sauce  
 Lettuce and Garden Cress  
 Cup St. Jacques  
 Small Lemon Queens  
 Coffee

## CRAFTING DISH SPREADS

### I

Brownie Canapés  
 New Pickles Olives  
 Chicken à la King  
 Lady Finger Rolls Little Mocha Cakes  
 Nougatines Coffee

### II

Canapés à la Selon  
 Creamed Oysters on Toast  
 Mayonnaise of Celery and Pineapple  
 Salad Rolls  
 Coffee

## CARD PARTY SPREADS

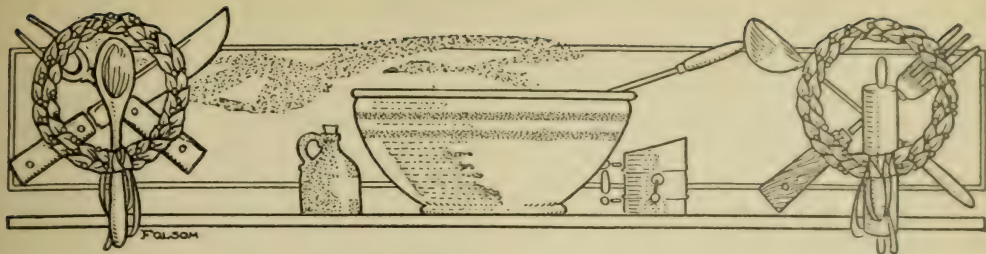
### I

Boiled Ham in Aspic Jelly  
 Lettuce, French Dressing  
 Parker House Rolls  
 Coffee  
 Frozen Apricots  
 Macaroons

### II

Tomato-and-Egg Salad, Mayonnaise Dressing  
 Bread and Butter Sandwiches  
 Grape Juice Frappé  
 Marshmallow Cake





## Novel Ideas from Poland and Constantinople, France and New York

*Dark Meats Cooked in Foreign Fashion*

By Julia Davis Chandler

LONG ago we learned that it was wise to listen to what men say, even casually, about food and cookery. It may be only a personal gastronomic rhapsody about some dish enjoyed, with no information of great value, and yet again, many times, a great deal may be learned about the material, its preparation and wisely chosen accessories. New fruits and beverages are thus made more familiar, when next one comes across them personally in traveling, or when reference to them is made in books or lectures upon travel.

A recent chat with an intelligent German-American about his childhood days on his father's comfortable place in Prussian Poland, started a hunt, through many a printed cookery book and files copied for reference, for the dish he mentioned as something not known in American homes.

Mr. Hermann Just, describing food he remembered in Prussian Poland as a child, spoke of the crop of poppy seed, which was used for making a delicate oil for the table; also, the poppy seeds were stewed for other dishes. These seeds were not the small black "*mohn*" common on nice rolls at German bakeries. He also referred to smoked breast, fat livers, etc., of geese and described the cooking of a goose slowly in a covered dish with fruits. Evidently the process known as braising was meant,—prunes, pears and mushrooms were used, he said; also a little vinegar, the latter to

cut the fat, presumably. He said the sauce was indescribably rich and delicious. Finally, dumplings were made for it.

At first, the American palace revolted at the combination, and the first thought was: No one but a German cook would put such things together! Then memory got to work and suggested: Did not Maria Blay publish something in Harper's Bazar long ago about cooking Guinea Fowl with Prunes? And guinea meat is like goose! And Swedish cooks put dried currants into roast veal stuffing, if you do not forbid them. And that advertising pamphlet from New York, a pretty book sent out by Reiss & Brady, has a recipe from a chef at The Plaza Hotel, a recipe quite similar, for cooking another dark bird, the partridge, that is, if quail be meant; for in some states the quail is called the partridge, and not the grouse, which has a white breast. This Partridge En Casserole is another corroboration of the Prussian Poland recipe. And away back in a big "Jumbo" book of copied recipes from hundreds of sources did we not find a friend's recipe from Constantinople. Here was Mutton with Apricots and Quinces and Spinach in Brown Gravy. This shows the whole world is a brotherhood of cooks, using what they have in their own different countries in very much the same way.

The exact methods and proportions of this Polish recipe for goose the inform-

ant could not give, only the general process. A sister was consulted, and she did not recall as much as the boy remembered of their native land, but she gave a Polish apple soup that is novel. By comparing the hints as given by the other authorities before referred to, which are sub-joined, and practicing a bit, the reader can get a satisfactory comprehension of the novelty and suit it to the family taste.

It is well to try a new dish in a small way, at first, and then say nothing about novel ingredients until it has been tasted, for the average American is conservative and will reject without tasting, or declare a novelty is not nice, from too speedy prejudice.

In similar fashion Anglo-Indian curries are made from meat, with some acid fruit juice, such as lemon, rhubarb, etc., and pounded cocoanut, mango pulp, and a dozen spices and aromatic seeds. And it is almost the same thing to use cranberry sauce with turkey, sour apple sauce on roast pork, and apple fritters with sausages, as to cook an acid fruit, like quinces, with a meat. Let us read first what Maria Blay says of

### "Guinea Hen with Prunes"

"Singe and draw a young fat guinea hen. Wipe inside with a clean, damp towel; sprinkle inside with one teaspoonful of salt and one-half a salt-spoonful of pepper. Put inside one-half a tablespoonful of butter. Truss lightly and make it look plump. Rub over it one teaspoonful of salt and half a salt-spoonful of pepper.

"Butter thickly a baking pan, and lay in the guinea, with three tablespoonfuls of good broth, or one-half a tablespoonful of melted butter and three tablespoonfuls of water.

"Cover with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven forty minutes. Previously prepare one pound of prunes, by washing and cooking in a pint of cold water thirty minutes. Remove the fruit carefully and take out the stones, and

return the fruit to the juice, with four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Simmer fifteen minutes and arrange around the guinea upon the platter."

Some lemon peel, or sour orange peel, cooked with the prunes, would enhance the dish for some people.

The friends, who lived in Turkey and praised the dish of mutton and fruits, could not tell just how it was prepared, but said the general directions were as follows:

### Mutton with Quinces, Etc.

Cut up the mutton, both fat and lean; cut it rather small and boil it with some quinces; then add it to the following that have been cooked separately, i.e., some apples, large, sweet apricots, broad beans and slices of oriental cucumbers that resemble our squashes or cymlings. Pour the rich brown gravy over all. This, with bread, made an exceedingly hearty luncheon, which they liked exceedingly during a long residence in Constantinople. Mutton was also cooked with apricots and spinach; this was dressed with oil.

Here is a recipe from an Oriental which seems much the same dish:

### Quince Yukne: By Zahera

Pare and core two and one-half pounds of quinces, as you would for preserves. Boil them tender. Cut a pound of meat into small pieces and fry it brown in dripping before boiling it in water, with a little salt in it, but no pepper, until the meat is well done. Then add the quince and let both simmer fifteen minutes. Serve with rice.

Pears, apricots, and apples, even the dried ones, may be prepared in the same manner, and lemon juice added to them is an improvement.

And now comes the recipe from the chef at The Plaza in New York City. Notice how very similar it is to the Prussian-Poland recipe given by Mr. Just:

### Partridge en Casserole



Place in the bottom of a casserole a mirepoix of sliced pear, apple and quince. Stuff the partridge with fresh hashed mushrooms (or canned mushrooms may be used) and pecan-nut meats; season to taste. Place the partridge in a hot oven to color; then transfer, breast up, to the casserole, arranged as above. Pour in half a pint of champagne, and season the bird with celery-salt and pepper; seal the casserole and place it in a moderate oven until done. Do not unseal the casserole until it has reached the table.

Without doubt the grouse is meant by the term partridge in this case, since a single quail would be too small a bird to thus stuff and treat en casserole.

Wine is used in this recipe, champagne and not vinegar, as mentioned for the Polish goose, although wine could be used in that. The donor of the recipe said that wine could be used in place of vinegar and that an excellent wine was made from pears combined with the grapes in the press; and rhubarb, also, can be used with grapes for a cooking wine. A pie of pears flavored with this

wine, he said, was fine; and the wine is nice for mincemeat.

And now, last, but not least, comes the apple soup remembered by the sister, who did not recall the braised goose with fruits. Since it is a family recipe, it is linked here with the meat dishes, hoping it may prove of interest, and be tried, since the ingredients would cost little on many a farm. It is like most German fruit-soups made without meat. These consist of a purée of fruit, strawberries, cherries, raisins, prunes or apricots. Usually they are flavored with wine. They can be served hot or iced, and zwieback is served with them. The soup when served cold is put in small glass bowls or cups.

### Apple Soup (Mrs. Haas, Springfield, Ohio)

Heat some fresh apple juice and some milk, using more milk than apple juice. Season with salt, sugar, and a lump of butter. Thicken with sago or tapioca; or, instead of the sago and tapioca, dice of toasted bread may be added just before serving.

## The Light of Life

Oh, the magic of summer eves when life  
was new,  
The world enfolded in glory that made  
it young,—  
The joy-light, life of my heart, the love of  
you!

What breathing of vows where soft winds  
whispering flew,  
Tilting gold censers the honeysuckle  
swung!  
Oh, the magic of summer eves when life  
was new!

Within my dream the Beautiful perfect  
grew;  
My soul all day, like a bird at dawning,  
sung  
The joy-light, life of my heart, the love of  
you!

How rapt the silences our hearts spoke  
through—  
Deep spirit-harmonious that hushed the  
tongue!—  
Oh, the magic of summer eves when life  
was new!

The sky was warm with fire of stars; the  
dew  
Like glad eyes flamed; light through my  
pulses sprung,—  
The joy-light, life of my heart, the love of  
you!  
Still hand in hand! The silver is brighter,  
too,  
Than golden hair! The charm through  
the years has clung—  
Oh, the magic of summer eves when life  
was new,  
The joy-light, life of my heart, the love of  
you!

STOKELY S. FISHER.

# A Family Where The Boys Are Proud to Help

By Clio Mamer

NOT so very long ago a friend of mine gave a luncheon followed by a card party. To our surprise, her youngest brother, a lad of twelve, waited upon us with an ease of manner which a well trained maid might envy. And this was not the only surprise which we experienced during the course of the afternoon, for when we complimented Donald upon his performance, he smiled and glanced towards his mother. It was then that Mrs. B. volunteered the information that Donald had prepared the entire menu all by himself. And such a good luncheon it was, too! "Cream of tomato soup, pineapple and celery salad, chicken croquettes, with peas and mashed potatoes, peach ice-cream, and two different kinds of cake, and coffee." And everything, even the ice-cream and cake, made by our little chef! We couldn't get over talking about it, and Donald, instead of being embarrassed at our astonishment, was delighted. He even volunteered to give us the recipes for his delicious cakes.

In speaking to his mother about it, afterwards, I asked her how she had ever managed to make such a fine cook out of him. "Indeed, I didn't have much to do with it," she answered modestly, "for he can cook better than I can. He seems to have a natural talent for it, and when I discovered it I encouraged him in every way possible. You see, each one of the boys has a certain amount of the housework to tend to, and I try to make each one a specialist in some certain line. Donald is the cook, John does most all of the cleaning, and Robert, who is exceptionally strong for sixteen, keeps the floors in good condition. Doesn't this floor look nice?" she asked, pointing to the shiny, waxed parlor floor. "Robert gave it an extra fine polishing this morning in honor of the

party. You'll laugh when I tell you that Richard not only turns the washing machine for me, but he does a considerable amount of the ironing as well. He can iron a shirt-waist or a pleated dress as well as any girl. They all take care of their own rooms, so that leaves very little work for me to do. And it's a good thing, too," she added, "for it keeps me busy just superintending my workers and looking out for baby."

"Well, you certainly have a fine scheme for keeping house," I said, "but how did you ever manage to get the boys to help? Most boys are ashamed to have it known that they have to do anything at home. Don't the other boys tease them on account of it?"

"On the other hand, their playmates seem to envy them their skill," she answered. "In fact, there's many a twelve-year old in Donald's room at school who wishes he could cook as Donald can, for Donald is going to get a four weeks' camping trip this summer on the score of his ability as a cook. You see, his oldest brother, Fred, is going on a camping trip with seven or eight other young men about his own age, and they are very anxious to take Donald along to help them cook, and I am going to let him go, too, for I think he deserves the treat, and I know he'll be perfectly safe with Fred. Oh, no, indeed, they don't make fun of any of my boys for helping me," Mrs. B. laughed. "They can't very well be disrespectful to their football or baseball captains, can they?"

The secret was out. Mrs. B.'s boys were real live boys, in spite of the fact that they could cook, and sew, and wash, and iron. There wasn't one of them who couldn't hold his place with any other boy in any task he might undertake to perform. They could row, and fish, and hunt, and play ball, and even



fight when necessary, and their mother was just as interested in their play as she was in their work. That their scholarship was not lowered in any way, on account of the assistance they gave at home, was proved when Donald insisted upon dragging his brother John into the room to show off the "Honors" which he had brought home from school. John attends a boys' school, which has its holiday on Thursday instead of Saturday, and which rewards the boy who has stood highest in his classes, during the month, with a small piece of red ribbon with the word "Honors" printed upon it in gold letters.

"Most mothers," Mrs. B. went on to add, "consider it too much trouble to train their children to bear any of the household burdens. They say it is easier to do the things themselves than it is to stop and show the children how to do them, and then to watch and see that they do them properly. I think that is a great mistake, for it makes the children lazy, and they grow up without having any sense of responsibility."

"But Mrs. B., doesn't it seem just the least bit queer to you to have the boys doing work which is usually allotted to the girls?"

"I'll admit that it did, at first," she answered, "and probably, if the children had come in a different order, the girls might have done all the housework, but, you see, my two girls are the eldest and they are both working. So is Fred. That lets him out of helping at home to any

great extent. I don't think it's fair for either girls or boys to have to fill two jobs. So there was no alternative except for the younger boys to do their share. I simply couldn't manage this big house all by myself, and Mr. B.'s salary does not justify our keeping a maid. The boys are all sensible fellows, and, once they realized that it was a question of assisting their mother and keeping her with them, or of letting her do all the work and thus run the danger of losing her, they were all eager to help."

Here, to my mind, is one woman who has solved the servant problem in a very satisfactory manner. To this woman a family of three girls and four boys is no burden. She has trained them so that they not only can look after themselves, but after others as well. Even the baby girl, who has just turned four, had helped make things pleasant for us. Seated in her high-chair, she had shelled the peas.

How many mothers train their children as this mother has trained hers! Is not her observation that most women refuse to be bothered with having the children puttering around correct? Or, if they do insist upon the girls doing their share, do they not let the greater part of the burden rest upon the elder daughter, who more often than not is working, and who, in more than one case, is obliged upon her return from a hard day's work to tidy up the house and wash the supper dishes, while the younger children are out at play?

## At Henriette's

By Elsie James

ALL the students and the artists of the Quartier know Henriette's. It took me five months to discover its charm, not because I had not heard it spoken of, but because I had stubbornly resisted the

entreaties of my friends to accompany them there. "Humph!" I growled—"those cafes are all romance and bad dinner, with a raft of red-Baedekered Americans to spoil it all!" And now I am one of the charmed circle.

I remember well the first time H. dragged me there. "This is the famous Leopold Robert," he cried—rushing me past the awe-inspiring line of concierges—"the shortest and gossipiest street in dear old Paris. The famous washerlady author of Marie Claire lives there, and there," exclaimed he excitedly, "is Henriette's." I sniffed, all I could see was a modest sign of "Creamerie" swinging over a modest door.

At first I was disgusted—the narrow entry—the glimpses I got of the kitchen with its "plats" spread out in view—the wall-case of napkins in their yellow rings—the reserve of wine bottles—the big lumps of bread recalled too vividly a third class American boarding house. But after we had found our table and the room began to fill, I felt differently. "Look at those mural decorations," cried I enthusiastically—"aren't they just nice? and the signature in the corner! By jove, how did they get here?" I asked. "Listen," said H.—between the mouthfuls of Henriette's most famous omelette—"When Miss S. first began to work seriously, she lived here in the Quartier; things did not go very well that first winter, for her one decent meal she came here—but didn't have money enough to pay for it. Henriette felt sorry for her and let her run up a bill. Finally, not having the money, but knowing the value of her work, she transformed these bare walls for the delighted Henriette. Thus"—finished H.—"she has bequeathed us the wonderful History of the Queen of Hearts." In truth, the coloring is effective and the legend well executed, the "ensemble" lends an air of romance and mystery. At night with the soft light of the candles the quaint procession seems to march around the room. However, I do not

think the knave would get very far, he is knock-kneed. "And who is this Henriette?" I asked. "Oh, a robust French woman with a genius for cookery which is distinctly French, and a sense for orderliness which is not. She opened this cafe some ten years ago—making a modest beginning with one store and a tiny serving room."

The room was quite full now, and I turned my attention to "*mes voisins*." "Who is that fellow in the Norfolk? an artist, I wager." "Rather—he is the well-known X.—the '*point de mire*' of our reunions here; Marie and Jeanne just run to wait on him, that is his table, and only the most famous few are allowed to sit with him. The man next is an Oriental who has taken all sorts of honors at the Sorbonne. That queer crab in the fez, American, I believe, a missionary in Turkey—married a Turkish woman—(heard him say so himself) for the good of the cause. Oh, we have all sorts of cosmopolitans here."

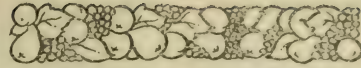
I began to feel alive. "It is a progressive sort of game here," he added—"just come often—have your own table and, by and by, if they like you and if you are doing something big, you will yet attain the wonderful X.'s table."

Of course the dinner was wonderful, the something in the atmosphere more wonderful still and the roomful grew into one intimate circle. I watched H. in amazement as he put his ten centimes under the plate. He laughed, "that's one of our rules here." At the door Susanne with her chalk and slate "*faisait l'addition*." Of course I went away captivated only to return again and again.

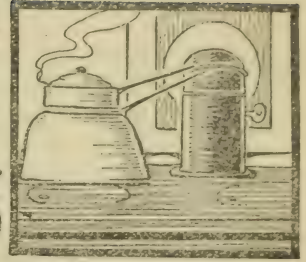
No one can exactly describe the fascination of Henriette's, but it is there. Wander in any night and find out how like "Boule Miche," how like the "Gardens," like all the Quartier, in fact, it has its mysterious subtle charm.







# HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

## Systematic Elimination

## Some Valuable Hints

**H**OW many homes one goes into that have perfectly useless, homely things in conspicuous places! What a gain for repose and beauty, to say nothing of space, if these objects could be eliminated! Those having real value or sentiment could be shut away in a closet, for a time, to be enjoyed later; others could be given for grabs or mysteries at fairs; others to people with little. I know a woman who regularly goes through every room, closet and drawer, passing on books, magazines, ornaments, pictures, china and linen to greater usefulness—sometimes into other departments of her own home, and sometimes into other homes.

B. C. E.

\* \* \*

## About Red Hands

**R**ED hands are so unsightly, and do, in spite of everything, remind one of the kitchen; many people, especially in winter, are greatly annoyed by them; if our readers will try the following old reliable remedy, they are sure to be well pleased with the inexpensive venture.

Wash the hands thoroughly with good soap and luke-warm water before retiring; pat them dry on a soft linen towel; then rub into the skin a little of the following lotion: Mix together, in a bottle, the strained juice of a lemon, the same quantity of rose water, and half the quantity of compound tincture of benzoin; shake before using, and do not wear tight sleeves.

When it is necessary to use pins, have only fine ones, nice and smooth, in your work basket, to hold patterns in place when cutting; they leave no trace when removed, and large ones often cause irreparable damage.

A convenient pincushion for sewing machine or the dress while working, is made by covering a surgeon's sponge with soft wool goods; attach a loop of ribbon to one corner; soak, wash in warm water and dry the sponge before covering it; this makes it soft and pliable.

When a drawn work or hemstitched article gives way, it may be repaired by stitching over it a strip of lace or embroidery insertion; it is very satisfactory as well as pretty, and adds new life to the article.

To hang a dress skirt is often a very trying problem to a novice. Here is a never-failing rule: Fit the skirt, put it on the band and press it; put it on; stand squarely on both feet, and place a yard stick on the floor, holding it up to the person; with it measure up thirty inches and put a pin in the skirt; do this at five inch intervals all way around; take off skirt, and if you want it two inches from the ground, measure and baste it twenty-seven inches from the pins, downward; three inches from ground, twenty-six inches. Have someone measure for the pins around the upper part, as bending over you cannot get it straight yourself.

L. N.

## Easy Laundry Work

**A**FTER spending many years and untold hard labor in washing according to the old way, I have, at last, been persuaded to adopt a new method, which has proved a boon, indeed, in saving my back and, not least of all, my time. It is as old as the hills, but prejudice and "the way mother did" habit keeps many a woman following in the footsteps of her ancestors, wearily oblivious to new labor-saving devices.

Thy system? Yes, it is the cold water way. Try it on one of these hot days and you will be converted unwittingly. First, select Tuesday as a wash-day, instead of Monday. After the hurly-burly that naturally follows in the wake of a comfortable Sunday at home, when the house is disarranged, from top to bottom, you will find it infinitely satisfactory. Then be sure that you have on hand either the naphtha that comes at 10c. a bar, or that which sells as low as six for a quarter, which I have used with equal success. Now on Monday morning rub each piece thoroughly with soap and roll tight as for ironing. One tub will hold many of these rolls. Be sure to have enough water to cover them. You may have as many tubs as you have kinds of clothes. On Tuesday take out enough rolls to fill a washing-machine. These must be unrolled, of course. Put through and drop into the rinse water—two if necessary. A slight rubbing after going through the machine will take out the dirty places, not wholly clean. You will be utterly surprised how the dirt just naturally falls out after the long soaking in cold water. After bluing and starching, the clothes are ready for the line. Here Apollo and the naphtha-man seem to be in cahoots, for the process, begun with the rubbing on of the soap, is here completed by a splendid bleaching, and clothes white enough to suit the most fastidious flap in the breezes. Even a somewhat dingy piece will, with the help of the soap,

bleach white. Of course, occasionally tea towels and very soiled garments may be boiled, but, even at that, the hard labor is mitigated. So I beg of you to lay aside your old-fashioned ideas for once and be convinced that hot water is not a necessary concomitant of a successful wash-day. o.

\* \* \*

## Suggestions for an Apple Luncheon

**W**HILE our delicious apples still remain a delicacy, in contradistinction to the household standby they form later in the season, the apple motive can be used as the basis of an entire menu, with piquant success. For instance, the entertainer who loves to seek out the unusual even in her lesser affairs can arrange an apple luncheon, in which the rosy cheeked fruit plays chief role.

Whatever the hour decided upon, the invitations can be made extremely pretty. Prepare them in this way: Have heavy linen note sheets for them, and at the head of each sheet paint in water color a spray of leaves in Kate Greenaway style, with one rosy apple pendant therefrom. Below each apple bough could be a quotation about the fruit. It adds to the effect, if this quotation is written in red ink and fancy lettering is employed.

Lunch cloths with a design of apples are easily embroidered by the needle worker, or they can be obtained in the shops, and one of these, when practicable, makes such a pretty touch in the decorations. For the centerpiece, have a charming old-fashioned epergne piled high with the fruit of the occasion, and some pretty foliage of the apple tree. It is effective to have apples of a different color on each tier, beginning with the tiny lady apples, alternating, if these are obtainable at the time, on the top of the dish. Have strings of red and green apples, crossing each other, suspended above the table, and for place cards have rosy apples cut from art paper and col-



ored; or apple bonbonnières, filled with candies, can have conventional place cards of small size tied to their stems with ribbon.

At an apple feast given in October (1911) the first course was a fruit salad served in porcelain apples, the red and green of which added a very charming note to the scheme. Where these are not available, the natural fruit can be cut in halves and used as cups. When the "lid" is added, the effect is that of a whole fruit on the plate. Let the principal course of the menu, which may be either chops, beefsteak or an omelet, come to the table decorated with bacon and fried apples. With any one of these French fried potatoes and hot biscuit or toast with butter would be appetizing. The salad might be a combination of pineapple, white grapes and bits of apple, served in apple baskets, or in green apple forms of crepe paper over cardboard.

The dessert might appropriately be a French compote of apples, made by cooking the peeled fruit until transparent in a thick syrup flavored with ginger root. Serve cold with angel food or delicate sponge cake. Baked apples, decorated with whipped cream and candied ginger, or apple fritters, or dumplings could be substituted for the compote if desired.

After luncheon have the company adjourn to the porch or living room to enjoy an apple game. A silver dish is passed, heaped high with pasteboard apples. Each guest takes one and, on opening it, finds a little card and a sharpened pencil. On the former the following questions appear:

What apple is found in the sea? (Crab.)

Which is sharpest? (Thorn.)

Which is a favorite for summer shoes? (Russet).

Which is a great American river? (St. Lawrence.)

Which is a natural beverage? (Cider.)

Which the friend of a biblical kind? (Jonathan.)

Which makes a warm coat? (Ast-rakhan.)

Which gives an Arctic explorer? (Baldwin.)

Which appears in the calendar? (May.)

Which is found only in the winter? (Snow.)

Give a piece of china, as a plate or pitcher, with apple design, as a prize for the best set of answers. S. J. H.

\* \* \*

### The Sunday Dinner

IT was a family who believed in church going and Sunday School. The house mother did not think any one should be kept at home to cook the Sunday dinner, but it was, also, her opinion that the Sunday dinner ought to harmonize with the day, and be the best of the week.

How did she manage it? It should be explained that no domestic was kept in this home. It was like the average American home, where there is quite sufficient for good living, but where mother and daughter divide the work, with a woman to clean once or twice a week.

In the proper season, roast turkey was always the prominent feature. The turkey was properly washed on Saturday night, and the stuffing prepared, though not put in. Potatoes could also be pared over night, and left to stand in cold water. On Sunday morning the turkey was stuffed, and put in the oven with a slow fire. There was time to baste it once or twice. Then the entire family went to church. Sunday School followed quickly on the morning service. The daughter was a teacher, the man of the house was the Superintendent. All were members of the School except the mother. She went home directly, put on the stove drafts, and soon had the turkey sizzling, with frequent basting, and all the better for the slow, initial baking. The potatoes were ready to cook; it took but a few minutes to prepare another

vegetable if desired. The cranberries had been stewed or jellied on Saturday. The coffee was mixed in advance. Though the dessert was an important feature, there is little need to mention it. Everybody knows that mince pies, or fruit puddings, or jellies can be prepared days ahead of time. There was only the table to lay, and everything was ready to serve when the others returned from Sunday School. A delicious dinner, and it did not seem to require any great exertion, either.

H. A. H.

\* \* \*

### The Visitor in the Kitchen

**H**ARDLY any housekeeper enjoys having a guest extend her visiting to the domain of the kitchen. On special occasions, when company meals are under way, the room is not likely to be in its normal condition, and the unusual disarray belies the ordinary habits of the home maker. Moreover, the hostess wishes to make the meals a surprise to her guests, and does not care to have the viands inspected in advance. The presence of a stranger, particularly one who is talkative, is apt to confuse and annoy one who is trying to give her whole mind to preparing or clearing away a meal. Such tasks require the undivided attention.

Obvious as these facts are, many guests seem to ignore them, even those who ought to know by experience that their presence in the kitchen is not over welcome. Sometimes, in the kindness of their hearts, they think they can be of help, when, to tell truth, their efforts hinder the work, instead of advancing it. Often they are frankly inquisitive, wanting to know what kitchen conveniences you have, and how you make this or that article. Now every housekeeper has her own little secrets, or her own little idiosyncrasies, and she is not always

pleased to explain the minute details of her menage to another, possibly to another who has quite different ideas on various domestic subjects. On the whole, it is the part of true courtesy to accept the role of a guest in the most elegant interpretation, not to force one's services on the hostess, and to regard the kitchen as a strictly private domain.

### Known by One's Recipes

By nothing is a housekeeper more distinctly known than by her cooking recipes. A collection from different sources is almost autobiographical. Between the lines one may estimate the amount of income, the size of the family, the character of their entertaining, and to some extent the mental calibre of the writer. One person may be habitually extravagant in the use of eggs and butter, another is conspicuously stingy. The housekeeper, cooking for a large family, gives directions on such an ample scale that the bride is appalled. Some cooks run to the elaborate and fussy, and others restrict themselves to the easiest and simplest dishes. Some evidently cater to delicate stomachs, and show in their selections that there are invalids and children at their table. Others seem to revel in delicious indigestibles.

As to the form in which a recipe is given, the writer shows plainly whether she is systematic and methodical, or careless and haphazard. The order in which ingredients are put together, and a careful measurement of the materials are indispensable features of a recipe. Nothing is so discouraging to a beginner as the vague reference to "flour enough for a stiff dough," or "milk enough for a thin batter." The housekeeper whose pantry shelves are kept in good order is apt to write a neat and explicit recipe. The knack is worth acquiring.

E. M. H.







**T**HIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For *modus* remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1881.—“Recipe for French Crullers (very delicate). French lemon icing, made with very little sugar.”

### French Crullers

Put one cup of boiling water, two level tablespoonfuls of sugar, a grating of orange rind and one-fourth a cup of butter over the fire; when boiling sift in one cup of sifted pastry flour and stir and cook to a smooth ball of paste; turn into an earthen bowl, and beat in, one after another, three eggs. Beat the mixture smooth after each addition of an egg. Drop from a tablespoon, in as smooth shape as possible, into hot fat; turn often and let cook until well-puffed and brown. Drain on soft paper.

### Lemon Icing

Into two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and two of boiling water beat sifted confectioner's sugar to make of a consistency to spread. This icing calls for considerable sugar and may not be the one desired.

QUERY 1882.—“My sponge cake is very uncertain; will you kindly publish a good recipe.”

### Sponge Cake

5 yolks of eggs	Grated rind and juice
1 cup of granulated sugar	of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon
	1 cup of flour
	5 whites of eggs

Beat the yolks until light-colored and thick; gradually beat in the sugar, the lemon rind and juice. Beat the whites dry. Cut and fold half of the whites

into the yolks and sugar; sift over the sifted flour, cut and fold into the mixture, then cut and fold in the rest of the whites; turn into an unbuttered tube pan and bake from fifty to sixty minutes in a moderate oven. Let cool in the inverted pan. In an up-to-date cook book a variety of sponge cake recipes may be found, also explicit directions for mixing with reason thereof. The above is a standard recipe. Note that the mixture is *not stirred* from start to finish.

QUERY 1883.—“Recipe for Iced Orange Bouillon, served as a first course at luncheon.”

### Iced Orange Bouillon

Strain one pint of orange juice and the juice of one lemon through cheese cloth; heat to the boiling point; stir in a level teaspoonful of arrow-root sifted with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and let simmer ten minutes. Chill before serving.

QUERY 1884.—“Recipe for Spanish Omelet.”

### Spanish Omelet

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook one tablespoonful of fine-chopped onion and a slice of red or green pepper, also fine chopped. Add one cup and a half of tomatoes and let simmer until the moisture has evaporated. Add a tablespoonful of sliced mushrooms (cooked), a tablespoonful of capers and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper. This is to use as a filling and garnish for the omelet. Beat four eggs until a full

spoonful can be taken up; add four tablespoonfuls of water, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper and mix thoroughly. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a hot omelet pan, turning the pan to spread the butter thoroughly over the surface; pour in the egg mixture, and shake the pan, back and forth, that the mixture may slide on the pan, tipping it meanwhile to let the uncooked egg down upon the bottom of the pan. When the egg is nearly "set" throughout, spread a little sauce over it, and roll and turn upon a hot serving dish; pour the rest of the sauce around it and serve at once.

QUERY 1885.—"Recipes for Almond Paste, Almond Macaroons, Hermits, Chocolate Spice Cake made with raisins, nuts and sour milk, Maple Sugar Cake strongly flavored with maple and a creamy maple nut frosting. Also state the difference between 'Dot' chocolate and ordinary chocolate and where one can obtain the same."

### Almond Paste

Almond paste may be bought, in pound tins, at a store where fancy groceries are kept. We do not think it could be made satisfactorily at home. A recipe for macaroons may be found among the seasonable recipes.

### Hermits

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	in bits
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
1 egg	cinnamon
2 tablespoonfuls of	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
milk	cloves
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
2 teaspoonfuls of	mace
baking powder	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of raisins cut	nutmeg

Cream the butter; add the sugar, egg, beaten light, and the milk, sift together the flour, baking powder and spices and add to the first mixture; add the raisins. More flour may be needed. Roll into a sheet, cut into rounds and bake in a moderate oven.

### Chocolate Spice Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	raisins
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of chopped
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of seeded	nut meats

3 squares of choc- olate, melted	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of pastry flour
1 egg beaten light	2 cups of entire wheat flour
1 cup of sour milk	$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls of
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of soda	mixed spices

Cream the butter; beat in one cup of the sugar and add the fruit and nuts and the chocolate. Beat the egg; add the rest of the sugar and beat into the first mixture; add the sour milk and flour, sifted with the soda and spices, alternately. Bake in small tins or in a sheet. Granulated sugar may be sifted on the top of the mixture as it is put into the oven.

### Cake Mixture with Maple Sugar

Substitute maple sugar for granulated sugar in some recipe that you have found reliable and see how it works.

### Maple Nut Frosting

Melt half a pound of maple sugar in half a cup of boiling water, cover and let boil two or three minutes; remove the cover and let boil to 238° F. or to the soft ball stage. Pour in a fine stream on the white of one egg, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile, then return the syrup with the egg to the saucepan, and stir and cook, on an asbestos mat or over boiling water, until the frosting thickens a little; add half a cup of nuts broken in pieces and spread at once. When cooked just right the frosting will crust over slightly on the outside.

### "Dot" and Ordinary Chocolate

"Dot" chocolate is put up by the Walter Baker Co. It is used for dipping candies, nuts, small cakes or any article that would be improved by a coating of chocolate. In use absolutely nothing is added to it. Ordinary chocolate can not be used in the same way.

QUERY 1886.—"Recipe for Puffed Baked Potatoes, with Paprika."

### Puffed Baked Potatoes

Scrub and wash potatoes of the same size and bake until done. Cut two slits



(to form a cross) in one of the flat sides of each potato, and empty the pulp from the skin. Pass this through a ricer and season as needed with salt, paprika and butter, using the paprika generously, half a teaspoonful to a pint. For about a pint of potato, beat the white of an egg, dry, and beat it lightly through the mixture. Put this mixture back into the skins, shaping it neatly, but letting it emerge slightly from the slits in the top. Return to the oven to become very hot and puffy.

QUERY 1887.—“Recipe for Lady Baltimore Cake.”

### Lady Baltimore Cake

1 cup of butter	6 whites of eggs
2 cups of sugar	Frosting
3½ cups of flour	3 cups of sugar
2½ level teaspoonfuls	1 cup of boiling water
of baking powder	3 whites of eggs
1 cup of milk	1 cup of raisins
1 teaspoonful of rose	1 cup of nut meats
water	5 figs

Mix in the usual manner. For the frosting, boil the sugar and water (as in making fondant) to 238° F. and add to the whites, beaten dry; add the fruit and nuts, chopped, and the figs, cut in bits. Flavor to taste.

QUERY 1888.—“Recipe for Lady Fingers and Marguerites.”

### Lady Fingers

3 eggs	powdered sugar
½ a cup and	½ a cup of flour
2 tablespoonfuls of	Grating of lemon rind

Beat the yolks till light-colored and thick; gradually beat in the sugar and lemon rind. Beat the whites dry; cut and fold half of the whites into the yolks and sugar; fold in the flour, then the rest of the whites. Shape the mixture in a pan, lined with paper, in portions an inch wide and five inches long. Dredge with sugar and bake about twelve minutes to a straw color. Shape quickly with teaspoon or pastry bag handling as little as possible.

### Marguerites

Boil one cup of sugar and half a cup of water to 240 degrees Fahr. or until it

will spin a thread two inches in length. Add five marshmallows, cut in small pieces, and let stand on the back of the range a moment, to melt the pieces of marshmallow. Pour in a fine stream on the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Add two tablespoonfuls of cocoanut, one cup of chopped walnut meats and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Dispose on choice crackers and set in a moderate oven until the mixture is lightly colored. Serve in the place of cake or cookies.

QUERY 1889.—“Why does sponge cake fall in the center? It rises well, and is perfectly baked without a doughy streak, but falls in the center just before it is time to remove it from the oven. The cake is made with baking powder and water.”

### Trouble with Sponge Cake

There is such a thing as too light a cake. The eggs in the cake referred to may have been beaten too much, or folded in too carefully to admit the addition of baking powder. A sponge cake in which the lightness depends entirely upon the air, beaten into the eggs, is put together and baked quite differently than where part of the lightness comes from baking powder or its equivalent. Try beating the eggs without separating the whites from the yolks, then gradually beat in the sugar, then the water and flour with the baking powder, alternately.

QUERY 1890.—“Recipe for Plain Tomato Soup without stock or milk.”

### Plain Tomato Soup

Sauté half an onion cut in thin slices, half a carrot and two branches of celery, cut fine, in two tablespoonfuls of butter or dripping until yellowed and softened; add one can of tomatoes, two branches of parsley, part of a “spice bag” or a teaspoonful of savory herbs and one quart of water; let simmer twenty minutes, then strain. Return to the fire with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch or potato flour, smoothed in water and stir until boiling. Let simmer ten minutes.

Season with salt and paprika. Green or red pepper pod, cut in shreds, may be added with the other vegetables. Celery leaves may replace the stalks.

QUERY 1891.—“Recipes for Apple-Mint Jelly and Mint Jelly made with Gelatine.”

### Apple Mint Jelly

Cut the apples in quarters, removing imperfections. Barely cover with boiling water, put on a cover and let cook, undisturbed, until soft throughout. Turn into a bag to drain. For a quart of this apple juice set three cups of sugar on shallow dishes in the oven to heat. Set the juice over the fire with the leaves from a bunch of mint; let cook twenty minutes, then strain into a clean saucepan. Heat to the boiling point, add the hot sugar and let boil till the syrup when tested jellies slightly on a cold dish. Tint with green color-paste very delicately. Have ready three to five jelly glasses on a cloth in a pan of boiling water. Let the glasses be filled with the water; pour out the water and turn in the jelly. When cooled a little remove to a board or table.

### Mint Jelly with Gelatine

$\frac{1}{2}$ a package of gelatine	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of cold water	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of paprika
1 cup of granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of mint leaves
1 cup of vinegar	Green color paste

Soften the gelatine in the cold water. Boil the sugar and vinegar five or six minutes, add the softened gelatine, the salt, paprika, mint leaves, chopped fine, and color paste to tint as desired. Stir in ice and water until the mixture begins to thicken (that the mint may not settle); turn into small moulds and set aside to become firm. When turned from the moulds, garnish with the tips from fresh stalks of mint.

QUERY 1892.—“Recipe for old-fashioned ‘Sally Lunn,’ made without yeast.”

### Sally Lunn

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk
1 cup of sugar	2 eggs beaten without

separating	2 slightly rounding
2 cups of flour	teaspoonfuls of
1 teaspoonful of soda	cream of tartar

Mix as any butter cake; when baked cut in squares and serve hot with butter for luncheon or tea. Less sugar may be use.

QUERY 1893.—“Recipe for Dill Pickles.”

### Dill Pickles

Scrub the cucumbers and put them in an earthen dish in layers, sprinkling salt between the layers. Use a cup of salt to four quarts of cucumbers. Cover with cold water and let stand over night. Drain and put into glass jars with two or three branches of dill in each jar; put in also a green or red pepper, cut in halves. Fill the jar to overflow with vinegar, scalding hot. Seal and set aside in a cool place.

QUERY 1894.—“Recipe for Planked Steak.”

### Planked Steak

The steak should be cut about an inch and a quarter thick. Wipe carefully with a damp cloth. Have ready a hot broiler, well-oiled or rubbed over with a bit of fat. Cook the steak over the coals about eight minutes, turning four or five times. Set the steak on a hot plank. Pile hot mashed potato around the edge of the plank. Brush over the edges of the potato with the yolk of an egg, beaten and diluted with a little milk, and set the plank into a hot oven to brown and reheat the potato and finish cooking the steak. Remove from the oven. Fill the space between the steak and the potato with cooked peas, string beans and slices of carrot, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter. Set halves of cooked kohlrabi, scooped out to make cups, filled with peas and carrot above the steak. Finish with four flowerets of cooked cauliflower, dipped in fritter-batter and fried. Serve mushroom sauce in a bowl. For the cauliflower see Cauliflower, Villeroi style, in the seasonable recipes.





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Twenty countries contribute  
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*make Crest Chocolates worth*

One Dollar a Pound

QUERY 1895.—“Recipe for Corn Relish.”

## Corn Relish

Cut the corn from two dozen ears; chop rather fine one head of cabbage, four large onions, four green peppers and one red pepper, first discarding the seeds of the peppers. Add one quart of vinegar and set to boil. Mix together three cups of sugar, three-fourths a cup of flour, half a cup of salt and one-fourth a cup of dry mustard; stir in one quart of vinegar, then stir through the hot vegetables. Let boil half an hour; add two teaspoonfuls of celery seed and store as canned fruit.

QUERY 1896.—“Is it possible to reserve a yolk of egg for filling or a white for frosting without otherwise changing a recipe for cake?”

## Changing Cake Recipes

If you expect to have success with a cake recipe, follow the recipe. Use just as many yolks or whites of eggs as are specified in the recipe. Possibly some particular recipe might produce a good cake, if, where calling for three whites of eggs, you should reserve one of the whites for frosting and fill its place in the cake with one of the yolks, but the resultant cake would not be identical with cake made by the recipe.

QUERY 1897.—“Can a recipe for Plain Cake be changed to a richer cake by adding simply more butter, sugar or eggs?”

## Plain and Rich Cake

A beginner in cookery should not attempt to make over cake recipes. It is best to select a recipe that you know to be reliable and follow it.

QUERY 1898.—“Can a good cake be made with three whites of egg without the yolks?”

## Cake with Three Whites of Egg

1/2 a cup of butter	3 level teaspoonfuls
1 cup of sugar	of baking powder
1/2 a cup of milk	3 whites of egg
2 cups of sifted flour	

Beat the butter to a cream; gradually

beat in the sugar. Sift the flour and baking powder, return to the sieve and add to the first mixture, alternately, with the milk. Beat the whites dry and then beat into the cake mixture. Beat in thoroughly. Bake in layers, a single sheet, or a loaf. This recipe makes a delicate and good cake, suitable for any occasion. By using four whites a more delicate cake results. The cake can be made with two whites and one yolk, or, one whole egg and the yolk of another. We have not tried it with three yolks. Think the cake thus made would turn out all right, if half to a whole teaspoonful of baking powder were added to the quantity given in the recipe. Yolks of eggs do not give as much lightness as the whites.

QUERY 1899.—“What is a ‘spring form’ for baking cake and where can they be purchased?”

## “Spring Form” for Baking Cake

We have never heard the term “spring form” given to a cake pan. Possibly it may be applied to a sponge cake pan made by the Lisk Co., of Rochester. In this pan the bottom is in one piece adjusted to the deep ring which forms the sides of the pan. The two pieces are held together by three narrow strips of metal (springs) which extend above the pan. When the cake is baked the pan is inverted and stands on these springs in such a manner that the cake is suspended from the bottom of the pan. Cooled in this manner the cake retains its lightness. The pans must be used unbuttered.

QUERY 1900.—“Recipe for a Lemon Pie firm enough to cut and clear.”

## Lemon Pie

Sift together several times one rounding tablespoonful of cornstarch and one cup of granulated sugar. Pour on one cup of boiling water and stir and cook until the whole is boiling. Add a teaspoonful of butter, one-fourth



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### NINE REASONS

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a teaspoonful of salt, the grated rind and juice of a large lemon, and one egg, beaten very light. Mix thoroughly and bake with two crusts.

QUERY 1901.—"Recipe for Pickling Limes."  
**Pickled Limes**

Make a brine strong enough to float an egg and, in quantity, to cover a dozen limes. Let stand six days, stirring the brine each day. Drain and set to boil in two quarts of boiling water. Let boil fifteen minutes. Let drain and become cold. Scald one quart of vinegar, half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of mace, half an ounce of ginger root, half an ounce of horse radish and one ounce of white mustard seed and pour over the limes disposed in fruit jars. Close securely. These are best after keeping some months.

**Cooking Recipes for the Bride**

A useful and appropriate gift for the engaged girl or bride is a collection of recipes from her experienced friends. Some particular chum may start it for her, or she may herself solicit contributions. A box of cards, or a sheaf of loose leaves—to be bound together by metal rings—is the raw material. Distribute the cards or sheets among house-keeping friends, with the request for some specially valued recipe, and the result will be a very interesting miscellany. The recipient will, of course, find much that she cannot use, and in course of time will weed out a certain proportion of the material. But in studying and trying the recommendations of others, a beginner will learn many useful lessons.

E H M

"Is your Mississippi River very much larger than our Thames?" asked an English lady of a Western visitor. "Larger?" answered the Westerner. "Why, Ma'am, there ain't enough water in the whole of the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi."—*Exchange*.

**The Drink De Luxe**

Cawfee! It's the only stuff, pardner,  
I'm ready to bet my old pelt  
It's jest the one drink that kin give you  
The right feelin' under the belt.  
There's no other drink in creashun  
That kin limber uh feller up so;  
All others is secon'-class liquids—  
I've tried 'em an' I ought tuh know.

I fess up, I'm some fond uv whisky  
An' brandy, an' also uv beer;  
But I could live right on without 'em  
An' never shed nary uh tear.  
But cawfee—I got tuh have cawfee!  
Without it I never feel fed.  
If choosin' between bread an' cawfee,  
I'm guessin' I'd pass up the bread.

It don't matter much where you mek it,  
Jest so it's reel hefty an' hot;—  
The fines' that I ever tasted  
Wuz never inside uv uh pot.  
Twuz cracked in uh dusty bandanna  
An' biled in uh open-top can,  
An' gulped down without milk er sugar—  
Whoops! That wuz the stuff fer uh man.

I've made it by trails in the desert,  
I've made it when down tuh the sea,  
An' when larkin' up in the cities  
The swell chefs have made it fer me.  
An' I've found that swigs in the mornin'  
Uv cawfee biled jest as it should  
Be biled, will ease the grouch feelin'  
An' mek the world look purtty good.

When spendin' I've drunk cawfee out uv  
Them one-swaller cups, an' when broke  
I've drunk it from battered tin-buckets,  
My eyes full uv camp-fire 'smoke.  
I've drunk it black down in the tropics  
To knock out the fever an' chill;  
I've drunk it brown in the North coun-  
tries—  
I'll drink it while livin', I will.

You bet you, I'm always fer cawfee!  
I won't do without it uh day.  
Uv course, there is folks that don't take it,  
But many ain't built that-a-way.  
The docturs kin holler an' knock it—  
It's mostly them docturs in town—  
But note when it comes to theirselves,  
pard,  
There's few uv 'em turnin' it down.

JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

Tommy's Aunt: "Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy?" Tommy (on a visit): "No, thank you." Tommy's Aunt: "You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite." Tommy: "That ain't loss of appetite. What I'm sufferin' from is politeness."



**In The  
Kitchen**

**Especially Good  
For Enamel and  
Porcelain Ware**

**Many Uses  
and Full  
Directions  
on Large  
Sifter-Can  
10¢**



## New Books

*The Lunch Room.* By PAUL RICHARDS.  
Price, postpaid, \$2.00. Chicago:  
The Hotel Monthly.

The book is devoted to plans, equipment, the management, accounting, food and drink sales, bills of fare, receipts, etc. The economical operation and quick service of wholesome foods and drinks are fully described. It will suffice to say that the book contains a good deal of information in the line of catering. It is of especial value to caterers, managers of restaurants, lunch-rooms, and places where larger numbers are served meals of many and various kinds.

*Health and Happiness.* By ELIZA M. MOSHER, M. D. 12 mo. Cloth.  
\$1.00 net. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Co.

This new book by Dr. Mosher consists of a dozen letters which deal in a fundamental and very original way with habits of posture, good and bad, and their influence upon the body; with efficiency through an understanding of the needs of the body in relation to foods, and the removal of waste; the care of the skin; and the offices of clothing.

The message is one strikingly original in its teaching regarding the importance of acquiring right habits of bodily posture, and pointing out the sanest and simplest methods of doing so. The letters which make up the book are so tender and loving, no one can doubt that their author not only understands the nature of girls, but believes in them and expects them to become increasingly a power for good in the world. The story of motherhood is told in a very interesting manner, and valuable advice is given regarding the physical preparation for it, which the author believes should begin early in girlhood.

"The home is the crystal of society—the nucleus of national character; and from that source, be it pure or tainted,

issue the habits, principles, and maxims which govern public as well as private life. The nation comes from the nursery; public opinion itself is, for the most part, the outgrowth of the home."

This book is instructive, wholesome and highly commendable. It gives information and practical advice that is in every wise worthy of observance and cultivation. Would that a message like this, to girls might be widespread in our homes.

A story is told concerning a famous man of letters who visited Washington and appeared at a dinner party. He sat next to a young girl, who rattled away at the famous man. He wanted to talk to his hostess, but hadn't a chance. The girl said to him. "I'm awfully stuck on Shakespeare. Don't you think he's terribly interesting?" Everybody listened to hear the great man's brilliant reply; for, as a Shakespearean scholar, he has few peers. "Yes," he said solemnly, "I do think he is interesting. I think he is more than that. I think Shakespeare is just simply too dear for anything!"

—Philadelphia Call.

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**Do not cover Odors!**  
**Remove every Cause!**

**To Destroy Germs, Foul Gases and prevent sickness, the last thing at night pour into the wastepipes, closets, etc., a little**



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**The Household Disinfectant.**



# Combination Coal and Gas

## *Crawford* *Ranges*

A combination coal and gas range is the ideal range and an economic necessity in a well ordered kitchen. Gas is convenient in summer and for light work in winter as an auxiliary to a coal range—but where continuous fire is needed, as in winter for constant hot water supply and for keeping the kitchen warm, a coal range is necessary and also more healthful as it does not vitiate the air of a closed room as a gas range does.

The Crawford combination ranges have gas ovens that are safe against explosions. The burners are lighted in a new way; there is no dangerous pilot light. This improvement is patented.

The **Gas Oven Damper** is automatically opened by the opening of the oven door.

There is an extra set of burners at the top of the Gas End Oven for broiling; a great advantage.

Gas and Coal Range can be used at same time.

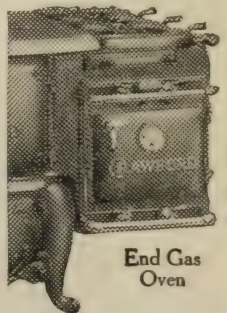
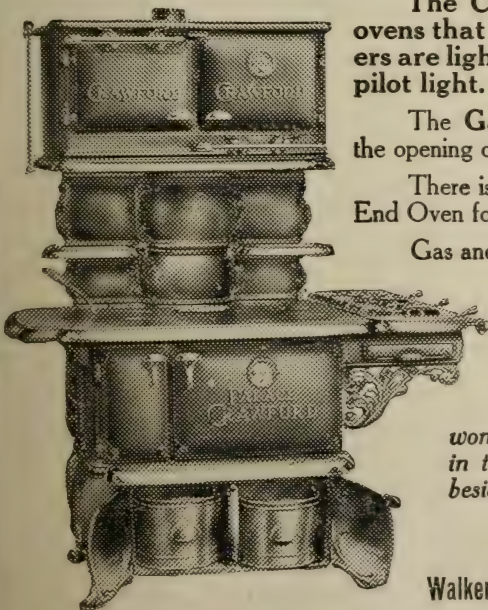
Double Oven above or  
Single Oven at the end.

*The Crawford Coal range with its Single Damper (patented), its wonderful Oven, its Ash Hod in the base with Coal Hod beside it, is a joy to cooks.*

Circulars Free.

Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., Boston

**SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE**



End Gas  
Oven

## Ballade of the Household Page

## Manners

Grave critics sigh at what they see,  
And make their moan with deep regret,  
For lovely woman, doomed to be  
The pedant or the suffragette.  
On lofty art her mind is set,  
Or business cares her thoughts engage.  
These darkling fears we'd fain forget—  
Peruse, I pray, the Household Page!

"How shall I give a Purple Tea?"  
"Wear bandeaux, with a pink aigrette";  
"Green stockings are the *dernier cri*";  
"Paquin confirms the touch of jet."  
"Would you advise chiffon or net?"  
"Discreet massage may hide your age."  
This point of view may still be met—  
Peruse, I pray, the Household Page!

"Will crullers hurt a child of three?"  
"Your toque demands a tulle rosette."  
"Do, please, expain 'R. S. V. P.'"  
"Serve artichokes with omelet";  
"Smart blankets for the canine pet";  
"*Crêpe* lingerie is now the rage."  
A slant like this you're sure to get—  
Peruse, I pray, the Household Page!

### ENVOI

Prince, let us then no longer fret,  
Lest woman grow too sternly sage;  
Some frills and foibles linger yet—  
Peruse, I pray, the Household Page!  
*By Corinne Rockwell Swain, in The Century.*

JUST as the western cowboy gallops  
Out and lassos the wild steers, so at  
this time of year the reluctant parents  
have gone forth and corralled the chil-  
dren from field and shore and mountain  
side and brought them back to town and  
to school.

There is always a taming process  
necessary in these first few trying days  
of civilization. The youngsters slide on  
the hardwood floors, dash in and out of  
rooms, rush hatless into the street and  
carry on table conversation in tones  
learned on the sailboat when one had to  
bellow above the gale.

The majority of grown people are  
rather glad to return to orderly routine,  
and they slip into the conventionalities  
with a half-sigh of relief; but the period  
of readjustment is longer for the chil-  
dren. Their manners have out-grown all  
bounds just as their feet have outgrown  
their shoes, and they rebel at the cramp-  
ing process demanded by a city apart-  
ment.

Of course it has to be done. One  
cannot live cheek by jowl with half a  
dozen neighbors with the freedom which  
is suitable to a ten-acre farm or a half  
a mile of beach.

In spite of the benefits of country liv-  
ing we must all confess that it is an  
insidious demoralizer of manners. We  
grow careless in the country; we dress  
negligently; we move noisily. With few  
or no servants we fall into the habit of  
reaching and jumping up at table; with  
picnicking and hammocks and piazza  
rails we grow accustomed to perching  
anywhere in any position. And all these  
things have to be taken in hand before  
we are fit for society again.

There is an immense charm about fin-  
ished mannerliness. We all like to see  
people who move deftly, who speak cor-  
rectly and in well modulated voices, who  
exercise care and good taste in their per-  
sonal appearance. These may not be  
fundamental things, but they add to the  
grace of social intercourse.

# Velvet Grip

RUBBER BUTTON

## HOSE SUPPORTER

**Will stand  
hard wear**



IN STORES EVERYWHERE.  
Child's sample pair, postpaid,  
16 cents (give age).



It gives satisfaction — doesn't tear the  
stockings — doesn't hamper the child  
— and wears longest.

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**MAKERS AND DISTRIBUTORS**

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West of the Mississippi River  
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**The flavor of many fruit extracts** such as Orange, Rose or Almond may be much improved by adding a small quantity of Vanilla.

Always use

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and

## **Delicious Ice Cream**

Made With

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Your grocer or druggist sells them or we mail postpaid ten tablets to make ten quarts for 10 cents and give you the charming brochure "Junket Dainties" free.

**CHR. HANSEN'S  
LABORATORY**

Box 2507. Little Falls, N. Y.

And just at this time when we have all degenerated so much in regard to such matters is an excellent time to start a rigorous course in deportment. Now is the psychological time to impress upon the children the desirability of a pleasing bearing.

Country ways are not city ways: summer time behaviour differs from winter behaviour. Both are suitable in their proper places, but summer is over and rough looks and loud voices and sprawling attitudes must be banished with the middy blouses and bathing suits.

Make courtesy seem something attractive, something as delightful to possess and to witness as the clear eyes and tanned cheeks left by the summer.—A. E. in *The Herald*.

After you have exhausted what there is in business, politics, conviviality, love, and so on—have found that none of them finally satisfy, or permanently wear—what remains? Nature remains; to bring out from their torpid recesses, the affinities of a man or woman with the open air, the trees, fields, the changes of seasons—the sun by day and the stars of heaven by night.—*Walt Whitman*.

To act in obedience to the hidden precepts of Nature—that is rest; and in this special case, since man is meant to be an intelligent creature, the more intelligent his acts are, the more he finds repose in them. When a child acts only in a disorderly, disconnected manner, his nervous force is under a great strain; while, on the other hand, his nervous energy is positively increased and multiplied by intelligent actions.—*Maria Montessori*.

The best way for a young man who is without friends or influence to begin is: first, to get a position; second, to keep his mouth shut; third, observe; fourth, be faithful; fifth, make his employer think he would be lost in a fog without him; sixth, be polite.—*Russell Sage*.



*Heisey's*



*Glassware*

*offers an unlimited variety of splendid designs, in any one of which you may choose a complete set, thus giving your table an air of distinction.*



341  
OIL



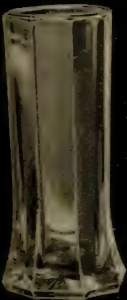
300  
GOBLET



353  
GRAPE FRUIT



341  
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353  
MAYONNAISE



429  
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341  
ICE TUB AND PLATE



24  
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300 1/2  
VASE  
No 2

*This  
happens  
everywhere  
every  
day*



**"I forget the name,  
but Mother said it  
was pure gelatine"**

"Then, little girl, she must want Knox Pure Plain Sparkling Gelatine—but does your mother know about the Knox Pure Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine, that is also in great demand? It is the package with the separate envelope of *pure lemon fruit juice* and saves the cost, time and bother of squeezing lemons.

"This allows your mother the choice of using lemon jelly plain, or if she wishes it colored she can use the tablet of pink coloring that is enclosed in a separate envelope, or she can add any fresh fruit—which is always best—using the juices for coloring.

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"Now, take this Knox Acidulated package home and I *know* your mother will be more than pleased—the price is just the same as the Knox Plain Gelatine, and each package makes two quarts—one-half gallon of jelly."

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*Print sample of Acidulated Gelatine  
for 2c stamp and grocer's name.*

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## The Object of Education

There was an idea in the olden time—and it is not yet dead—that whoever was educated ought not to work—that he should use his head and not his hands. Graduates of colleges were ashamed to be found engaged in manual labor, in plowing fields, in sowing or gathering grain. To this manly kind of independence they preferred the garret and the precarious existence of an unappreciated poet, borrowing their money from their friends, and their ideas from the dead. The educated regarded the useful as degrading—they were willing to stain their souls to keep their hands white.

The object of all education should be to increase the usefulness of man—usefulness to himself and others. Every human being should be taught that his first duty is to take care of himself, and that to be self-respecting he must be self-supporting. To live on the labor of others, either by the force which enslaves, or by the cunning which robs, or by borrowing or begging, is wholly dishonorable. Every man should be taught some useful art. His hands should be educated as well as his head. He should be taught to deal with things as they are—with life as it is. This would give a feeling of independence, which is the firmest foundation of honor or character. Every man knowing that he is useful admires himself.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

## The Man Who is Wanted

The man who is most to be wanted for positions of trust is the one who does not work for mere selfish gain, but for the love of the task. If he does his work for love of it, and not out of consideration alone for the result, he will serve his own interests best, for he will do his work well and thereby make himself indispensable to his employer, and when the time comes to choose a man for a higher position, the choice will likely fall upon him who has done his work well.

I have sometimes found it difficult to



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we show here is  
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Easy.**

## Coal, Wood and Gas Range.

This Range is also made with Elevated gas oven, or if gas is not desired, with Reservoir on right end. It can be furnished with fire-box at either right or left of oven as ordered.

burner top, is made to bolt neatly to the end of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood coal range. It matters not whether your kitchen is large or small—there's a Plain Glenwood made to fit it.

# Your Wife Wants

a Plain Cabinet Glenwood, it is so Smooth and Easy to Clean. No filigree or fussy ornamentation, just the natural black iron finish—"The Mission Style" applied to a range. A room saver too—like the upright piano. Every essential refined and improved upon.

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with perfectly straight sides is very roomy. The Glenwood oven heat indicator, Improved baking damper, Sectional top, Revolving grate and Rolier bearing ash-pan are each worthy of special mention.

## The Glenwood Gas Range

attachment, consisting of Oven, Broiler and Four

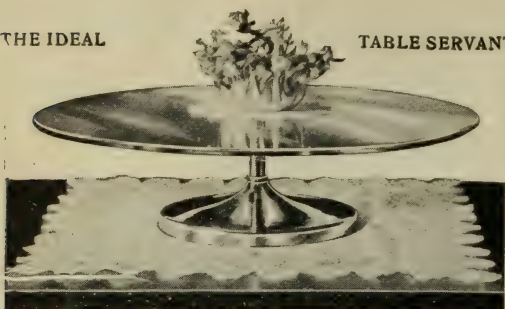
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Dear Sirs: The SERVETTE has been received in good order, and is useful and is very good looking. Dining at the Pattison table now is simplicity itself. MARY PATTISON, Sec. School of Cookery, W. Philadelphia, Pa.  
Dear Sirs: You will be pleased to hear that we are delighted with the SERVETTE. MARION H. NEIL.

Port Chester, N. Y.  
Dear Sirs: Enclosed find check for SERVETTE which I find so endid. MADAM ALIA NAZIMOVA.  
McGraw MFG. CO. Atlantic City, N. J.  
SERVETTE is a success. Will keep it. Enclosed please find check. Merrily yours, MARSHALL P. WILDER.

July 18, 1912.  
Dear Sirs: The glass top came today. It is a thing of beauty. My table is Oak 54 in. with glass top and Servette in glass makes it complete. I wish you had a picture of the table. It is beautiful. MARRA L. WINGATE.

Tampa, Fla.  
Gentlemen: "SERVETTE" arrived last night. It was a case of love at first sight. She was assigned to her duties and has been performing her functions in a most gracious manner, and rather than be separated from her a minute I enclose my check to insure her presence with me. E. CUNNINGHAM.

Astoria, L. I., N. Y.  
Dear Sirs: We are just delighted with SERVETTE and everybody who sees it, admires it and says that it is the best and most useful article which possibly can be imagined for the dining room. It is indeed ornamental and really a necessity. T. TEWES.

**You will be just as enthusiastic as any of the happy people who have discovered the many marvelous advantages of the new "eveready" table servant.**

Revolves and passes everything used on the table. Does away with the waitress problem, as it is always present and ready to work. Can also be used on the porch at afternoon teas, receptions, and on the side table at cards. Heavy, 5-16 in. transparent French plate glass top, heavy nickel plated base. Cannot upset and is easily taken from the table. Makes a different, attractive and useful wedding, Christmas, Anniversary or Birthday present.

The regular price of Servette is \$15.00. To all sending \$10.00 we will ship Servette prepaid on ten days' free trial in accordance with our guarantee. This offer is limited.

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find the right men for the Government service. There are plenty of men to fill every job, but few who want the job for its own sake. This applies equally in business. There are too many who seek work for the salary alone. As a result, sometimes, if they are well paid, they will commit acts for which they would not otherwise be responsible.

The new order that is coming to the fore in the business world does not seek this kind of man. It is looking for the man who will work for the satisfaction of work well done—for the joy of achievement. For him there are large opportunities.—*President Taft.*

The pine kernel plays quite an important part in the dietary of the vegetarian. But so far as we know, the modern vegetarian has not even suspected the nutritive properties of the bark of the pine tree. A learned antiquary has just discovered some loaves, made 900 years ago, which microscopic and chemical examination has shown are made of a meal composed of pine bark and pea-meal. He discovered them at Ljunga, in East Gothland, and is of opinion that they belong to the Viking age. And everybody knows that the Viking was a man of very mighty muscle.—*Evening News.*

An anecdote about Dr. Randall Davidson, Bishop of Winchester, is that after an ecclesiastical function, as the clergy were trooping into luncheon, an unctuous archdeacon observed, "This is the time to put a bridle on our appetites!" "Yes," replied the bishop, "this is the time to put a bit in our mouths!" —*Christian Life.*

We regularly appropriate three million dollars to promote the well-being of domestic animals. We have this year set aside the sum of thirty thousand dollars for the establishment of a Children's Bureau devoted to the welfare of children. The question naturally suggests itself—but what's the use, anyway!



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## Buckwheat Cakes

- |                                   |                                       |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 cake of Fleischmann's Yeast     | 2 tablespoonfuls of light brown sugar |
| 4 cups of lukewarm water          | 2 cups of buckwheat flour             |
| 1 cup of milk, scalded and cooled | 1 cup of sifted white flour           |
|                                   | 1½ teaspoonfuls salt                  |

Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm liquid, add buckwheat and white flour gradually, and salt. Beat until smooth. Cover and set aside in warm place, free from draft, to rise—about one hour. When light, stir well and bake on hot griddle.

If wanted for over night, use one-four cake of yeast and an extra half teaspoonful of salt. Cover and keep in a cool place.

One day in a class in Old Testament history a Hampton boy announced that Adam was more to blame than Eve, and, when the surprised teacher asked him why he thought so, explained, "The serpent had to talk to Eve a long time, but Adam he eat it right up."

Mark Twain used to tell that he was once taxed in England. He wrote Queen Victoria a friendly letter of protest. He said: "I don't know you, but I met your son. He was at the head of a procession in the Strand, and I was on a 'bus.'" Years afterward he met the Prince of Wales at Hamburg. They had a long walk together. When bidding good-bye, the prince said: "I am glad to have met you again." Mark Twain feared he had been mistaken for some one else, but the prince said, "Why, don't you remember when you met me in the Strand, and I was at the head of a procession and you were on a 'bus?'"—*North-western Christian Advocate.*

<b>KITCHEN</b>	<p><b>SAMPLE</b></p> <p><b>GIVES A DELICIOUS FLAVOR AND RICH COLOR TO SOUPS, SAUCES, GRAVIES, ETC.</b></p>	<b>FREE</b>	<b>BOUQUET</b>
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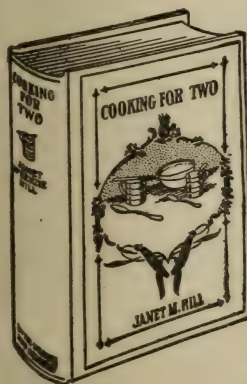
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There is much in the book that is interesting, even indispensable, to young housekeepers, or those with little experience in cooking, while every housekeeper will find it contains much that is new and helpful.

An ideal gift to a young housekeeper. The recipes are practical, are designed, and really are, "For Two."

We will send "Cooking for Two," *postpaid* on receipt of price; or to a present subscriber as a premium for sending us three (3) *new* yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each.

**The Boston Cooking-School Magazine Co.,** Boston, Massachusetts



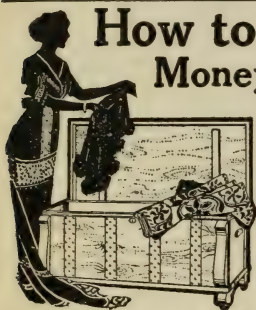
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The feature of the blade is the round end which prevents cutting through the outer skin. A grape fruit knife is a necessity as grape fruit are growing so rapidly in popularity as a breakfast fruit.

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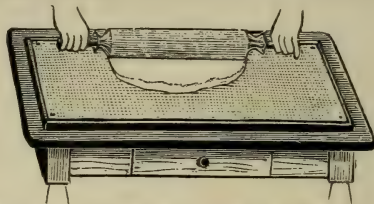


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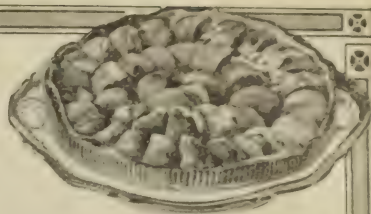
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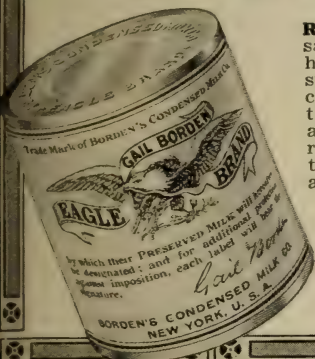


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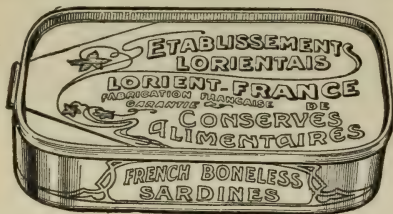
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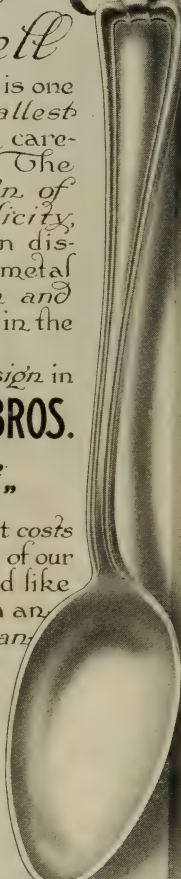
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THE 1867 GIRL

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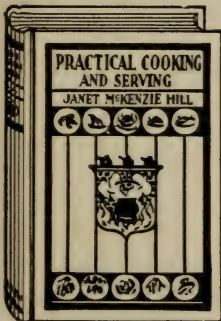
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## Menus for Thanksgiving

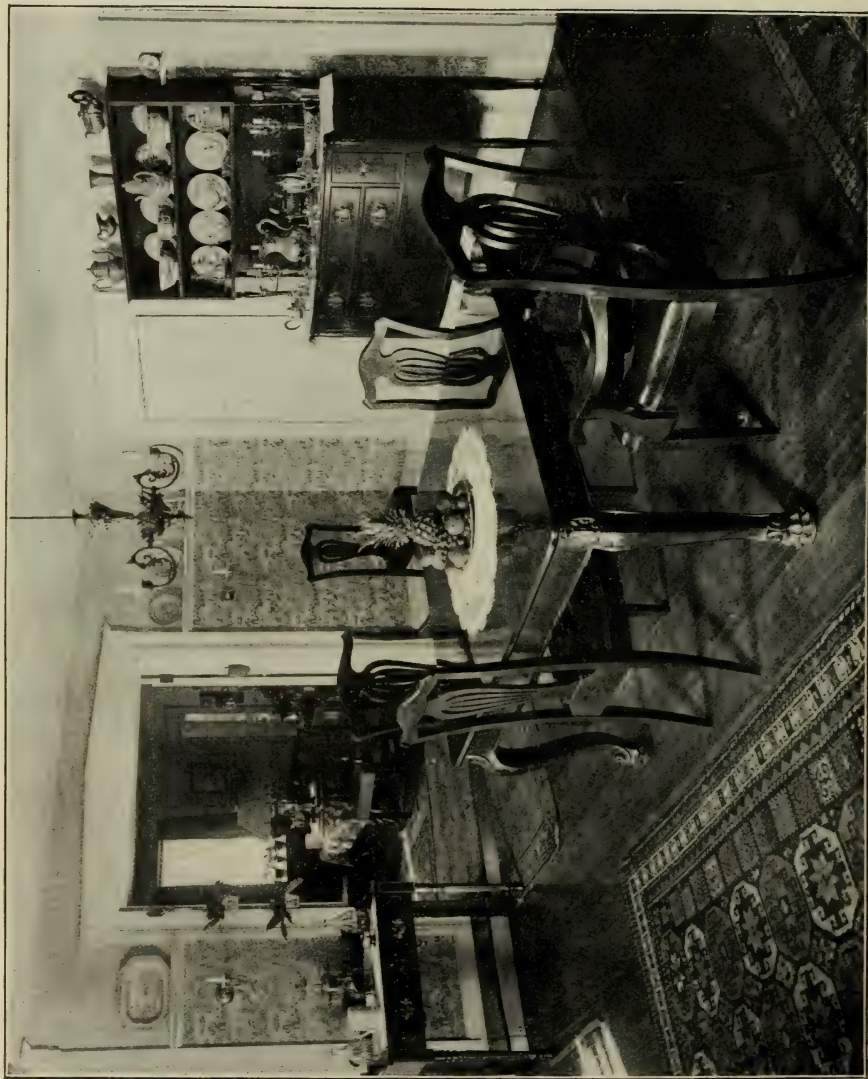
*Then he said unto them, "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared."—Nehemiah viii. 10.*

### Dinner

Oyster Soup  
Celery Olives Salted Filberts  
Turkey, Roasted, Bread Dressing  
Giblet Sauce  
Garnish: Pork Sausage Cakes  
Cranberry Sauce Sweet Pickled Peaches  
Squash au Gratin  
Mashed Turnips Mashed Potatoes  
Onions Stuffed with Mushrooms  
Cauliflower à la Huntington  
Pumpkin Pie, Cheese  
Vanilla Ice Cream with Maple Syrup and  
Chopped Nuts  
Raisins Nuts  
Coffee

### Supper

Creamed Oysters in Chafing Dish  
Olives Celery  
Bread and Butter Sandwiches  
Cold Roast Chicken, Sliced Thin  
Cranberry Jelly Currant Jelly  
Napoleons  
Nuts Raisins  
Coffee



NOTICE THE WALL PAPER



# The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVII

NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 4



VERY PLAIN AND SIMPLE

## The Dining-Room as it Should Be

By Mary H. Northend

**I**T is a self-evident fact that the dining apartment, more than any other, must be bright and cheerful, for it is the family meeting-place three times a day, and perfect harmony makes not only for happiness but also for good digestion. The stalwart farm-hand may not care how nor where he eats, but even

he appreciates attractive surroundings, and to the person of sedentary habits, good taste and cheer in the dining-room are absolutely essential. Many a dyspeptic owes his malady to the depressing dismalness of the room in which he eats.

The situation is important. If possible, the room should have both east and

west exposure, so that the sun will lie in it all day long. Plenty of windows are essential, and if the room lacks them, they should be let in, including, if possible, a long narrow bay at one side. The bay serves a double purpose, lightening the room and allowing space for window-boxes or a cosy seat. Try to have the windows so arranged that they will give cross draughts to provide for coolness in the summer months.

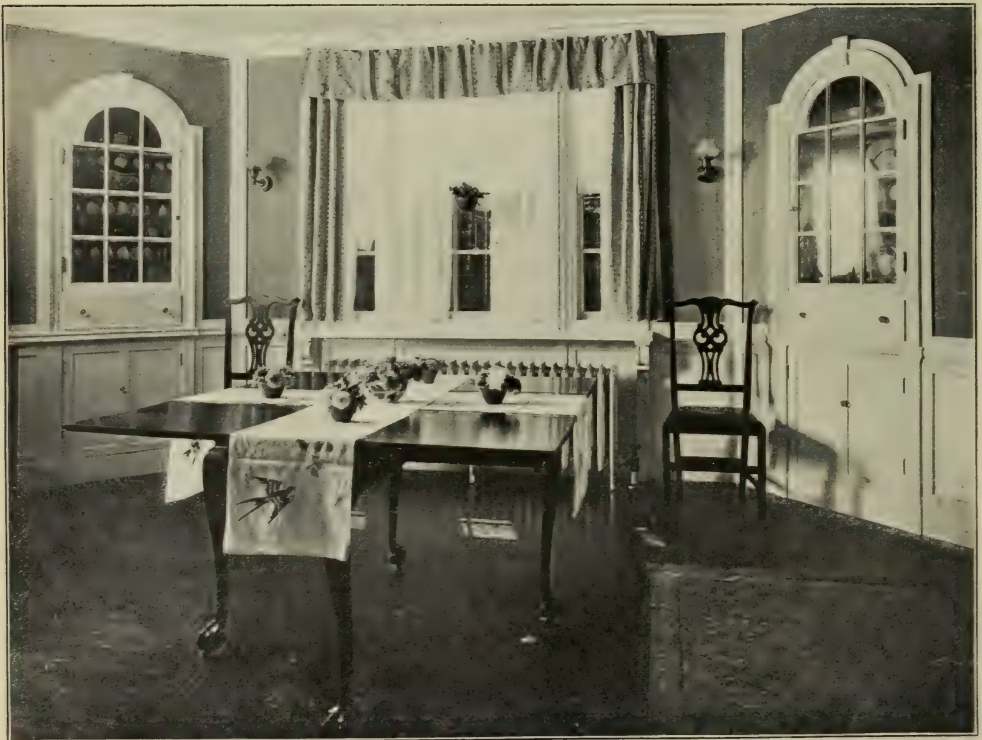
A pantry or passage way between the kitchen and the dining-room is desirable, to prevent the odors of cooking from penetrating into other parts of the house. If this cannot be arranged, be even more particular than usual about ventilating, and see that the door between kitchen and dining-room is never carelessly left open.

Dining-room walls must be carefully handled and there is probably no question more perplexing to the house-keeper than how to treat them. Much depends upon the size and situation of

the room. With a low ceiling it is better to use plain or small-patterned paper or tinting, and run up in unbroken surface to the ceiling. High walls, if not too much cut into by doors and windows, will carry large-figured paper and may have moulding or plate rail if desired.

A northern exposure requires red, yellow or orange to catch the light and heighten it. Where the room faces the south, an entirely different treatment must be carried out. Here sunlight needs to be subdued, and blue, green or violet are best to choose for the color schemes. Light grows stronger as it ascends, so, if there is variation in color, the lighter tones should be near the ceiling and the darker near the floor.

The most economical mode of treatment depends to a great extent upon circumstances. Wall-papers in pretty and artistic patterns can be purchased today as low as ten cents a roll, and while not the best, they are good enough for ordinary wear. Tinting has the advantage



WITH AN AIR OF ELEGANCE





NEAT AND CONVENIENT

that the walls may be cleaned indefinitely without harm, or without having to be treated to another coat of paint, and then, too, if at any time one tires of this flat tone, it can be changed easily for paper.

For a large dining-room there is no woodwork more effective than mahogany, in trim and furnishings, while in the small inexpensive home, either white or dark wood stain is suitable. Dark walnut stain is most fashionable today, and it harmonizes especially well with furniture of the Mission type. The low ceiling and square walls of the Colonial design lend themselves to most effective treatment and here there is no question as to the color of the woodwork, for it is invariably white, while the walls are always in soft tones, either tinted or covered with small-patterned paper.

Hard wood makes the best flooring, and with so many polishes in the market, it can be easily cared for, with no more trouble than a carpet. Oak is best and next to that comes hard pine, then maple

and birch, the last two cheaper, but lacking the resistant qualities of the other woods.

In coverings the choice is wide. For summer wear, the crex rug, made of wire grass, strictly sanitary, and possessing the advantages of lying smooth without curling, is admirable. This comes in an infinite variety of patterns and colorings, and will harmonize with any color scheme. A large square 12x15 feet costs a little over \$16.00.

Then, there is the colonial rag rug, appropriate for any season. Reliable carpet dealers have these rugs woven from mill ends that have never been sold, thus insuring to the buyer new strong material free from contamination. Rugs of this make are more durable than crex, and cheaper, ranging in price from \$11.49 for moderate sizes, to \$16.80 for the larger ones.

Druggets which bring for the large size, \$32.00, are fashionable but expensive, while the popular rug for good steady use is the Axminster, which has

a high rich nap and ranges from \$12.75 to as high as \$20.00. Any of these can be obtained in good colors and many sizes.

The hangings should follow the coloring of wall surface and trim, yet have a distinct individuality of their own. For the entrance door, a portière of rich silk or velour, or even the humbler cretonne, is effective; the important point is that the material shall be substantial enough to afford security to the room, if at any time it is desired to shut off the adjoining apartment. The window curtains can, of course, vary with the setting of the room. There are today so many pretty and inexpensive muslins, scrims, and heavier fabrics that it is an easy matter to provide for them.

For summer nothing is prettier than cretonne or muslin, of which there is almost endless variety. Madras, thirty-five inches wide, in white and colors, comes from twenty-nine to thirty-nine cents a yard; ruffled Swiss muslin curtains, dotted or plain, from ninety-eight

cents a pair upward; while hand-blocked, light-weight muslin curtains may be had for \$1.25 a pair.

Built-in furniture should be employed wherever it can be artistically introduced. Window-seats give comfortable lounging spots, while the built-in cupboard allows space for other furnishings and is particularly appreciated, if the room is small.

Most convenient is the let-in sideboard, which has become so popular within the last few years. Besides saving space, it is ornamental and affords excellent accommodation for linen, china and glass-ware. If built with the house it is certainly not expensive, for the additional cost is so slight it can readily be afforded. Let-in sideboards are used not only in small houses and cottages, but also, sometimes, in more elaborate styles, in larger and more elegant homes. But whether separate or built-in the sideboard must be in keeping with the rest of the furniture, simple or ornate as the case may be.



FINE. NOTE THE PANELS





REMODELED WITH TASTE

The corner cupboard, a replica of the colonial idea, is never out of place, and when used for old silver and china, adds dignity and distinction. It is always done in white, often enamelled to give it a polished surface. Old mahogany, walnut, or oak may be used according to the size and ornateness of the dining-room. There should always be six small chairs, two arm-chairs, a table, a side-board, and a serving table. In addition to these, odd dressers of either oak, maple, or mahogany may be used. These have a clear, bevel glass mirror, often supported by scroll standards. Taste can be shown in selections.

The keynote of a successful room lies in its definite planning. Whether the room is new, just being built, or merely an old room being renovated, arrange for each detail of decoration and furnishing before the actual work is begun. Take time and plenty of it to study construction and decoration, and do not become discouraged, if it takes some time to make the room exactly as you want it. It may be a fortunate coincidence that you are able to purchase the right things at once, but if not, do not hurry, for you owe it to yourself and your family to make this room the most attractive in your house.

## A Branch O' Red

A branch o' red in the green,  
Around the River bend!  
From where?—and how did it come?  
And is this Summer's end?

Oh, branch o' red in the green,  
Oh, crimson life aglow,  
Soul-clear beneath in the stream,—  
Did God's touch make you so?

Above the stream of the years,  
On Youth's dear strength I'd lean,  
And see my life reflected—  
A branch o' red in the green!

CLARA SEAMAN CHASE.

# Her Change of Heart

By Alix Thorn

I AM sure that Cousin Candace will ask you to Littlefield for Thanksgiving, Katherine," said Mrs. Foster, watching her tall daughter, who was carefully folding a blue storm coat before laying it in the open trunk before her. "Why, it seems but yesterday that I saw the old town!"

Katherine suddenly crossed the room and dropped a light kiss upon her mother's soft hair; "I didn't need to look at you, Mother mine, to know that you wore your Eastern look; all of us children can tell from the tone of your voice, a different sort of note, when you're thinking of your loved East. Oh, bad little Mother, after all these years still it's your heart's love."

Mrs. Foster smiled deprecatingly at her daughter, pausing a moment before replying: "Katherine, you would not expect me to forget New England, would you, dear, where I was born and brought up, and where my ancestors lived for generations! Why, my darling, New England blood runs in your veins, too, though you *are* a loyal Westerner."

"I know it;" and Katherine returned to her packing, "and I also know that my mother is glad, uncommonly glad, that her daughter is going to an Eastern college."

"Yes, glad, even though she doesn't know how she's going to get along without her", and Mrs. Foster turned away to hide her brimming eyes.

It was a sober group that gathered on the piazza one early September morning, waiting for the carriage that was to take Katherine to the station. Fourteen-year-old Kitty clung to her sister's hand as if she would never let her go; Bobby openly wiped his eyes, unashamed of his tears, despite his eight years; big brother, Tom, cleared his throat repeatedly, as if trying to get rid of a trouble-

some lump, while, at the hall window, Black Jane's suffused countenance was quite lost behind her checked apron.

Katherine, herself, pale but composed, watched first her mother's face, then her father's, as if trying to photograph them upon her memory. Now, she was in the carriage—"I love you all!" she cried, a sad little break in her usually firm tones, "don't get used to doing without me, don't!" She was gone, and Katherine's first little journey into the world had begun.

"—It's just like a beautiful dream come true!" wrote Katherine to her family; "this life at College since I've conquered my first home-sickness. It would take simply reams of paper to tell you about it. You mustn't think I don't miss you, oh, so much, and that I don't often feel that all my dear people are far, far away, but there's such joy in my new experiences. Already I discover that I'm very loyal to *my* college—never was another quite so wonderful! The girls I have met are fine and straight-forward, and act just as Western as Eastern. In fact, most of the states from Maine to Texas are represented here, and oh, this to you, Mother, for you will sympathize, I never tire of watching the wonderful, far-off mountains! You know, I hadn't seen mountains until I came to the East. They are like great, big, loyal, steadfast friends; always there, always restful; seems to me the wind that blows over them must be purer and fresher than any other. Perhaps it's because I've always lived in level country that the mountains impress me the way they do."

As the days swiftly passed and Katherine settled down to the regular routine of college her happiness still continued, and life seemed to take on a newer, deeper meaning. The broad-minded,



earnest women, her instructors, with whom she was so closely associated, called forth her honest admiration, and inspired her to put her best into her work.

Cold winds swept down the valley, sudden frosts turned to wonderful crimson the ivy on the gray stone buildings, and the reign of summer was over and done. Long walks the girls took over the country roads, getting enchanting glimpses of changing woodland, the sombre stretches of pine forests, and the barren, brown fields. They watched the white farm-houses, their barns and out-buildings in solid line like fortresses, the sleek cattle, and the vagabond turkeys wandering far from the purlieus of home. Appetizing odors, fragrant, pungent, were wafted out from opened kitchen windows; very evidently the thrifty New England housewives were putting up their winter store of pickles and ketchups. How different, how very different, Katherine told herself, from the stirring Western town that was her home. Was it heredity or adaptability, that made her so oddly content with all the newness?

It was early in November that one morning Katherine found in her letter box an envelope directed in an unfamiliar hand. Small, spidery, precise letters traveled across its linen surface, and as she examined it more closely, she saw that it bore the postmark, Littlefield.

"I'm only doing it to please Mother", and Katherine wrote her note of acceptance, looking anything but happy as she did so, for, as had been prophesied, Miss Candace Wheeler had written to her young relative, asking her to spend Thanksgiving at the Wheeler homestead, in historic Littlefield.

"Oh, Molly!" said Katherine to her sympathetic room-mate, later that evening, "I just wish there were not such things as family obligations! How much rather I'd accept your mother's lovely invitation, and go home with you! Why, I've never even seen New York, and

now I must travel off to some bleak, New England hill-top where lives an unknown cousin. It all sounds so austere and chilly!

"And historic," broke in the irrepressible Molly. "Well, cheer up, dearest child, you'll be asked again to our house, and as you seem to feel it your duty to seek out this highly respectable relative, why, face it like a man—and a freshman!"

Three weeks later found Katherine, suit-case in hand, standing on the platform of the little wind-blown station at Littlefield, awaiting the arrival of the stage, glad of her warm coat and furs, for there was a feeling of snow in the air.

"Miss Candace said in her letter, that I must take the stage up the hill, and that the driver would put me down at her house, now is *this* the stage, I wonder! and the girl turned to see at her elbow a tall, red-faced, fur-capped man, who clapped his gloved hands vigorously together as he inquired, "Are you the girl that's bound for Miss Wheeler's?"

"I am", and so friendly was the voice, and so very friendly the face, that Katherine smiled at her interrogator, and let him take her suit-case to the two-seated covered wagon that served as a stage.

"Guess everyone in the country knows the place, and knows Miss Wheeler, too," began the driver as he started up his horse, "splendid lady, never met a better one—that old house must have stood there full two hundred years, and you have never seen it! You ain't a relation, I take it! Shoo, you are! Well, it's because you are from the far West, then, and couldn't get here. I remember your mother, now I hear your name. Pretty girl she was, too, long braids down her back. Expect the West is a great place, but there can't nothing come up to New England, I say. Whoa, there—here we are, and I see Miss Wheeler herself, peerin' out of the parlor window."

"You are very welcome, Katherine,"

and Miss Candace held out both white hands, and drew the girl out of the winter night into the light and warmth of the tiny hall.

"There is hardly room to turn around here, my dear," said her hostess, glancing at the white stairs with their dark railing, the tall clock that faced the front door, and the small round table at one side.

"Yes, Joel, take the suit-case to the West Chamber, if you will, and now, Katherine, I will, myself, go up with you."

Steep, indeed, the narrow stairs, but following her guide she slowly ascended, then passing down the hall, entered the large chamber, which seemed to the weary young traveler the very abode of peace, for white, dimity curtains with little ball fringe draped the small-paned windows, a marvelous white crocheted spread covered the mahogany bed; white matting was on the floor, even the little candle stand at the head of the bed had its own snowy scarf.

Above the narrow mantle hung the painted portrait of a smiling girl, and before it Katherine lingered as if fascinated, studying the speaking face. Sweet, wide-opened eyes looked out from that tarnished frame; high puffed hair, brightly brown, rose smoothly above the low white forehead, and folds of some brocaded stuff were drawn down primly until they met the round waist. And as the young guest watched the pictured face so Miss Candace watched Katherine, noting the straight, supple figure, the flushed oval cheeks, the shining brown hair, and the uplifted gray eyes; watched and nodded to herself as if pleased at her own thoughts.

"How dear she is—how dear and young!" exclaimed Katherine, "Who, oh, who was she, Miss Candace?"

"Her name was also Katherine," was the reply, "and she was an ancestress of yours, my child; another branch of our family possess a later portrait of her when she was almost middle-aged, and

still she smiled, though sorrow had silvered her hair."

"An ancestress of mine," repeated Katherine as, Miss Candace having left her, she tucked in a refractory lock, standing before the quaint dresser, "and what a darling ancestress!"

Later at table, noting the rare old china, using the time-worn silver, and listening to the gentle voice of her new relative, the girl was unusually silent. In this wonderful old home had lived generations of her forbears. They had sat at this very table, here kept their feasts, passing in and out of these narrow doors. Theirs the dark portraits that looked down upon her—some of them, noble colonial gentlemen, had made history. Instinctively she straightened herself; it *was* a thing to be proud of, this New England ancestry!

"I'm glad, so glad you asked me here, Miss Candace," exclaimed Katherine impulsively.

"And I, too, am glad that you could come," was Miss Candace's reply. "I half feared you might find it a hardship; and now, if you are quite through, don't you want to see more of the rooms?"

"Oh, I surely do," was the eager reply. Old high-boys, dark with age, stood side by side with carved chairs, which seemed to hold out their stiff arms as if inviting this new comer to try their slippery seats; long, low-backed couches, covered with horsehair, lined the walls, while treasures of quaint bric-a-brac filled the narrow mantles. Shining brass andirons guarded the broad fireplaces, whose leaping flames brought out the rich colorings in the dark rugs, and flickered on the painted screens. Treasures enough to make many a collector wild with envy were gathered within this one old home.

Next morning, through softly falling snow, Miss Candace and Katherine walked down the broad street between lines of leafless elms, crossed the green, and entered the Congregational Church for the Thanksgiving service. Reverent were the faces of the congregation,



many of them elderly women, and untrained most of the voices that were raised in the Thanksgiving hymn:—

"All people that on Earth do dwell  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice."

Slowly the girl's eyes traveled from the high, narrow pulpit, where stood the white-haired clergyman, to the line of illustrious names inscribed upon the wall, former pastors who had preached in this church. Long years they had humbly served the little parish, and their works lived after them. Holy ground, thought Katherine, for in this house of God, men and women of her name had worshipped; and, bending her head, she whispered a little prayer that she might be worthy of those who had gone before her.

"And this is Katherine Foster!" announced Cousin Candace, two hours later, to the cheerful group of relatives, who had been bidden to the Thanksgiving feast at her house. "Amelia's daughter, a Foster, but yet, *I* decide, she is all Wheeler."

"So she is, so she is," chimed in a brisk old lady, who adjusted her spectacles, the better to study the girlish face.

"Eyes very like her mother's," interposed a white-haired old gentleman.

"Doesn't she resemble the portrait of young Katherine, upstairs, Richard?" inquired Cousin Candace almost anxiously, and he of the snowy hair agreed with gratifying alacrity. "And you needn't mind, either, my dear," he assured Katherine, with a gallant little bow.

"Indeed, I'm very glad you think so", and the young girl quite glowed with pleasure. Like the painted Katherine, upstairs,—why, *she* was lovely—and then the cheerful chatter and reminiscing went on, and the bountiful dinner, begun in sunshine, ended by the light of the quaint silver candelabra.

Before the open fire in the drawing room, later in the evening, when all the

guests had gone, Katherine and her hostess sat side by side, visiting as if they had known each other all their lives. The older woman's cheeks were a lovely pink in the firelight, and the delicate lace ruffles of her cap seemed a fitting frame for the cameo-like face.

"You love it all, my child, I can see that without your telling", she began, breaking the silence, and her voice was not quite steady; "that is well, Katherine. Today I watched you at service, and I was glad to read what I did in your face. Then, too", clasping the girl's firm fingers in her own frail ones, "you love it all, not knowing."

"Yes, I do love it, this old house, the street, the very atmosphere of the place—why is it?" and Katherine's innocent eyes studied the bright coals as if seeking an answer. "As I came out of the church this morning I found myself saying, 'I, too, am a part of this, I have a share', and then Katherine reverted to the mother, who was never long out of her thoughts. "*She* will be glad I feel so", she said, unashamed of the sudden rush of tears. "New England is so dear to little Mother; her heart flies back over the miles like a homing pigeon, straight to her forgotten hills and valleys. Now, for the first time, I appreciate her feelings."

It was the following day that Katherine again stood in the little square hall, but this time she was saying good-bye to Cousin Candace, and saying it with real regret. True, college and all that beautiful life lay ahead of her, the warm-hearted girls she had grown to depend upon, the interest of her studies. but she clung to her gentle relative as she heard the stage outside. "I will surely come again, and when you ask me, Cousin Candace. I am so glad to realize that I belong."

She was being swiftly carried down the long street; the cold wind fanned her cheeks and blew some icy particles from an over-hanging branch onto the lap-robe—but she no longer saw the

snow-covered green, the fine old residences, the tall church spire, that was outlined against the blue sky,—what was it that Cousin Candace had whispered as they parted, an unbelievable, wonderful thing, a golden secret which only she and Cousin Candace knew? So strange

was it, so new yet, that she wanted time to make it seem real—still, still she heard the soft voice saying as they parted, “I’m so happy that you feel as you do about my dear old home, for listen, Katherine, it is to be yours, one day.”

## A Plea for Better Hotels in Small Towns

By E. E. K.

**I**T has long been my ambition to regulate the Hotel business of this country, especially the part pertaining to food, meals and service. This ambition may sound a trifle far-reaching, and so far I have not been called upon to undertake this pleasing duty. Still, with due respect to all concerned, I should like to make a few comparisons.

I do not speak of the largest hotels of our largest cities: they are a thing apart; but rather of the average American hotel of the smaller towns. How few good hotels we have!

On a recent automobile trip, which extended from the Middle Western States to the Atlantic Coast and back, covering a distance of over 3600 miles, this truth was brought home with force. The hotels encountered were almost invariably very much below the average of even what one ought with fairness to expect and demand. Out of twenty-five hotels on this trip, five were passably good; one, and this one was in Indiana, was really good.

On an average, the prices at these hotels were \$2.00 the day. In the smaller towns of Europe two persons can live at the best hotels for fourteen francs the day, which, of course, is not quite \$3.00 in our money. And the food and service are certainly so far superior that a comparison is hardly possible. However, I am going to compare.

In the first place, the “American plan”, which prevails in this country

naturally corresponds to the “pension plan” of Europe, but with what a difference! Over there, there is no array of many little “bird bath tubs”, according to Mark Twain, around the plate. Each course is served from a platter, and each one is apt to be, and generally is, very good and often delicious.

Also, over there things are appetizing and dainty, which is something that cannot be said about the majority, if any, of the hotels of the small town in America. Of course, here the large mid-day dinner will, perhaps, always prevail, while there it is luncheon at noon, invariably.

Their breakfasts are much lighter than ours, only rolls and coffee and fruit, as a rule. Our men think that this is not sufficient; perhaps it is not, though, personally, I think it is largely habit. Possibly our men are more strenuous. This I can’t say.

It would hardly be worth while to give here the menu card of one of the good foreign small hotels, as the American bill of fare is such an imposing thing to behold, at even the small hotels, that, I fear, the other would thereby suffer, while, as a matter of fact, what is served over there is good, and here, through sad experience, the food so often is scarcely eatable.

Of course, in Europe, tea is served about four or five o’clock. While this was originally an English custom, tea is gaining ground every day, and is now



almost always served on the Continent instead of coffee, which they used to prefer.

They dine later, too, as a rule, and make more of a ceremony of dinner, for which the busy American has not time enough.

At one hotel, in particular, in Europe, the small tables were always adorned with flowers, different kinds on every table, and this was one of the 14 franc hotels. The proprietor attended personally to this. How many hotel proprietors in America would "waste time" doing anything so useless?

And now, as to the "regulating" of our hotels, it seems to me that the solution lies in greater simplicity of the menu, and in an expenditure of more time and thought on what is served, and how.

What a relief it would be, after a long day's ride in an automobile, or for the tired, traveling salesman, after a hard day's work, to enter an hotel, first of all, immaculately clean. Secondly, where in the dining-room small tables might be had instead of the long, cheerless-looking ones that have so long served their time. Next, table linen plain and *clean*. Then, a very simple menu of a few things, well-cooked and well-served.

This, it seems to me, is not asking too much in a country like America, where

all foods are so bountiful.

As a matter of fact, meat in Europe is far below the meat to be had in any of our small towns. But, while, over there, they take the time to prepare it carefully and make it eatable, here, it is usually "fried" in its native state and served to the long-suffering wayfarer. "Rare" means not cooking it, and "well done", burning.

Even butter is not good in America, not in the small country hotels where one should be almost sure of finding it fresh and sweet. On the contrary, in Europe it is always good, fresh, sweet and unsalted. Bread, too, over there is infinitely preferable to the soggy mass one is served with here, or possibly some sorry-looking "biscuits".

Coffee, in Europe, is generally not served with meals, a light wine usually taking its place, and then it is served after luncheon or dinner. Americans, as a rule, do not care for the European coffee, but, surely, it is preferable to the coffee that is served in the American hotels, which it has been the misfortune of so many to be compelled to drink.

And so we may do without flowers, tea, and the prettier ways of doing things, but for the benefit of the traveling public I ask, may we not have some simple food, well-chosen and eatable, and this in the average, small town hotel of America?

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## The House of Never Again

Oh Never Again is in Fairyland,  
It lies just past the reach of your hand;  
Out of reach in the Long Ago,  
Yet plain to see in the afterglow—  
And girt with gardens you used to know,  
Dear gardens you used to know!

And oh, you long for the things you miss,  
Just out of reach, for a baby's kiss;  
For a smile that blessed, a touch that thrilled,  
The flower that's crushed, the wine that's  
spilled;  
A hope that died and a joy that's killed;  
A beautiful joy that's killed.

And turn to look at the olden way—  
And long and long for a bygone day—  
And wish you might fare by field and fen,  
By winding pathway and greening glen,  
Back to the lands of Never Again;  
Lost lands of Never Again.

There is no way back by path or trail,  
Not ever a way to that fairy vale;  
But this you may have, if you will it so,  
You may build again in the afterglow,  
If Love came safe from the Long Ago—  
Safe out of the Long Ago.

GRACE STONE FIELD.

# When Hard Times Came

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

**H**ARD TIMES is a sociable lady and comparatively few people but, sooner or later, have sensed her approaching footstep and have for a time been forced to house her. But blessed is she who has made the lady welcome and sought to learn her mission. She has found that, deep down in the visitor's voluminous draperies, opportunity's royal message oft lies concealed, and from this unsought interview has risen up a stronger and wiser woman.

Mayhap the one so favored has been pointed to some new goal on hope's horizon, and has set forth on an interesting quest, determined to win and to acquire the inimitable smile of those who are "making good". It is of such I would speak.

Two maiden ladies of my acquaintance were so visited, with the result that they were left dependent on their own resources.

A mental inventory of their assets showed that they both possessed the knowledge gained by Normal School training and the ability to supervise housekeeping with that nicety of detail characteristic of the New England housewife. Teaching and housekeeping were both distasteful, so the older sister straightway formed a clientele among the society women of an adjoining city by giving her personal supervision to their marketing. Four days a week she goes to market and selects with utmost care all the viands to grace each patron's board. In case of sickness, she has sometimes planned the menus. She caters for about six families and is so well liked and dependable that to the marketing she has been obliged to add the duty of supplying servants for the several households.

The younger woman makes the most delectable preserves, jellies, marmalades,

pickles, catsups, etc., and finds a ready market for them through the Woman's Industrial Union of the neighboring city and the Woman's Exchange of her home-town.

I have visited her jelly-rooms in the fruit season and such a variety of colors greeted me! The green of mint jelly, and on down through the yellow and amber shades of grape fruit, orange, and apple marmalades and apple butter, to the deepening reds of quince, crabapple, and wild grape jellies made an array of dainties to tempt the palate of the most fastidious epicure.

Together these women are able to maintain a modest but attractive home. Their contact with the world has transformed them into self-reliant, broad-minded women, simply because Hard Times came bringing them the blessed privilege of work, and the incalculable lesson of adjustment to circumstances.

Again, a married woman whom I know has found it necessary to swell the family exchequer. She makes a very effective workbag for women, which sells for two dollars. These she disposes of through a man who runs a bazaar near a fashionable summer hotel. He charges fifty cents commission for the sale of each bag. In Summer these were sold at a Northern watering-place, and in winter at a famous Southern resort. She has netted over six hundred dollars from this particular bag and, being remarkably gifted with her needle, has other avenues of income, and boasts of the fact that in her twenty years of married life she has never asked her husband for money to buy his Christmas present.

An ambitious young woman in the same town earns generous pin-money by securing subscriptions for the various magazines and, incidentally, in being "A



Mother's Helper". She lives on an avenue where the families measure up to the true Rooseveltian standard, and many a weary mother hails with delight this fresh-faced girl, as she comes with a fund of new stories and games to entertain the youngsters, while "Mother" spends an afternoon at the club or matinee.

Last summer in the Berkshires I came upon an inviting little Tea-room. It was in an old-fashioned farmhouse near one of the much-travelled automobile roads. The gentle proprietor had furnished it artistically, but with colonial simplicity; and served, during the afternoon hours, a variety of dainty sandwiches, ices and tea. A closer acquaintance with her revealed the fact that she was an aspiring young artist, and during the remainder of the year was busy in her studio, as an attractive table, prominently placed, bore testimony. Here were exhibited all sorts of hammered brass articles and appealing bits of water-color which found ready sale as souvenirs for the visiting tourists. In change of work she found her relaxation and this amid the additional invigoration of mountain air.

Another clever young woman has solved the problem of scarcity of funds by making fancy boxes. Boxes for candy, gloves, handkerchiefs and all the various uses dear to the feminine heart. Many of these receptacles are covered with wall paper of pretty floral designs. Others are ribbon-trimmed and touched with gold ink. For candied flowers and fruits she makes small ribbon-bound glass boxes and has evolved a handicraft which pays, as she has many private

orders as well as regular Exchange sales in more than one city.

Similarly rewarded has been a young California woman who is an artist with mineral paints. She specializes in stein decoration and her unique and deftly executed designs are eagerly sought.

A particularly trying case of individual struggle was that of a married woman, with children, whose husband sustained an injury to the back that rendered him helpless. But the wife, being an excellent cook, began baking and selling her products to friends and neighbors who were only too glad to patronize her. She makes a specialty of bread, cookies, doughnuts, pies and cakes, and bakes beans to order. Her prices are somewhat higher than those of the ordinary baker, but the difference in the food supplied is more than worth it. So successful has she been that she is unable to meet the demand and at present is contemplating hiring assistants and opening a small bakery.

And so on could be mentioned innumerable homes where this grim mistress of necessity has knocked, but in no case were those visited left empty-handed. On the contrary, many have been made cognizant of some thwarted talent and have set out to bring it to fruited development. Often the result could not have been anticipated.

To be sure, all those referred to, in this brief article, have known days when their gray-visaged guest seemed a stern task-mistress, but now, each secretly and happily remembers how, when life looked wholly barren—out of a ruined garden,—Hard Times found for them the kernel of long-coveted *Success*.

## The Heart That Dares

Oh the stirring and rough and impetuous  
song,

The song of the heart that dares;  
That keeps to its creed and gives no heed  
To the faces that fortune wears!

That heart that laughs when the foe is met,  
And thrives and fires at taunt and threat,  
And finds no toiling or travelling long,  
For the sake of the good it bears.

SWEENEY.

# American Commodities Sold in Paris

By Frances Sheaffer Waxman

PARIS has ceased to be a strange city to the traveler, and has become, instead, a city of strangers. For it is safe to say that no other metropolis of the world is the Mecca for so many alien peoples. It is the Elysian Fields of all the Latin population of the earth, who dream of spending their wealth there. Whether or not "all good Americans" ultimately attain to Paris when they die, we may never know, but certain it is that hordes of living Americans, concerning whose standards of goodness we have no outward proofs, visit the French capital yearly for stays of varying length. The French themselves say that Paris is all American, during July and August. The traveling English people, and they are many, invariably stop at Paris on their way to and from Switzerland, where they always spend their Christmas holidays; and it is a regular custom for the railway companies to issue reduced-rate tickets from London to Paris, at Easter. Even the antagonistic Germans, *les sals Prussiens*, so hated by the French, seldom fail to include Paris in a travel schedule.

None of these peoples who go to Paris need feel any longer in a foreign atmosphere, for the canny French have sought out the preferences of their stranger visitors, and have endeavored to provide for them. Naturally, since the thrifty French regard the extravagant Americans as the richest people on the earth, it is for them especially that they fill their shops with enticing wares, either French things which Americans go to Paris to seek, or American commodities as the French understand them.

French dressmakers have come to realize that American women require a somewhat different fit from that exacted by French standards. Indeed, the women

of the two races have different figures. The French women are more *bombée*, as their own *couturières* are careful to explain to their American customers. Though the makers of clothes in France may not approve of the physical construction of their American patrons, they are not above conforming their designs to it, in the interest of their annual gains. It is for this reason that a broad-shouldered man or woman need no longer attempt to wear the tight-fitting, narrow-chested French coat. There are establishments in the American quarters of Paris which advertise American shirtwaists for sale, meaning the trim, tailored, piqué and percale waists worn by Americans.

American men have made their protests against French tailoring methods for a sufficiently long time to impress the French workman, and he can now be persuaded to cut an American suit according to the tastes and wishes of his American customer. To be sure, he will shrug his shoulders with a deprecating "*ça sera comme monsieur le désire*," which plainly expresses his own estimate of the American masculine garb.

Although French taste may criticise the American manner of dressing, it has accepted American shoes. In the *Opéra* quarter and on the *Grands Boulevards*, there are a dozen or more houses selling well-known American makes, and their shoes are not all bought by the transient or permanent American residents of Paris. These establishments have sprung into existence, in order to meet the urgent need of a people who could not possibly confine their feet within the narrow, paddle-like shoes of the French. Although Paris clings to its dress traditions, and with justice, since it makes the fashions for all the world, it can occasionally receive an inspiration from



outside, and the French have recognized the more pleasing form of American shoes to the point of copying them in their native makes. The Parisian *midinette* now takes her noonday outing shod, and very prettily, with a good imitation of an American pump, although it may have cost as little as ten francs, and be made of nothing more lasting than oil-cloth. This latter homely material, for some inexplicable reason, is sold as American cloth in France.

American edibles have made a triumphant entry into Paris, and this in spite of French prejudices in food, which are even stronger than those clinging to their manner of dress. The "heart of Paris", which is, of course, the Place Vendôme quarter, has been invaded with tea-rooms and food-shops, each one of which advertises some special American commodity. A little shop in the Rue Daunou sells American layer cakes, popcorn, and fudge. It, also, conducts a diminutive soda-water fountain, where any homesick American may eat his ice-cream soda out of a tall glass with a long spoon, just as he would at home. Near by is a small wine shop where American drinks are dispensed, and where American men of even a long time residence in Paris will often stop for a cocktail before dinner as a substitute for the French *apéritif*. In the Rue Cambon is a tea-room which serves hot cakes with maple syrup, also doughnuts and apple pie.

In the Montparnasse quarter, peopled almost exclusively by American students, all the *crémeries* and small eating

places make some attempt at tickling the American palate. Breakfast foods are no longer unknown there, and oatmeal of a somewhat pasty consistency may be had at establishments considering themselves progressive, like Josephine's, for example. The American layer cake has invaded the *Rive Gauche*, also, and a very good Lady Baltimore can be bought at a tea-room in the Rue du Bac. French people who taste this American delicacy will admit its excellence. They have even been known to buy it for some special home function. But when they serve it, it is not in the generous wide wedges of American picnic methods, but in thin, wafer-like slices which utterly fail to satisfy an American cake appetite.

All the large groceries have introduced among their exotic commodities certain American products. The Bostonian in Paris may, therefore, occasionally eat his inspiring baked beans as well as the appetizing catsup accessory. Cranberries are sold in the Potin shops, likewise sweet potatoes. A fruit shop back of the Madeleine sells grape fruit and American peanuts.

It is not to be inferred, from this list of American commodities sold in Paris, that that gay French city is any the less French because of its large floating American population. Paris, through all its changes, whether of government or of fashion, remains ever the most typical of French cities—a city having an inexplicable *charme*, a charm, any Frenchman will tell you, due to the fact that it offers something to *tout le monde*.

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## November

No more in solemn purple deeps  
The swallows swim;  
And cold the shivering shadow creeps  
O'er fading landscapes dim.  
The charm of stillness absolute  
Folds Nature to remotest root;  
All gates are sealed; earth sleeps.

For birds that go and birds that come,  
Migration is rest;  
The heart of every tree is numb;  
All pulses pause, oppressed  
With slumber strange and deathly deep;  
Even such dull-eyed guards as keep  
Late watch, are dumb.

STOKELY S. FISHER.

# The Origin of Chowder

By Anna Sawyer

**P**ROBABLY nine out of ten New Englanders believe "Chowder" to be of local origin, and the proper method for its preparation has descended to them from their ancestors, the "early settlers". To be sure, the New Englander knows that compounds of sorts masquerade under the sacred name in other localities, notably in New York, where a soup of fish or clams is made with the addition of tomato—a proof positive that this is not the "real article", since chowder was well known long before that vegetable was ever heard of, even as a poisonous "fruit".

As a matter of fact, all chowder is good; New York chowder is good enough for most people, and New England chowder is good enough for any one, for, to paraphrase what Dr. Butler said of the strawberry, "Doubtless God might have made a better dish, but doubtless God never did".

But the surmise—for it is only that—that this favorite article of food should have been an outcome of the simple resources of our ancestors is natural enough. From Governor Bradford's diary we learn how "abundant" were both fish and shell-fish, and we know that they were abundantly used, but in spite of the evidence, neither in New England nor in New York, nor indeed in America, did chowder have its origin; for it we may again give thanks to France, as for other culinary successes, though it is neither to Paris nor a "cordon bleu" that we owe this delectable dish. It comes to us from the rough shores of Brittany, where, locally, the conditions were much the same as in New England. Here the receipt was discovered—or rather evolved—from necessities, which were also so nearly the same that it is not strange the dish

has been mistaken as one of our native products.

The shores of Brittany are washed by the same ocean that bathes the shores of our "land of the sacred cod", and many of its people, like our own, have been fishermen, from generation to generation. At some time in the history of these toilers of the sea, a time long ante-dating our first Thanksgiving, the first chowder was made an experiment in communism as well as in cooking. The idea may have first occurred to some Breton good-man, or to his thrifty wife, that we cannot tell, but a huge black iron pot, known as a "Chaudière", or translating literally, as a "hot-pot", was brought out on the shore, a fire builded underneath, and to it each fisherman was invited to bring a contribution, while the farmers brought vegetables to add to the flavor and quantity, and no doubt the good-wives added such simple seasonings as were at their command, and it is certain that those who partook brought the best seasoning of all, as in the case with our modern "chowder parties", hearty appetites. At all events, this wholesome and sufficient meal, prepared in the great "hot-pot", became an institution in Brittany, and, after a time, the utensil used in its preparation gave the dish its name. Some people have believed that the word is derived from that of "Chowchow", meaning "a mixture", and that it came to us, first of all, from England, but it is undoubtedly of Breton origin and took its name from the humble "hot-pot" in which it was first cooked. Curiously, it is seldom mentioned at all in English books on cookery, and then usually as an "American" dish, but to the Americans it certainly came from France through some chance settler or thrifty Huguenot.



Though almost every New England housewife knows a method of preparing it, one that had the warrant of fishermen may be given here, and while the same, made with milk in place of water, is, perhaps, the most common of all methods, the latter is the "real chowder" of which poor New Yorkers know so little!

For a fish chowder (with clams the procedure is the same) the fisherman will choose, if possible, a haddock. If this is not to be had, he will ask for "hake", and, last of all, will he choose a cod. A fish of about four pounds is an excellent size, and must not be denuded of the head. In fact, the fisher-cook will, if he may, take more than one, often several, for he knows that the head affords the glutinous matter which adds "body" to the dish. The fish cleaned, and freed from the bones, is laid aside, while the latter, with the heads, are put into a kettle by themselves, and covered with five pints of water, boiling hot. The contents of this saucepan must be allowed to simmer, and simmer only, for one hour, the amount of boiling water being kept constant in the meantime, and then the preparation of the chowder may begin. Perhaps, in unconscious tribute to the original "chaudière", the fisherman will select for this purpose only a black iron pot, which he will first set over the fire to heat. He has, to be sure, seen chowders, so-called, made in tin sauce-pans, but of these he will have none. When the pot is hot, into it he will cut into small pieces about one-quarter of a pound of salt pork, and with these he will fry, gently, to a yellow, not a dark brown shade, two or better three or four onions, sliced thin. The onion and

scraps he turns into a bowl when done, and keeps them hot close at hand, while the iron "hot-pot" is drawn to one side and into it is put a layer of fish, which is well-seasoned with salt and pepper, and lightly dredged with flour. Next comes a scattering of onion, and a few "scraps" with a little of the fat. A layer of sliced potatoes follows, and again the fat and onion, and so on until potato and fish are used. Of sliced potato there should be somewhat over a quart in slices an eighth of an inch thick. The last layer should be of these, and over it must be strained the water in which the bones and heads were prepared. Now the pot is pushed back over the fire once more, and allowed to cook slowly, always, and without stirring, until it is found that the potatoes are quite done, when the fish will be done, also. The fisher-cook will never be induced to cook his potatoes first, because he knows the sticky mixture that will result will be most unpalatable.

Now the "real chowder" is ready to serve!

Place eight or ten "Boston" crackers, or better still, half as many "hard-tack" in the bottom of the soup tureen, which has been well-heated, and pour over them the boiling chowder.

As has been said, the method is the same with clams excepting that, as the latter cook far more swiftly than fish, the potatoes may be boiled before adding to the chowder. The clam "liquor" should be most carefully saved and added to the boiling water with which the soup is prepared.

Here you have simply "Fisherman's Chowder", and, as that is most certainly "the real thing", as such the writer has no hesitancy in offering it.



# Lazy Living

By Jessamine Chapman

WE do not do our own living, but strive continually to get other people to do it for us. Instead of playing games, we go to watch other people play them. It is much easier to sit in an auto and watch others play a lively game of baseball than to get out on the field and play ourselves; it is easier to ride out to the game in the machine than to walk out on the country road; it is easier still to have the chauffeur drive the machine than to exert ourselves to run it. Instead of taking out-door exercise and enjoying all the thrills of winning a game, we hire someone to exercise our muscles for us, and, lying in bed, the masseur puts us in trim. The effect may be nearly as beneficial, but how lazy of us to turn the matter of our exercise over to a disinterested person and become wholly irresponsible ourselves. We attend the theatre and watch someone else do the acting. Our emotions are aroused; we are thrilled with the heroic deeds acted on the stage, but on leaving the theatre we do nothing to give vent to these emotions and they die within us. Why would it not be well to practice some of the noble deeds in our real life?

We employ a decorator to furnish our homes; we purchase our flowers of the florist, instead of raising our own; we buy our vegetables, instead of growing them in our own house-gardens; we buy our clothes, instead of making them; we use other people whenever possible to satisfy material needs. Some people would hire their breathing done for them, but for the fear that the other person might forget to do it sometimes.

We get someone else to perform our mental gymnastics for us as well as our physical exercise. To avoid the mental effort necessary to work out a problem,

a "rule of thumb" is followed blindly. A housekeeper hesitates to use a fourth of a recipe when a small quantity is needed, possibly because she needs to find out how much one-fourth of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonfuls are. Manuals and cook-books were never intended to be used without the exertion of some thought, judgment, and common sense. What queer products have been brought to our tables as a result of a lack of mental effort.

We turn over our health to our family physician and seem quite irresponsible ourselves, if things go wrong. Often a little care and thought, simply following the laws of hygiene, would prevent trouble. Our diet could be regulated so that the common ills resulting from lack of thought and care on our part could be avoided.

To be sure, there is a law of economics to be considered in living our own lives. No one questions the absurdity of becoming a law unto himself and living independently of the world around him. It would not be wise, of course, to revert to the times of our fore-fathers and produce our own foods, manufacture our own clothes, and carry on all industries in the home. The proper use of the law of conservation of energy requires that we use the least amount of effort in work and play. The trouble is we often use more energy in getting things done for us than we would use in performing the task ourselves, producing a bad disposition in the bargain, while a real exhilaration and a satisfaction is the result in the latter case.

There are evils that result from our not doing our own living to a greater extent. We are active human beings by nature. Inactivity breeds unrest, discontent, unhappiness and positive ill



health. To be mentally and physically active to the Nth power is almost a sure cure for most of the ordinary mental and physical aches and pains we endure. It is a way of producing a feeling of worth. If the neurasthenic could acquire this feeling, recovery would be

certain; the dyspeptic would forget his troubles, and hundreds of other sufferers would be happy and contented in the enjoyment of the good health they should possess. Let us avoid getting too lazy to do our own living. Contentment is conditioned on activity.

## Modern Hospitality

By Mrs. W. B. Williams

THE last few years have seen a marked change in methods of entertaining. Nowadays a hostess prefers to have her parties at a club rather than in her own home. This statement applies chiefly to women under forty. The older generation still clings to the older way.

It is hard to tell what has brought about the change. It is not because these women live in boarding-houses or in cramped quarters, which would make home entertaining difficult. They have pleasant houses and are adequately—some handsomely—provided with silver, china and fine linen. Five years ago they enjoyed displaying these possessions. They took pride in setting their tables prettily, in concocting new dishes, and in inventing unusual sandwiches. Now they ask their friends to the club to dine or lunch or play cards. I asked several acquaintances, why this was. One answered, "Oh, it's more fun at the club. There's always something going on out there." Another replied, "It's so much easier", and the third said, "Everybody does and besides the club couldn't run at all, if we didn't patronize it that way."

My own city is not the only place where this tendency is seen. It is spreading all over the country. A year ago I went to visit a sister who lives several hundred miles away. We were invited half a dozen times to lunch, to

tea and play cards. With one exception these parties were given at a club. At the end of my visit my sister said, "I'm glad you've seen so much of my friends. I did want you really to know them." I could not hurt her by telling her the truth, which was that I did not feel that I knew them at all. Only once had I been asked to anyone's house, only two of them had I seen with their hats off.

Still more disappointing was a recent visit to the town where I lived before my marriage. My old friends were most cordial. I was asked to this and that, and various small parties were given in my honor. But I was invited three times to tea at a tea-room and only twice at a friend's house. Twice I was lunched at a hotel and once at a club, never at anyone's home. It was a little better with the card parties. Three were at people's houses and only two at the club. Apparently they all thought it more of an attention to take me to a hotel or club than to ask me to lunch or tea at home. Once or twice I tried to hint that what I really wanted was to see them and their children, but they did not seem to understand that I should have much preferred a lunch of herbs in their own dining-rooms to the stalled ox in public places.

It is a pity, for, after all, doesn't true hospitality mean asking your friends to sit by your own hearth and to eat at your own table?

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## Children

A joyous sound of laughter  
Blown through the gates of morning,  
A gossamer of music.

(O little frightened whisper,  
And hands that reach for comfort!)

Glad lips with song upwelling,  
Wide eyes agaze with wonder,  
Hearts tiptoe for adventure.

(O glance that brands the liar!  
O words of baby wisdom!)

A rush, a cry, a scurry  
Of playmate seeking playmate;  
A gust of mimic passion.

(O little lifted faces  
Forever asking, asking!)

Blown bubbles floating lightly  
That cast no shadow after,  
That mirror only heaven.

(O clear eyes filled with vision!  
O lips like silent sphinxes!)

HELEN COALE CREW.

## UNREST

ON every hand it is manifest that we are living in an age of unrest. The oldtime era of sturdy industry, slow gains and moderate fortunes has gone by—is out of fashion. The get-rich-quick scheme is everywhere in evidence. Not long since the application of steam power, lately of electrical power, has done much to revolutionize the ways of living and, at the same time, multiply the wants of people in general. The question is are people more contented and happy than they used to be? In a recent editorial we note the following:

“Does material prosperity directly work toward contentment and happiness? Are our rich people the contented and thankful ones? The writer of this article travelled this winter through the whole State of Florida and parts of Georgia. Everywhere he found the automobile owned by planters and villagers. His travels in Colorado, Idaho, and Utah showed him the same outward evidences of money acquired, and put into what might be called luxuries. His summers are spent in a New England fishing village. Every house in the place is in better condition than it was some fifteen years ago: the fishermen are obtaining high prices for lobsters and sea-fish, the farmers just back of the village have excellent hay crops and obtain nearly twice as much per ton as they did in the latter part of the last century. *Yet contentment cannot be found among them.* Are restlessness and discontent becoming American characteristics? Or are we really better off and happier than we seem to be, judging by our talk and by our actions?”

This is good and true and yet, we think, the optimist must answer the question, yes. No good and sufficient reason appears why people should not enjoy a share in the good things of these modern days now and here. Wants imply a possible means of satisfaction. Our grandmothers, for instance, did not



aspire to vote; today we have with us not only the progressive woman but also the militant suffragette. We can not see why it is not perfectly just and right for women to vote, if they really want to. People are likely to get what they seek for most earnestly. If women are ready and willing to combine and strive diligently, the right of suffrage will come to them in due time. Transition, change seems to be the law throughout the universe. In the midst of the apparent turmoil and confusion of the present day, let us not fail to cultivate a cheerful, hopeful outlook and remember that all things good come to him who patiently works and waits. The trend of all progress is to increased prosperity and betterment in human life.

#### LET JUSTICE BE DONE

THERE is no one thing that people want more in this world than that justice be done at all times and everywhere. And what is justice? Who is to decide? We venture to say the word is not easily defined. We sometimes seek to obtain justice by means of law and fail to get it. Perhaps justice might be had in the world-wide keeping of the Ten Commandments, or in the observance by everybody of the one great commandment, "Do unto others as you would that, etc." We know that the conversance of any least violation of this rule of conduct produces a feeling of resentment—a sense that wrong has been done.

At any rate, the desire for justice seems to be a natural instinct of every human being. As far back as our mind can recall, ill-treatment of every kind, even in case of animals, has been grievously resented. The sentiment is universal. Of course, justice implies injustice, as right implies wrong. We can not conceive of the one without the other. Have you not noticed how great wickedness and great piety are apt to be closely associated, both in time and place, and often in the same individual?

Justice, then, we take it, consists in doing right, in dealing fairly with our neighbor and friend, that is, in the observance of the golden rule, in accordance with which individual and social affairs should be conducted. In short, justice is strictly a matter of morality and character. We want justice to prevail always, and any failure therein is ever the source of bitter disappointment and sense of injury. "Above all things," some one has said, "is justice. Success is a good thing; wealth is good also; honor is better, but justice excels them all." *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.*

#### GRACEFUL LEAVE-TAKING

HOW thankful I would have been in my first girlish attempts at calling had some tactful relative or friend coached me a little in the art of taking leave when the time to go had come! Looking back now it seems almost ludicrous that this simple matter should have been such a bug-a-boo; but such it surely was!

It probably arose from my having made one awkward going, this causing me to expect and dread a similar blunder. A young girl once conscious of an awkwardness is so supremely miserable over it!

But observation tells me that others—not always young girls either—dread the moment of leave-taking. If you don't believe it, watch the average woman—one who does not make a study of society—put off her going, the various attempts she makes at it before really getting away, her stupid lingering near the door, her platitudes and repetitions.

How wearisome and invariable is her "Now come soon" etc!

Perhaps we all need to get it into our heads that the best leave-taking is *swift, gracious and cordial.*

Let the beginner plan a bit beforehand, and follow some such "formula" as this: Before the conversation begins to drag, just in an interesting place if possible, let her rise, while she herself is speak-

ing, adding impulsively to the sentence "But I *must* be going!"

If there is a friendly smile upon her face and a real cordiality in her tone, the hostess will feel that she has enjoyed the little visit without any trite remark to that effect, though she may say naively "I am glad I came" or "I am so glad to have found you at home". Then if she moves rapidly toward the door, there is little chance for awkwardness in word or deed, and if not *too* abruptly done, this is apt to be both graceful and natural. It saves the hostess as well as the guest.

Protracted leave-taking is one of the most trying things in social life, and it is so common a fault that I would we could start a reform. Anyone guilty of it needs to try this plan of swift and cordial going until it has become a habit. Then calling will be no longer the bore it is so often to hostess and guest.

L. M.

The woman of tomorrow will not differ from the woman of yesterday in femininity or physique or capacity in her charm for men or in her love of children, but in the response of her eternally feminine nature to a changed environment. Today woman is beginning to be educated for the new era, and man must go with her. She is learning home-making with new implements and new opportunities. She need no longer be a drudge, and she must not continue to be a doll. The new mother, alert to the larger needs of her household, is more competent than her grandmamma, and even supplant "the tired businessman" in municipal housekeeping until he can be her equal and himself deserve the suffrage.—*Charles Zueblin.*

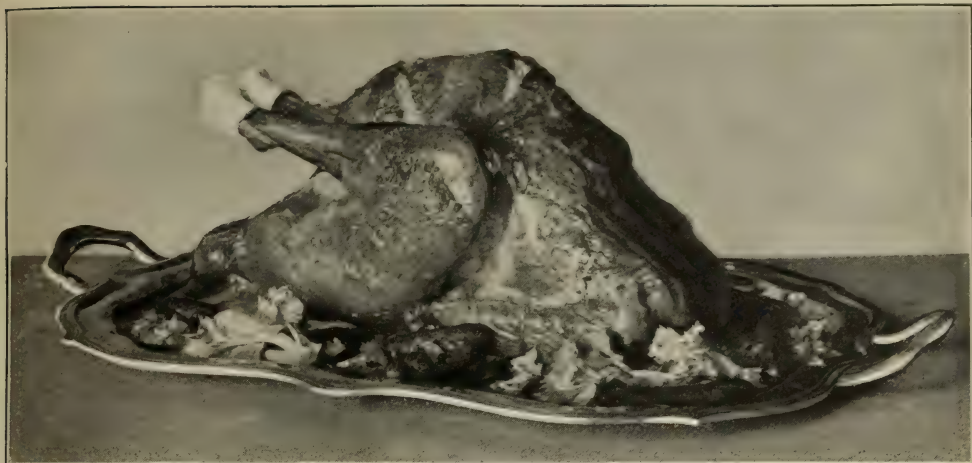
Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our lives.—*Phillip Brooks.*

"The assertion that no man is indispensable in any good cause offers a wholesome lesson. No matter how useful a man is, the fear that the cause he is enlisted in would go to the dogs without him is a specious tribute to him. The best usefulness is in strengthening the things that remain as men come and go. The man who pretends otherwise is a sham, and the people who foster in him this delusion of egotism, mere idol-worshippers."

"There are some differences, or rather some people who hold such differences, which bring about personal alienation and bitterness. It is thought that the way out of such division is an imagined time when matters will be decided and all be united in the one right way. What a time that will be, how dull and saltless, how empty of prospect, is not considered. And, even if it be entertained, such a hope does not mend the present situation. What we need is a *modus vivendi*. The secret of getting on in some sort of harmony does not lie in determining differences, but in managing them. They must be made aseptic: no poison of temper will be defensible. The freedom of opinion one uses must be fully conceded to others. Credit must be given for sincerity, and every possible inch of common ground must be recognized. And if a sense of humor is kept tingling, the thing is done."

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift, We have hard work to do, and loads to lift. Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift. Say not the days are evil—who's to blame? And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame! Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name. It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong, How hard the battle goes, the day how long, Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.—*Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*





ROAST TURKEY—GARNISH: SAUSAGE AND CELERY LEAVES

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Crusts of Deviled Chicken Livers

**S**PREAD oval-shaped bits of toast (two by two and one-half inches) or bread, buttered and browned in the oven, with cooked chicken, goose or turkey livers, pressed through a sieve and seasoned very high with cayenne, mustard, a few grains of curry, tabasco sauce, salt and a few drops of onion juice; above dispose a stoned olive, stuffed with pimentos. Fine-chopped truffle or two or three figures, cut from sliced truffles, may replace the olives. Puff-paste may replace the toast. The paste may be baked over little tins or in a sheet. Baked in a sheet, it must be cut in portions while hot.

### Oyster Soup, Tomato

Pour three cups of cold water over three pints of oysters, look them over carefully to remove bits of shell and wash or rinse them in the water. Strain

the water and oyster liquor through a folded cheese-cloth and let heat to the boiling point; skim, then add the oysters and again heat to the boiling point; strain out the oysters and set aside to use in croquettes, salad, or for a creamed dish of oysters. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter or dripping, and in it cook three tablespoonfuls of raw lean ham, chopped fine, half a small onion, half a small carrot, a piece of green or red pepper pod and a stalk of celery, chopped fine; stir and cook until softened and yellowed; add three tablespoonfuls of flour and cook until the flour is absorbed; add a cup and a half of tomatoes and let boil ten or fifteen minutes; add a cup of chicken broth and strain into the hot oyster broth. Season as needed with salt and pepper; skim and it is ready to serve.

### Cream of Cauliflower Soup

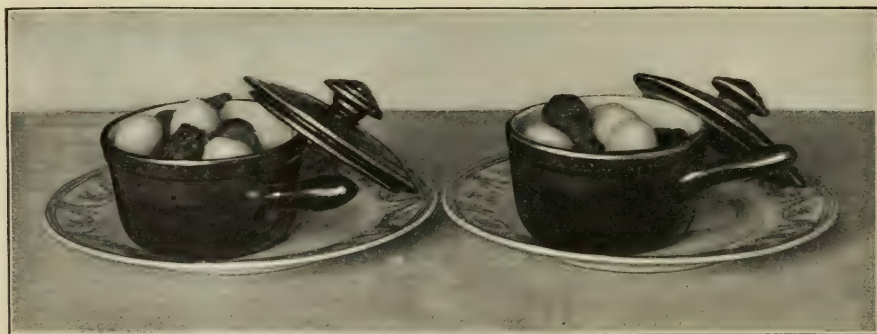
Cook two small cauliflower in boiling



A PRIZE SQUASH

salted water until tender and press through a fine sieve (use a pestle) into the water in which the cauliflower was cooked. Scald three cups of milk in a double boiler; mix a tablespoonful of potato flour with milk and stir into the hot milk and continue to stir until the milk thickens, then cover and let cook fifteen minutes. In the meantime add three cups of chicken broth, flavored with the usual soup vegetables, to the cauliflower purée and liquid and heat to the boiling point; add to the mixture in the double boiler; add also a cup of cream and salt and pepper as is needed. Two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch or fine tapioca may be used to thicken this soup.

in one quart of oysters, carefully drained, cover and let heat to the boiling point. Uncover the dish, from time to time, lest it boil over. Remove the oysters and discard the tough muscle. Pour the liquid from the blazer and wash the blazer; in it melt two level tablespoonfuls of butter; in this cook two level tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper—black and paprika mixed; add one cup of the liquid and stir until boiling, then add one cup of cream and when again boiling add the oysters and let cook until hot throughout. Set the hot water pan (with boiling water) in place and stir in a tablespoonful of butter,



ROUND STEAK IN INDIVIDUAL CASSEROLES

### Oysters, Baltimore Style

Scald two cups of Sauterne in the blazer of a chafing dish; when hot put

creamed and mixed with the yolks of two eggs, and additional seasoning if needed. Stir until the egg is "set" then serve at once.





BONED LEG OF LAMB STUDED WITH HAM

### Round Steak en Casserole

Cut round steak in pieces about two inches square and let brown in salt-pork fat or dripping. Remove to a casserole, and add broth to cover. Add more fat to the pan and in it brown a small blanchd onion for each service; add these to the casserole, cover and let cook about two hours or until nearly tender; add, for each service, two small strips of carrot and half a dozen cubes or balls of potato, parboiled and browned in the frying pan, also salt and pepper as

### Boned Leg of Lamb Studded with Ham

Bone a leg of lamb. Fill the center with bread dressing, seasoned with onion and green pepper. Sew the leg into good shape. Cut raw ham into strips an inch long and one-third of an inch thick. With a pointed knife make small incisions in regular rows over both sides of the meat and into these press the strips of ham. In the pan of a double roaster put the fat from the ham, chopped fine, and two or three tablespoonfuls of drip-



EGGS SHIRRED, WITH TOMATO

needed, and let cook until the vegetables are tender. Serve in individual casseroles made hot in boiling water.

ping; when hot put in the lamb, two onions and two carrots, sliced, also three branches of parsley and a part of a

"spice (or soup) bag." Set over the fire and let all brown, turning as needed to brown uniformly. Pour over about a quart of hot beef or veal broth, or half and half of each. Set the pan in the covered receptacle and let cook in a slow oven about three hours. Remove the meat to a hot dish, strain off the liquid, season as needed and serve in a sauce boat. The sauce may be thickened with flour made smooth in water, if desired.

### Bread Dressing for Boned Lamb or for Stuffing Chicken or Turkey

Crumble stale bread, freed of crust, by rubbing it through a colander. To two

Cover the neck and giblets (liver, gizzard and heart) of a fowl with boiling water, heat to the boiling point, then let simmer until tender. Chop the giblets fine, removing all bits of gristle. Pour off the fat from the baking pan to leave but two or three tablespoonfuls in the pan; add three tablespoonfuls of flour and stir and cook until absorbed; add about one cup and a half of broth (in which the giblets were cooked) and stir until boiling. Let boil six minutes. Add the chopped giblets and the sauce is ready to serve.

### Eggs Shirred with Tomatoes

Press cooked tomato through a sieve,



BRUSSELS SPROUTS, CAULIFLOWER, CABBAGE AND KOHL RABI

cups (well pressed down) add half a cup of melted butter, one or two tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped green or red pepper, one tablespoonful of parsley, about a teaspoonful of onion pulp (scraped from an onion cut in halves) a teaspoonful of crushed thyme and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and black pepper. Mix all together thoroughly.

### Giblet Sauce for Roast Fowl

about three tablespoonfuls will be needed for each egg to be served. Scrape in a little onion pulp and add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley with salt and pepper to season. Let simmer until the pulp is well reduced. Put a little of the purée in the bottom of an egg-shirrer, break in a fresh egg, shake a little salt and pepper over the white of the egg, then turn over it a tablespoonful or more of the prepared tomato, also a tablespoonful of



grated cheese or a sprinkling of fine-chopped truffle. Let cook in the oven until the egg is "set." Serve at once in the shirring dishes.

salt, fine-chopped parsley, a few drops of onion-juice or a grating of nutmeg. Stir the mixture over ice-water until it begins to thicken, then fold in the



MOUSSE DE POULETTE, WITH SALAD

### Mousse de Poulette Salad

For seven timbale molds take half a cup of double cream, beaten firm, half a level tablespoonful of gelatine, softened in three tablespoonfuls of chicken broth, half a cup of highly-seasoned chicken broth, the beaten yolk of an egg, one or two truffles, and three-fourths a cup of fine-chopped, cooked chicken breast. Scald the broth, dilute the yolk with a little of the broth, then stir into the rest of the broth; stir and cook until thickened a little; add the softened gelatine, stir until the gelatine is dissolved, then add the chicken and such additional seasoning as is desired, salt, pepper, celery

whipped cream, also the trimmings from the truffles, chopped fine. Before beginning the dish, or while the mixture is cooling, cut the truffles in thin slices and then in fancy shapes. Take them on the point of a larding needle, one by one, dip into a little dissolved gelatine and set them in place on the bottom and sides of the molds. When the mousse is unmolded (dip into *warm* water) garnish with celery, lettuce, endive, cress or tiny string beans, seasoned with French dressing. In the illustration, endive and cress were seasoned with French dressing, then sprinkled with minute pearl onions.



RICE CAKES, WITH HONEY SYRUP

### Rice Cakes

Put about three pints of cold water over three-fourths a cup of rice, stir with a silver fork and let heat to the boiling point over a quick fire; let boil three or four minutes, pour into a sieve and let cold water run through the rice to blanch it. Put the blanched rice into a double-boiler with about three cups of milk. Let cook, undisturbed, until the rice is tender and the milk is absorbed. Add a scant teaspoonful of salt when about half cooked. Turn the rice on a shallow dish. When cooled enough to handle shape into round, flat cakes, three-fourths an inch thick, pat them in flour on each side, then sauté in hot salt-pork fat until nicely browned, first on one side and then on the other. Serve at breakfast or supper with

a batter; beat until smooth, then cover and set aside to become light. Add one whole egg and a yolk (or three yolks) one-fourth a cup of sugar, one-fourth a cup of melted shortening, half a teaspoonful of salt and flour to make a dough that may be kneaded. Knead until smooth and elastic. Cover and set aside (out of drafts) to become double in bulk. When light divide into about eighteen pieces of the same size; shape these into balls, dispose on the kneading board, cover with one or more earthen mixing bowls and let stand to become very light. Roll each ball into a rectangular sheet about one-fourth an inch thick; as soon as one is rolled spread it with almond cream, then roll like a jelly roll. Join the ends securely, to form a ring on the pan. Let stand again to become very light. Brush over with the



BISMARCK RINGS

### Honey Syrup

Boil two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of boiling water, washing down and covering the saucepan as in making fondant, about six minutes. Add four tablespoonfuls of strained honey. Serve cold.

### Bismarck Rings

Soften a cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk; mix and add to one cup of milk, scalded and cooled to a lukewarm temperature. Stir in enough flour to make

yolk of an egg, beaten and mixed with one or two tablespoonfuls of milk. Slash each roll in several places. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Serve with coffee or cocoa. These are good reheated.

### Almond Cream Filling

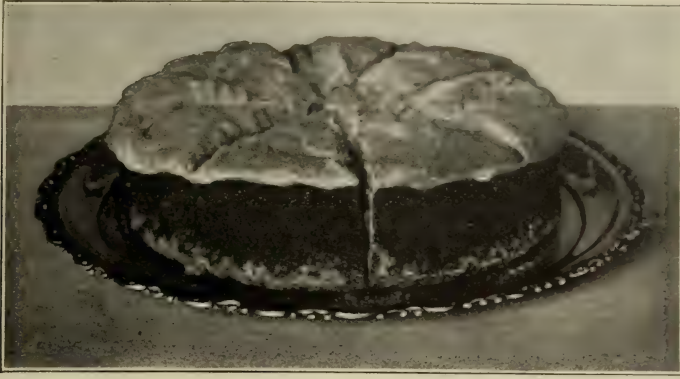
Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two ounces (one-fourth cup) of almond paste, then one-fourth a cup of sugar and one egg or two yolks and use to spread the Bismarck Rings.

### Pineapple Soufflé



Bake a loaf of sponge cake in the usual round pan with feet or in a rec-

omit the yolks from the meringue and use them in a boiled custard to serve



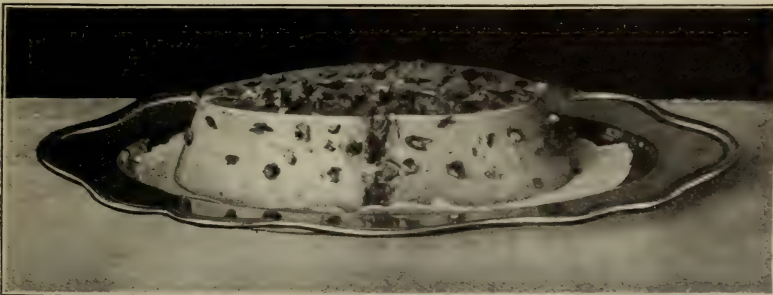
PINEAPPLE SOUFFLÉ

tangular pan of larger size. Leave a narrow rim or edge and cut the center from the cake to make a hollow case. On the bottom of the case spread a layer of canned, grated pineapple. The pineapple may be used as it is, or, it may be reheated with half a cup of sugar and the juice of the half lemon, left from the cake, and then chilled. Beat the whites of three eggs dry and the yolks until very light and thick. Gradually beat one-third a cup of sugar into the yolks, then beat in one cup of sifted cake crumbs (the cake cut from the center pressed through a sieve) and carefully fold in the whites of the eggs. Spread part of this mixture over the pineapple and pipe the rest above it. Dredge with granulated sugar and let cook from fifteen to twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve hot or cold. For a change,

around the cake. One pint of milk, one-third a cup of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract are the other ingredients for the custard. The custard should be served cold.

### Maple-and-Walnut Bavariose

Beat one cup and a half of cream until quite firm throughout. Scald one cup of maple syrup; beat the yolks of three eggs; add a little of the syrup and when well-blended return to the syrup in the boiler; stir and cook until thickened slightly, then add one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water; stir until the gelatine is dissolved, then strain over half a cup of nut meats in a dish of ice-water. Stir until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in the cream and turn into a mold.



MAPLE-AND-WALNUT BAVARIOSE

When unmolded sprinkle with chopped nuts.

and let bake until done. As soon as taken from the oven cut into strips about



MARLBORO TART

### Marlboro Tart

Line a large pie plate (agate is preferable) with pastry; with pastry jagger cut off long strips, a scant half-inch in width, of flaky or puff paste. Mix together two cups of grated apple, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, one cup and a half of sugar, two eggs, beaten without separating the whites and yolks, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half a teaspoonful of salt and one cup of thin cream. Turn into the plate lined with pastry, wet the edge, and set the strips of pastry over the top of the filling in two directions. Finish with a strip of paste on the edge. Let bake until firm in the center.

### Napoleons

Roll flaky or puff paste into a sheet one-fourth an inch thick and cut to fit square or oblong biscuit pans. Prick these with a fork, brush over with beaten yolk of egg, diluted with milk,

three inches long and one inch and a half wide. Three pieces of paste form one service; put fruit jelly (currant, quince, apple, etc.) or orange or lemon curd on the lower bit of paste, whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, or cream cake filling, on the second layer, and confectioner's frosting, white or chocolate, on the last layer.

### Cream Cake Filling

Scald one pint of milk; sift together half a cup, each, of sugar and flour; add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, dilute with a little of the hot milk and when evenly blended, stir into the rest of the hot milk; stir until the mixture thickens, cover and let cook ten minutes. Beat two eggs; add one-fourth a cup of sugar and beat again, then stir into the hot mixture; let cook two or three minutes, until the egg is set. When nearly cold and ready to use, beat in half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Of course, other flavors could be used.



NAPOLEONS



### Confectioner's Frosting

Into one-fourth a cup of boiling water or hot sugar syrup stir sifted confectioner's sugar to make a frosting that is stiff enough to remain in place, yet liquid enough to run smooth. Flavor to taste. Use vanilla with chocolate. The chocolate should be melted and added with the sugar.

### Salted Filberts or Hazel Nuts

Boil the shelled nuts in water about five minutes, drain, add cold water and slip off the skin. Let dry a little, then moisten each with white of egg, slightly beaten, sprinkle with salt and let color very delicately in the oven.

### Cranberry Sauce

Heat two cups, each, of sugar and water to the boiling point. Add one quart of cranberries. Cover the saucepan and let stand on the back of the range five minutes; move to the front of the range and let cook five minutes after boiling begins. Set the sauce aside, covered, in the saucepan, until cold.

### Cranberry Jelly

Cook one quart of cranberries and one cup of water in a covered dish five or six minutes. With a pestle press the mixture through a fine gravy strainer (fitted into part of a double-boiler). At once stir in two cups of sugar and, without reheating in the least, pour into a mold or dish.

### Cauliflower à la Huntington

Cook the cauliflower in rapidly boiling water until just tender; separate into flowerets and pour the following sauce over them. Beat the yolks of four eggs; add one teaspoonful and a half of mustard, one teaspoonful and a fourth of salt, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika, and one-fourth a cup of olive oil, and mix all

together thoroughly. Have ready half a cup of weak vinegar, in which a slice of onion has been infused; add to the egg mixture and stir constantly while cooking over hot water until thickened slightly; remove from the fire and beat in two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a tablespoonful of curry-powder and one teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley that have been creamed together.

### Cauliflower Mustard Pickle

Let a fair-sized cauliflower stand, head downward, in salted water an hour; break the flowerets apart and trim the stems neatly. Cover with boiling water and let cook about six minutes; drain in a colander, then pack into a fruit jar. For one jar, put over the fire a scant quart of vinegar. Mix together one-fourth a cup of mustard, one-third a cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of yellow ginger, one teaspoonful of tumeric, and one tablespoonful and a half of flour; pour a little of the hot vinegar over the seasonings and mix to a smooth consistency, then stir into the rest of the hot vinegar; stir until boiling and let simmer ten minutes; stir in one tablespoonful of olive oil and pour over the cauliflower in the jar. A tablespoonful of white mustard seed and half a tablespoonful of celery seed may be added to the jar as the cauliflower is put in. Other vegetables, as Brussels sprouts, button onions, slices of green tomato or thick slices of cucumber may be prepared by the same recipe. A mixture of several kinds of vegetables is often preferred.

### Ginger-Mint Punch

Pound a bunch of fresh mint; add one cup and a half of sugar and the juice of six lemons. Let this stand covered and in a cool place over night. Strain off the liquid and, when ready to serve, add three bottles of ginger ale. This provides for sixteen punch glasses.

# Menus for a Week in November

SUNDAY

**Breakfast**  
Broiled Ham  
Baked Potatoes Dry Toast  
Rice Cakes, Honey Syrup, Coffee

**Dinner**  
Lamb-and-Tomato Soup  
Browned Crackers  
Roast Chicken, Bread Dressing  
Giblet Sauce Cranberry Sauce  
Sweet Pickled Ripe Cucumbers  
Mashed Potatoes Squash  
Marlboro Tart, Coffee

**Supper**  
Smoked Herring Celery  
Boston Brown Bread Sandwiches  
Mustard Pickles, Tea

WEDNESDAY

**Breakfast**  
Haddock and Mashed Potato Cakes  
(sautéd)  
Mustard Pickles  
Dry Toast Doughnuts  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Round Steak in Individual Casseroles  
Macedoine of Vegetables in Tomato Jelly,  
French Dressing  
Prunes Stuffed with Nuts, Whipped Cream  
Half Cups of Coffee

**Supper**  
Deviled Crabs Olives  
Parker House Rolls Ginger Snaps  
Tea

MONDAY

**Breakfast**  
Cereal, Thin Cream  
Creamed Salt Codfish  
Corn Meal Muffins  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Cream of Tomato Soup  
Chicken Soufflé  
Brussels Sprouts, Buttered  
Tapioca Custard Pudding, Vanilla Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

**Supper**  
Potato Salad Sardines  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Tea

THURSDAY

**Breakfast**  
Creamed Smoked Beef  
Baked Potatoes  
Rice Griddle Cakes, Honey Syrup  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Boned Leg of Lamb, Studded with Ham  
Franconia Potatoes  
Okra, Tomato Sauce Baked Bananas  
Squash Pie Cheese  
Half Cups of Coffee

**Supper**  
Puffed Baked Potatoes with Paprika  
Smoked Beef Bread and Butter  
Sliced Apples Baked in Bean Pot  
Cookies Tea

TUESDAY

**Breakfast**  
Bacon, Broiled, Baked Apples  
Cold Cereal, Fried  
Dry Toast  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Fresh Haddock, Boiled  
Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes  
Philadelphia Relish or Cabbage Salad  
Apple Pie Cheese  
Coffee

**Supper**  
Fresh Beef Tongue, Boiled (Cold)  
Home Canned String Beans, French  
Dressing with Onion juice  
Bread and Butter  
Hermits Tea

FRIDAY

**Breakfast**  
Cereal, Thin Cream  
French Omelet  
Fried Potatoes, German Fashion  
Dutch Apple Cake  
Coffee Cocoa

**Luncheon**  
Tomato Rabbit  
Sweet Apples, Baked  
Cream and Sugar  
Bread and Butter  
Half Cups of Coffee

**Dinner**  
Scalloped Oysters  
Celery-and-Nut Salad Yeast Biscuit  
Baba, Grape Juice Syrup  
Tea

SATURDAY

**Breakfast**  
Cereal, Thin Cream  
Salt Mackerel, Cooked in Milk  
White Hashed Potatoes  
Corn Meal Muffins  
Coffee Cocoa

**Luncheon**  
Baked Beans  
Hot Boston Brown Bread  
French Pickle or Tomato Catsup  
Chocolate éclairs  
Half Cups of Coffee

**Dinner**  
Corned Shoulder of Lamb  
Boiled, Caper Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes  
Boiled Turnips Celery  
Baked Apple Tapioca  
Pudding  
Junket Ice Cream Tea



# Inexpensive Menus for a Week

(For Institutions)

(Luncheon at Noon by Request)

*If any article of food disagrees, it is better to reduce the quantity of it taken, than to cut it out of the dietary altogether.*

## Breakfast

Bacon, Apple Sauce  
Fried Mush, Syrup Bread and Butter  
Coffee

## Dinner

Round Steak en Casserole  
(potatoes, onions, carrots)  
Celery Hearts Hot Apple Pie Cheese  
Tea

## Supper

Hot Boiled Rice, Sugar, Milk  
Drop Cookies  
Cocoa

## Breakfast

Cereal, Milk Doughnuts  
Coffee

## Luncheon

Macaroni Italien (cheese, tomatoes, broth)  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Grapes and Apples

## Dinner

Fish Soup (with tomatoes, etc)  
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin  
Mashed Potatoes  
Squash Philadelphia Relish  
Cornstarch Blancmange, Sugar, Cream  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Breakfast

Ready to Eat Cereal  
Creamed Salt Codfish on Toast  
Chopped Pickles Corn Meal Muffins  
Coffee

## Luncheon

Dried Lima Beans, Stewed  
Yeast Biscuit  
Mince Pie or  
Cream Cake (pie) Chocolate Frosting  
Tea

## Dinner

Forequarter of Lamb, Boiled,  
Caper Sauce  
Turnips Potatoes  
Rice Pudding with Raisins  
Coffee

## Breakfast

Bacon Fried Potatoes  
German Apple Cake, Sugar, Cream,  
Coffee

## Luncheon

Hot Ham Sandwiches  
Hot Baked Apples  
Drop Cookies  
Cocoa

## Dinner

Hamburg Steak  
Baked Sweet Potatoes  
Scalloped Tomatoes and Onions  
Cranberry Pie  
(Mock Cherry)  
Coffee

## Breakfast

Hashed Lamb, Potatoes and Green Peppers  
Griddle Cakes, Caramel Syrup  
Dry Toast  
Coffee

## Luncheon

Lamb-and-Tomato Soup  
Cheese Croutons  
(Sliced bread, buttered, slivers of cheese  
above, made hot in oven)  
Apple Sauce  
Tea

## Dinner

Boned White Fish, Baked,  
Bread Dressing Drawn Butter Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes  
Steamed Fig Pudding, Hard Sauce or  
Blushing Apples with Cream

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Glazed Currant Buns  
Coffee

## Luncheon

Creamed Celery on Toast,  
Soft Scrambled Eggs above  
Tapioca Custard Pudding,  
Vanilla Sauce  
Tea

## Dinner

Salt Mackerel Cooked in Milk  
Boiled Potatoes  
Boiled Onions  
Canned Beets, Pickled  
Apple Dumpling, Butter, Syrup  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Breakfast

Creamed Dried Beef  
White Hashed Potatoes  
Zwiebach  
Coffee

## Luncheon

Hot Cheese Pudding  
(thin sliced cheese, thin squares of bread,  
eggs, milk)  
Canned String Beans, French Dressing  
Coffee or Prune Jelly,  
Cream, Sugar  
Tea

## Dinner

Cannelon of Beef  
Franconia Potatoes  
Creamed Cabbage  
Cottage Pudding  
Foamy Sauce, Coffee

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

SATURDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

# Menus for Thanksgiving Dinners

## Dinner for Large Family

Lamb-and-Tomato Soup  
 (thickened slightly with tapioca)  
 Celery Melon Mangoes  
 Roast Turkey, Giblet Sauce  
 Scalloped Oysters  
 Cranberry Sauce  
 Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style, en Casserole  
 Mashed Potatoes  
 Buttered Onions  
 Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce  
 Pumpkin Pie  
 Marlboro Tart  
 Ginger Ice Cream  
 Maple Sugar Bonbons  
 Salted Butternuts  
 Coffee

## Dinner in the Country

Oyster Soup  
 Celery Pickles  
 Roast Turkey, Bread Dressing, Giblet Sauce  
 Baked Ham  
 Cranberry Sauce Apple Sauce  
 Squash  
 Onions with Cream  
 Mashed Turnips  
 Pumpkin Pie Canned Peach Pie  
 Raspberry Ice Cream  
 Fruit Nuts  
 Coffee

## Dinner in the City

Consommé  
 Olives Celery Salted Filberts  
 Turbans of Halibut, Baked, en Casserole  
 Potato Balls with Parsley  
 Hot House Cucumbers  
 Fresh Mushrooms on Toast, Algonquin Style  
 Roast Turkey, Sweet Pickle Jelly with  
 Maraschino Cherries  
 Mashed Potatoes, Vienna Fashion  
 Squash, Brussels Sprouts, Buttered  
 Wild Duck  
 Celery-and-Orange Salad  
 Pumpkin Pie  
 Sultana Roll, Claret Sauce  
 Bonbons Assorted Nuts Raisins  
 Coffee

## Dinner in an Institution

Boiled Fresh Codfish, Pickle Sauce  
 Celery  
 Roast Turkey, Bread Dressing  
 Pork Sausage Cakes, Giblet Sauce  
 Cranberry Sauce  
 Mashed Potato  
 Squash Buttered Onions  
 Pumpkin Pie  
 Bread Pudding (with preserves and meringue)  
 Caramel Ice Cream  
 Nuts Raisins  
 Coffee

## Dinners for Two

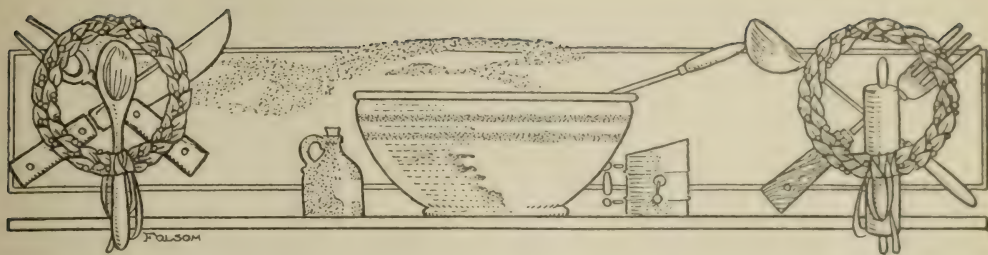
### I.

Roast Chicken, Giblet Sauce  
 Oysters Scalloped in Egg Shirrers  
 (half pint)  
 Mashed Potatoes Squash  
 Celery Cranberry Jelly  
 Individual Charlotte Russe  
 (Maple with Nuts)  
 Coffee

### II.

Fried Oysters (half pint)  
 Celery Olives  
 Chicken Pie  
 Cranberry Sauce  
 Candied Sweet Potatoes Onions  
 Pumpkin Pie  
 Cheese  
 Bonbons  
 Coffee





## Points on the Preparation of the Thanksgiving Dinner

THE selection and preparation of the food for the Thanksgiving dinner is a matter of varying interest in American households, but it is the only meal of the year that, in its general makeup, is fundamentally the same throughout the land.

For the main dish of the dinner fowl of some kind is considered *de rigueur*. Trussing the fowl, to be baked or roasted, into a compact shape, frequent basting with hot fat, undiluted with water or similar liquid, followed by dredging with flour, and cooking—after the initial searing over—at a very moderate heat, for a proper length of time, are the main points upon which a successfully cooked fowl depends.

The time of cooking varies with the age and size of the fowl. A young ten-pound turkey calls for three hours of oven heat; a chicken of about four pounds needs one hour and a half to two hours of cooking. Dry, tasteless wings, legs and second joints are the sure results of too hot an oven. As a rule cooking is carried on at too high a temperature.

For bread dressing let the bread be stale; moisten with melted butter and use nothing further of a liquid character; milk, stock, water or eggs make a compact, dense dressing, not easy of digestion. Thyme is the proper sweet herb for the dressing with fowl; reserve sage for pork and geese, and sweet basil for fish. For a change try poultry seasoning—a mixture of sweet herbs and spices—put up for this special purpose. Following

tradition many housekeepers wish to introduce oysters into the Thanksgiving dinner, and so add them to the dressing for the turkey. This is a mistake, for the cooking is necessarily too prolonged for anything as delicate as an oyster. It were better to present the oysters in soup or scalloped. Oyster croquettes might be essayed, but these are the work of an artist and will rarely be attempted by ordinary cooks.

Egg-shirrers in the brown earthen ware, now so plentiful and inexpensive, offer an attractive means of serving scalloped oysters, individually. Here, again, the crumbs should be moistened with melted butter, without the addition of water or other liquid, and the cooking should not be prolonged. Send from the oven after the family are seated at the table. If the family be large, and the turkey be carved at the table, the oysters, in individual dishes, may be put into the oven just as the turkey is taken out; they will be light, puffy, browned on top and boiling at the edges by the time the turkey, vegetables and giblet sauce are served.

In some country places partridge are a possibility, for the Thanksgiving dinner. The naturally dry flesh is much improved, if the birds be filled with a dressing of a largely fatty nature; salt pork, bacon or butter may supply the fat. Salt pork, chopped coarse, may be used, alone. Shake the remnants from the birds before sending to table.

Cranberry sauce and cranberry jelly are given in our seasonable recipes. For

occasional use one may select either, but for common, every day and day-after-day consumption the sauce is preferable. For jelly sugar is mixed into the hot pulp and the whole, without cooking, is turned at once into a mold to set. For sauce, the sugar is cooked with the cranberries, and the high degree of heat, in conjunction with the acid of the berries, inverts the sugar and thus, in a measure, predigests it.

In making jelly, the cooked berries are pressed through a sieve. Set the strainer—a perforated tin sheet in a tin, dipper-like frame—in part of a double boiler of suitable size, then use a pestle. With these utensils the pulp is quickly and thoroughly pushed through the sieve into the boiler below; with a wire sieve and a wooden spoon only a little pulp can be pushed through the sieve, the process is laborious and, eventually, the flame is pulled from the sieve. The same thing results, when an attempt is made to secure purées of vegetables, fish or meat with these latter utensils. Every woman who makes a cream soup, even once a month, should provide herself with a wooden pestle and a proper strainer. With suitable appliances cooking is a delight, without them it is unsatisfactory drudgery and a strain on the nerves.

Vegetables are largely in evidence on the Thanksgiving dinner table. All boiled vegetables should be removed from the water the instant they are cooked. Onions and vegetables of the cabbage family are more digestible, if the cooking be discontinued while the vegetables are still slightly crisp. It is, also, well for those with whom these vegetables seem to disagree, to remember that one onion or floweret of cauliflower may be eaten without inconvenience to the digestive system and even with positive advantage, when a second onion or bit of cauliflower would derange the working of the system.

As a green vegetable, to serve with the turkey, neatly trimmed heads and

roots (unharmful by nails) of choice celery, cut in lengthwise halves or quarters, will be enjoyed by almost everyone. If a dressed vegetable be preferred, green or red peppers, in narrow shreds, might be mixed with shredded celery. No dressing other than a simple French mixture is suitable for this occasion.

Pastry in some form is usually given a place in a Thanksgiving dinner. Keep in mind that the best pastry (puff) calls for equal weights of flour and shortening. Plain pastry is made with shortening equal to half the weight of the flour; flaky paste calls for any proportion between the two. By measure, two cups of flour or one cup of shortening equals half a pound. With these proportions in mind, one who can use a rolling pin with a light hand ought to be able to provide fair pastry for the Thanksgiving pies. Pastry may be mixed with advantage a day or two in advance, but leave the final putting together of paste and filling into pies until the day on which they are to be eaten. For pies with two crusts, let the paste, both under and upper, lie loosely on the plate, and extend one-fourth an inch beyond it. When filled brush over the edge of the lower crust with cold water and press the edge of the upper crust upon it. Do not press them down upon the plate. Pastry shrinks in baking and, when the pie is baked, the crust will be inside the plate.

The matter of decoration suitable to the Thanksgiving table has been called to our attention. Fruit with autumn leaves, hop blossoms, clematis or milkweed seeds are eminently suitable for this purpose. Parsley is in its glory at this season. Some of the thick mossy varieties have a silvery look that makes them exceedingly attractive. As a border for a handsome silver tray of autumn fruits nothing could be more satisfactory and appropriate than this or any other variety of parsley. Failing this, light and dark plumes of celery would not be amiss.



# Suggestions From Soyer

By Julia Davis Chandler

FOR those who were not in the large cities, visited recently by Nicolas Soyer, the great chef, and grandson of the famous food expert, writer, and philanthropist, chef to Queen Victoria, a little account of his appearance and some things he said may be of interest.

Like the first Soyer he does not wish to keep the art and science of cookery a mystery among the few, but to spread knowledge for the benefit of the many. Both have shown themselves practical economists; the first Soyer fed hundreds of the needy from what had been wasted at the kitchens of a great London Club. Economy does not mean stinting, or shortage, or deprivation of any kind, indeed economics, as defined by a great political economist, who said national affairs were but home affairs extended to the nation as one family—means the organization and direction of industry; if wisely directed, of course, there is no waste.

Soyer is proud of his profession, fond of his work, active with his own hands, simple of manner, and filled with earnest teaching capacity; yet he lightens his demonstrations with constant explanatory talk, filled with little stories and humorous comments.

In crowded halls, where hundreds of both men and women had gathered to see him demonstrate his famous paper-bag cookery, it was curious to look about and notice the different classes of persons represented. It was hard for the earnest listener to get near enough to benefit by his work and instructions.

Very many people, who go to lectures or to cooking classes, desire to learn *fine* cookery; they already have gained fundamentals and essentials, for they are fine housekeepers, epicurean club men, experts in camp cookery, hotel keepers,

tea-room managers, etc. Here were fashionable women, who knew the best restaurants of Paris and London as they knew their home city, and poor little French maidens, eagerly seeking a chef's instructions. Colored caterers lingered respectfully at the back of the audience. It was all-America; and to such audiences Soyer showed forty things at a session, in red-hot weather, too!

He talked to many that they might know how a few simple things, such as are found in all well-stocked larders, added to a simple dish, made à la jardiniere, or à la Provencale, à la Normande and the like.

His books give his recipes, but his chit-chat, as he worked, was instructive. His methods were not those calling for an imposing number of patent inventions. He squeezed a lemon with both hands clasped over it, making thus a strainer for the seeds. He squeezed halves of tomatoes by a firm pressure with one hand, rejecting the watery juice, before adding them to various dishes,—both meat and sauce ingredients, seasoning and thickening all going into the paper bag together,—pell-mell, almost, yet not carelessly, but with orderly rapidity. It was like watching a sleight-of-hand performer, to see his manipulations. In went onion, parsley, lemon, bayleaf, mushrooms, sugar, vinegar, flour, tarragon, paprika, cayenne and other peppers, madeira, sherry, and "black jack." Scooped, tipped, turned, poured, slid, presto, change!

In meat sauces he explained that all recipes calling for "*vin blanc*" did not mean white wine, for, if you do use it, "the wine turns to vinegar when it boils; but, if you use vinegar and sugar, these in cooking turn to wine." Wine, of course, he used in gelatine and other desserts. He added sugar to all the

saucers where tomato was used, and in a surprising number of gravies and the like, not "dish gravies", but what the average American calls gravies, and foreign cooks call, instead, "sauces." Black Jack is a dark, brown coloring of caramelized sugar, inexpensive, unless bottled under a foreign name and sold as Essence Parisian, etc., etc. Anyone can make it and have it on hand for constant use in meat dishes requiring a dark gravy or sauce, as roasts, ragout, etc. In ham, with champagne sauce, it was vinegar and not champagne that he used. Madeira he used in some fine dishes, and jocosely remarked that, since it was convenient to leave cooking wine in the kitchen, it was wise to do, this; and suiting the action to his words he poured into the bottle of wine a handful of salt; of course, this madeira was not for gelatines and pudding sauces, but for some of the many meat dishes to which madeira was added.

Mushrooms he used very freely; by the handful they went into the bags. Onions he used sparingly, and insisted that onions should never be fried brown, for eating, alone, or for Lyonnaise potatoes or made dishes. On the contrary they "must be kept white and sugary", else they seriously disturbed digestion, and were "very nasty";—a favorite term of disapprobation he had brought with him from England, and brought out with all seriousness, meanwhile patting the gastric regions as if the very thought of onions, fried brown, made him ill. Neither does he brown an omelet, believing that unhygienic, also. He has the butter furiously hot, and moves a half onion around in it, with a fork, in the omelet pan, then removing the onion he pours in the eggs and shakes the long-handled pan vigorously. The omelet was turned out in fine shape, but it looked like a big fish-roe, or sweetbread, or something akin, and not the savory brown omelet liked here, the skin of which may be discarded, if people are fearful of hardened albumen.

Neither does he commend cooking butter and flour sauces over the fire. It was astonishing to see him put together a sauce and bring it out a success. He melted butter, dumped in flour, and poured over a skillet of hot milk, and then, with a mighty whisking, done with a big looped wire whisk, it came out a golden yellow, thick sauce, velvet-smooth, for macaroni. Macaroni he seasons with salt, pepper, cayenne, and a little nutmeg, if liked. Parmesan cheese he used, at the last. He said macaroni should be cooked quickly and eaten as soon as cooked. He softened and coiled it in boiling water; when done he drained off the water and, lifting it deftly with two forks, poured the sauce in evenly. The thick sauce can be thinned when it is added to the macaroni, if necessary,—thinned with hot milk. The macaroni was then baked in a dish enclosed in a paper bag and was one of the most tempting of his dishes.

Oatmeal he cooked with milk; and to "oatmeal pudding" he added orange peel. He also added orange peel to rhubarb sauce.

The rhubarb was cut in short lengths and it came from the bag unbroken, floating in a pink liquid, not a green, fibrous mass. He remarked, incidentally, that Queen Alexandra praised the rhubarb, so flavored, and asked why it was so fine, and was informed it was due to the orange peel. After that strict orders were given the pastry-cook to prepare it thus for Her Majesty.

Water is not added to rhubarb or anything of the kind, excepting cranberries; sugar added to most fruits will draw out sufficient liquid without adding water, or only enough can be added to start the steam and prevent scorching at first. Anyone who has tried this knows that even hard winter pears, left cut up and well sugared, will be swimming in a rich syrup for preserves or canning; if covered in the kettle and the discolored ones put at the bottom of the preserving kettle, the cooking will make them white



again. The baked apples Soyer made were very satisfactory. He took out the blossom end, and cut deeply around "the equator", but did not peel them. The gashed "equator" let out the juice. The water from them was poured out of the bag and he recommended adding a little gelatine and sugar to this and pouring it over the apples to form a jelly. Different flavors can be added as liked; one suggestion was to pare and core the apples and arrange, after baking, with orange compôte, and pour a little "kirsch" over the apples; kirsch is a cherry cordial. Another way is to stew them in the paper bag with butter, sugar, and vanilla.

The roast of beef was fully done, enclosed in the bag; the fish-steaks looked nice, and the braised squabs were well done in paper bags; and the big cake came out in perfect style, though it had not been watched at all. Soyer never uses baking powder, or soda,—just eggs and beating, to make cake light. Have less cake, but, when you do have it, let it be choice is his idea.

A whole dinner in one dish was his steak and vegetables. Into a big bag went a thick steak of good size; whole peeled potatoes and whole tomatoes were set on top of it,—the steak not the bag,—with plenty of tops of great mushrooms, one little white onion and a little parsley. When these came out, all cooked and in shape, and were arranged nicely on a platter, a garnish of lemon and parsley was added. Thus, he said, a family dinner was cooked without anything to wash but the pan that supported the paper bag.

Braised veal à la Bourgeoise he recommended as a good way to use almost any kind of cold meat, in exactly the same way as fresh veal. He mixed in a bowl the veal, carrots, turnips, parsley, salt, pepper, sugar, a very little of this, cayenne pepper, mushrooms, tomato, flour, madeira, and black jack; all this was well-blended and thinned with cold water before it was dumped into a bag

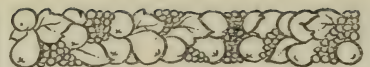
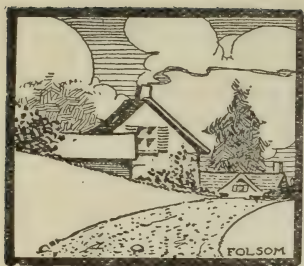
and well closed with a metal-bar-fastening, such as come with the bags in which liquids are to be cooked. This was a very savory dish.

French peas were young green peas cooked with onion, bayleaf, tarragon, salt, flour, butter and, as nearly as could be seen, a little sugar.

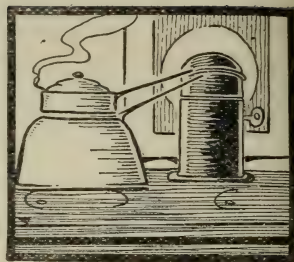
His preparation of fresh salmon was most interesting. He buttered the bag, added water and lemon, rind and juice, then put the bag *in the oven to boil*. Bake salmon in the same way, by simply omitting the water. Another time he rubbed a fish, both sides, with flour, salt, cayenne, chopped lemon and parsley. Into the bag with the fish went mushrooms, bayleaf, tomato juice from freshly cut tomatoes, standing ready for many dishes,—not just the watery juice that may be squeezed from one, but rather a purée of fresh tomato,—and a bit of onion. Use claret or burgundy for salmon, or vinegar and sugar for recipes "au vin blanc". This recipe is good for fish that have been frozen and, if my ears heard aright, for kippered herring! Prepare mackerel and other fish like salmon. Again, for fish he used lemon juice, anchovy essence, and cooked the potatoes in with the fish.

The listeners' ears were over-full of intelligence and their appetites were whetted as everything from oatmeal to braised squabs, roast beef and lamb cutlets appeared, not to mention appetizing whiffs of coffee made in different ways. Soufflés were lightly put together, and things too numerous to mention came forth like magic from blackened paper bags, taken from a row of gas ovens stretched across a very large stage.

Finally, it was a lesson in pretty handling to see cheese biscuits made. Soyer did use a spatula or palette knife to clean the board, at last, but he said, laughingly, that hands were the most useful tools, and to use a spoon for mixing only when friends called in. Just why, though, he likes fingers for buttering



# HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

## Light in Dark Corners

**L**IGHT is synonymous with life and cheer. Nothing adds so much to the comfort and beauty of a home as plenty of sunlight. Clean, shining windows and fresh white curtains give an atmosphere of health, happiness and refinement to even a poorly furnished room.

In one's own home, no matter what mistakes have been made by the architect and builder, some way can always be contrived to let in more sunshine and fresh air.

One house, which originally had a dark dining room with a blank wall, which was very near the street, was beautifully lighted by cutting a row of three small windows near the ceiling. At this height in the wall, they are above the range of gaze of passersby on the street. The windows have tiny panes of leaded glass and are very ornamental.

In another house, an outside door has been utilized as a light-giver by having the upper half of the door made of glass.

A dark stairway was lighted by a round "bulls-eye" window. This is made to swing on hinges so it is easily washed.

An oblong window, set high in the wall, with a side-board or buffet placed below it, formed a pleasing effect in a remodeled dining room. Such a window would be very convenient with a built-in china closet or book-shelves below it.

When one is living in rented apartments, the light problem is more difficult of solution, but much can be done by simple devices.

Everyone knows that light-colored wall coverings make a room appear larger and lighter. White reflects light and the use of white in decoration brightens a gloomy room.

In a living room, shaded by adjoining buildings, all the heavy furniture was moved away from the vicinity of the two windows, in order that persons reading or sewing could draw their chairs near the windows. Airy net curtains were substituted for heavy lace draperies. White linen covers were placed on the little tables, and a white lambrequin on the mantel-shelf. Some small rugs, stools and ornaments, which gave the rooms an over-crowded appearance, were removed to the attic.

A dark narrow hallway was transformed into an attractive entrance by papering it with a pale yellow paper and painting the woodwork a cream-white, including the stair railing, banisters and floor; while a narrow strip of tan and yellow carpet was laid in the centre of the floor, extending up the stairway.

Linoleum, in light shades, makes an excellent floor covering for a dark hall, as it can be easily kept clean and sanitary.

In most houses the cellar ceiling and walls are whitewashed. The shelves may also be painted white.

In a dark pantry, white oilcloth or paper covering the shelves causes small



objects to stand out distinctly. The interior of dark closets may be painted white, including ceiling, floor, walls, and shelves.

The cooking range in the kitchen, instead of being blackened, may be kept looking fresh and shining with silvery aluminum paint. It is an ingenious plan to paint the interior of the oven with aluminum paint, in order to see clearly the articles which are put in there to bake.

Large mirrors hung on the wall brighten dull apartments, as they reflect and diffuse light. Mirrors also make small rooms appear larger and give an air of spaciousness to a suite of rooms.

Whatever the artificial light may be, it should be abundant and always kept in good order. In these days of gas and electricity, people are apt to economize in burning gas for fear of the man who reads the meter, but the living rooms and hall should always be well-lighted.

Who does not know the feeling of good cheer and hospitality suggested when one passes a house where brilliant light streams from all the windows?

As a matter of convenience and economy, one practical housekeeper supplies each bedroom with a candle. At the head of the stairs in the attic a candle is always to be found, and a candle is kept at the cellar entrance, ready for instant use, if it is necessary to attend to any duties in these apartments.

N. F. M.

\* \* \*

### Onions

THE long-standing prejudice against onions seems to have almost disappeared, of late. They are not only used freely for seasoning other food, but are served as a vegetable accompaniment for fish, flesh and fowl. Onions are said to be excellent for excitable nerves, and for the ailments arising from weakness of throat and lungs. They appear frequently on diet lists, and, said a lover of onions, "You

feel so superior when you happen to eat anything on a diet list".

A thick Porter House Steak, smothered in fried onions, is a dish fit for a king; but everybody, alas! hasn't a royal digestion, and for these weaker mortals there are simpler ways of cooking. Boiled and served with cream sauce, or with butter, pepper and salt, crumbed and scalloped, or cut in slices, boiled and poured over buttered toast, they are appetizing and wholesome. Raw new onions, shredded fine and served on lettuce with French dressing, make a delicious spring salad. A certain epicure of long ago used to prefer them baked like potatoes. Onions of similar size were selected, put in rather a deep pan, top side up, and baked two hours or more in a hot oven. They must be thoroughly cooked. Serve on small hot plates. Open with the fork, put in pepper, salt and a lump of butter and eat from the skins. They are delicious.

M. S.

\* \* \*

### Tissue Paper in the Kitchen

THE uses of soft paper in the kitchen are almost as numerous as those of cloth, and for the same purposes. In our household, every scrap of tissue is saved and collected in a box in the kitchen. From this we catch up a bit, now and then, to wipe off the ice, rub a patch of rust on the stove, take up a drop of milk on the table, wipe a greasy knife or spoon, grease a cake tin and so on, dropping the paper into the fire afterwards. So we save rinsing a cloth—and even this slight effort is worth saving.

Every lot of potatoes contains a certain proportion of poor specimens, either very small or more or less decayed. I always take out these undesirable ones immediately, and having removed imperfections, boil them all at once. A part I mash and cream, with plenty of seasoning, the remainder I use for potato salad.

## Sensible Housekeeping Attire

A pretty sure test of breeding is in the way a woman dresses at her work. Appropriateness is the first requisite. For cooking, sweeping, or any sort of distinctly household tasks, one should dress the part as truly as for afternoon tea or the opera. Half-worn finery is horribly out of taste, and, on the other hand, the loose sack and flowing wrapper are abominations. The usefulness of workaday clothes is in no way inconsistent with daintiness and style. One will recognize a lady, in whatever task she is occupied, by the trimness and neatness of her attire.

## For Even Wear of Household Linen

In putting away the week's washing, I always place the newly laundered articles at the bottom of their respective piles in the drawers or on the closet shelves. The next to be used I take from the top. This method brings each thing into use in regular rotation, and insures even wear on the whole supply. I find the plan especially desirable in the matter of sheets, pillow-cases, towels, napkins and handkerchiefs.

E. M. H.

\* \* \*

## Just an Old Grape Basket

**Y**OU who reside in cities do not realize what difficulties the out of town and real country folks encounter when gift time comes.

I was in a quandery, once, as to what might be sent to an old lady, also to an invalid friend; a happy idea came to me; I acted upon it most successfully, and here it is.

In the basement were several small grape baskets and peach "carriers"; these were brought up, washed, dried, then covered neatly with moss green crepe paper, which is obtainable everywhere; in each I put two glasses of jelly, a few plain cookies, a small box of

fudge, a steamed fruit pudding, cooked in half a pound baking powder can, two polished apples, some figs and raisins; the made articles were all my own products; each was wrapped in waxed paper, then in some of the green, with a suitable, optimistic, seasonable verse enclosed.

It is needless to say the baskets were attractive to look at, and the contents appreciated, because it all looked so pretty, and showed thoughtfulness and individuality.

## Delicious Egg-Plant Croquettes

Egg-plant is a vegetable which so many only use occasionally, because they think it can only be used satisfactorily in the old way of dipping and frying; not so, try this.

Required—Egg-plant, two eggs, two cups of fine bread crumbs, beef extract or one bouillon cube, hot water, parsley, one tomato, pepper, salt, and a little flour.

To make—Pare and boil the egg-plant; when soft (about half an hour), drain, and mash fine; to it add the beef, one beaten egg, one cup of crumbs, the parsley, salt, pepper, tomato, and only enough flour to make it adhere nicely; form into small croquettes, dip in beaten egg and fine bread crumbs; fry to golden brown in deep fat; serve hot on a hot platter, prettily decorated with sprigs of parsley and tiny red radishes; lettuce with French dressing and salty wafers are a pleasing accompaniment to eye and palate.

L. N.

\* \* \*

## A Bazaar of All Nations

**A**LL over the land, in city and country, women are constantly on the *qui vive* for something original in the way of entertainments for the benefit of the various branches of church work or charitable objects, and none seems more in favor than some sort of bazaar. For an effective arrangement, have booths or villas, which decorate lavishly with bunting and flags and emblems of the differ-



ent nations, and have young women presiding over the booths, garbed to represent the different nations of the world, each corresponding in dress with the respective flags. The Irish Colleen, the Spanish Senorita, the German Fraulein, the French Mademoiselle, the Norwegian Froken, Dutch Gretchen, Scotch lassie, Persian, Chinese, and Japanese maidens, with the fair English and our own American girls, form an unusual galaxy of beauty and grace. So many being in fancy costume, the effect is most striking, though the simple costumes are hardly less beautiful, mingling with the rich, many-colored robes, bespangled, as is the Eastern custom. The beauty of the scene may be further enhanced by many brilliant lights and music. At every booth viands characteristic of the various countries can be dispensed, which will impart to the entertainment a distinctive feature. Journeying from one villa to another or from one "nation" to another is but an easy task, and, at each turn, something pretty and novel awaits one. At the American booth, which, above all others, must be conspicuous and most attractively decorated with Old Glory and red, white and blue bunting, serve succotash, baked beans, a variety of cake and pie, ice cream and home-made candy.

The German villa may be converted into a typical German garden in which a plentiful supply of coffee, with cheese, rye bread, *kuchen* and sandwiches are to be found.

The French booth can supply the most delectable salads, chicken and bonbons.

At the tables in the Swedish booth one can enjoy "*smorbrod*" (slices of cold meat or salted fish placed on bread).

Scotland offers its scones and marmalades, and when going into England one is regaled with a cup of tea served with gooseberry tarts and buns. The Irish villa may have its share of Irish flags and shamrocks, and the motto "Erin go Bragh" (Ireland Forever) placed in a

prominent place. Here are such attractive favors as gilt harps, snakes, frogs, clay pipes, and imitation potatoes and cabbages, as boxes for green bonbons and other sweets. Here can be croquettes, potato salad and buns raised with potato yeast.

Gipsy maids, picturesque in their vivid, variegated attire, holding tambourines, add greatly to the spirit and beauty of the occasion. Then, too, Jacob's well must not be overlooked. This can be formed by using a half-barrel or keg filled with lemonade. To make it convenient as to height, set the keg on a box, pile stones around the box and place large palms so as to overhang the well, thus forming a sort of booth. Let Rebecca, who presides at the well, be a girl with long black hair, worn loosely flowing over her shoulders. A long robe of yellow or red, girdled at the waist and low about the neck, would be a suitable costume. A gold band should bind the hair on her brow and, to procure the Oriental effect, she should wear an abundant supply of necklaces and bracelets. A large earthenware jar or pitcher will answer for a vessel, from which Rebecca can pour lemonade from the well into small cups or glasses. If invitations are desired, cards bearing the following inscription can be sent out:

We invite you to our church bazaar,  
Where all things bright and lovely are;  
You'll find from all the world's great nations,  
Pretty maids and choicest rations;  
Come, buy the dainties which we sell,  
We'll welcome you and treat you well.

Another great help is to post posters about town advertising the affair. These might read: "AN INVITATION TO TRAVEL ABROAD. COME TO THE BAZAAR OF ALL NATIONS", giving date, time and place. This makes an ideal entertainment for any church or society hoping to have some little money making festivity to help a good cause.

S. J. H.



**T**HIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1902.—“Recipe for ‘End of the Season Pickles’ previously given in this magazine.”

### End of the Season Pickles

- |                            |                             |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 quarts of green tomatoes | 1 ripe cucumber             |
| 1 quart of ripe tomatoes   | $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of salt |
| 3 heads of celery          | 3 pints of vinegar          |
| 3 red peppers              | 2 pounds of brown sugar     |
| 3 green peppers            | 1 teaspoonful of mustard    |
| 3 large onions             | 1 teaspoonful of pepper     |
| 1 small cabbage            |                             |

Chop the vegetables, sprinkle with the salt and let stand overnight. Drain thoroughly, pressing out all the liquid. Add the other ingredients and cook until transparent (about one hour) store as canned fruit.

QUERY 1903.—“Recipe for Pumpkin Pie.”

### Pumpkin Pie

- |  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of cooked and sifted pumpkin | 2 tablespoonfuls of molasses        |
| 1 cup of milk                                    | $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of cream                     | 1 tablespoonful of ginger           |
| 1 egg beaten light                               |                                     |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of sugar                     |                                     |

Mix all the ingredients together and turn into a deep plate, lined and finished with a fluted edge. Bake until the center is firm. The oven should be of good heat, at first, to bake the pastry. After ten or fifteen minutes, reduce the heat. Twenty-five or thirty minutes of cooking are needed.

QUERY 1904.—“Recipe for Flaky Pastry for upper crust of two Pies.”

### Flaky Pastry for Two Pies

Sift together one cup and a half of sifted, pastry flour, and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and baking powder. With a knife or the tips of the fingers work in three ounces (about one-third a cup) of shortening, then, using a little cold water, as needed, mix with the knife on a board, lightly dredged the knife, on a board, lightly dredged with flour, to coat the entire surface with the flour. Pat with the pin and roll into a rectangular sheet. Have ready about two tablespoonfuls of butter, beaten to a cream; spread part of this over one half of the paste, and fold the other half over the butter; again spread one-half of the surface with butter and fold the other half over the butter. Use at once or wrap in waxed paper and set aside, covered, in a cool place, until the next day or even two or three days.

QUERY 1905.—“Recipe for sauce served on thin griddle cakes, size of a dinner plate, piled about six deep. There was a meringue on top, browned in the oven, and apparently butter and maple sugar, in some form, between.”

### Sauce for French Pancakes

The pancakes were probably made with several eggs. Without doubt the cakes as baked were spread with butter and then sprinkled with maple sugar.



Maple sugar, two level tablespoonfuls to each egg-white, might be used in the meringue.

QUERY 1906.—"Recipe for Chocolate Nut Cookies."

### Chocolate Nut Cookies

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p> <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> a cup of butter<br/> <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> a cup of sugar<br/>                 2 ounces of chocolate<br/>                 melted<br/>                 2 eggs<br/> <math>\frac{1}{4}</math> a cup of nut meats             </p> | <p> <math>\frac{1}{4}</math> a cup of seeded<br/>                 raisins<br/>                 2 teaspoonfuls of<br/>                 baking powder<br/>                 2 cups of flour<br/>                 1 teaspoonful of<br/>                 cinnamon             </p> |
|--|---|

Beat the eggs without separating the whites and yolks. Add the chocolate to the creamed butter and sugar. Drop from a teaspoon on to a buttered baking sheet. Set a half-nut meat on the top of each cake, and dredge with granulated sugar. Bake in moderate oven.

QUERY 1907.—"What is the cause of stickiness appearing at the center of loaves of white bread? The bread was apparently well baked."

### Bread "Sticky" at Center of Loaf

We are unable to state, absolutely, the cause of the above condition sometimes seen in bread. We saw a loaf of Boston Brown Bread in the same condition, a few weeks ago, when the weather was damp and warm. We were sure that this loaf of bread had not been thoroughly steamed. There was, also, a suspicion of mustiness in the rye meal that formed one-third of its flour contents. Probably the white loaf was not baked as thoroughly as had been supposed, and, weather conditions being favorable, the bread spoiled.

QUERY 1908.—"Recipes for Cooking Dried Beans and Peas."

### Purée of Split-Pea Soup, with Almond Milk

Pour plenty of boiling water over one cup of split peas and let boil three minutes; drain, add three pints of cold water and one teaspoonful of sugar, and let boil about an hour. Chop half (if large)

a carrot, one onion, three branches of parsley, raw lean ham to make two tablespoonfuls, and a branch of celery. Cook these in two tablespoonfuls of dripping or butter, stirring meanwhile, until lightly browned; then add to the peas, cover and let simmer about an hour. Strain through a sieve, pressing, meanwhile, with a wooden pestle. Skim, add about one teaspoonful and a half of salt, and return to the fire. Have ready one-eighth a pound of blanched almonds, pounded smooth in a mortar and cooked in a cup of milk half an hour (over hot water). Press the almonds and milk through a cheese cloth into the soup. Let boil once, then serve. The beaten yolks of two eggs, mixed with half a cup of cream, may replace the almond milk.

### Black Bean Soup

Let one pint of black or dark red kidney beans soak overnight; drain, wash in cold water and rinse and drain again. Set to cook in two quarts of cold water. Slice an onion and let cook in one or two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add to the beans with two parsley branches and half a teaspoonful of celery seed, tied in a bit of muslin. Let simmer until the beans are soft, adding hot water as needed to keep the quantity the same as in the beginning. Press the beans through a sieve; add two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of paprika, one-fourth a teaspoonful of curry powder and a cup of tomato purée, if at hand. Heat the soup to the boiling point. Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two tablespoonfuls of flour, dilute with a little of the hot soup, stir until smooth, then return the whole to the soup kettle and let simmer fifteen minutes. Serve a slice of lemon and a slice of "hard-cooked" egg in each plate of soup. Pass croutons with the soup.

### Dried Pea or Bean Purée

Let a cup and a half of dried peas or beans soak over night in cold water;

wash and rinse, cover with boiling water and let simmer until tender and the water is reduced to just enough to keep the vegetable from burning. Mash and press through a sieve. Add one-fourth a cup of butter, a teaspoonful or more of salt, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, and if needed, a little cream. Beat until light and fluffy. Serve with roasted lamb, lamb chops, ham, pork, etc. The purée may be served in a vegetable dish or as a bed for chops, fillets of beef, etc. For a choice dish set the purée in place with a bag and star tube. Served as a vegetable entrée, surround the purée with toast points, well-buttered.

### Red Kidney Beans, Mexican Style

Let a cup of dark, maroon colored kidney beans soak over night in plenty of cold water. Set to cook in fresh water and let simmer several hours or until nearly tender, letting the water, at the last, evaporate till but a few spoonfuls are left. Chop fine a green or red pepper or let a pepper simmer in a little water until tender, then scrape the pulp from the thin outer skin. To the chopped pepper or the pepper pulp add the pulp scraped from an onion and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley; let these cook in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter until softened and yellowed; add half a teaspoonful of salt, one cup of tomato purée, and, when boiling, stir in the beans. Let cook until the tomato is evaporated and the beans are soft throughout. Finish with two more tablespoonfuls of butter in little bits. Surround with triangles of bread, buttered and browned in the oven. If desired garnish with a hard-cooked egg, cut in eighths, lengthwise.

### Baked Beans, Spanish Fashion

Let a pint of dried beans (California, pea, yellow-eyed, flageolet or Lima beans) stand covered with cold water over night; rub the beans between the hands and rinse in cold water. Again cover with cold water and let heat slowly

to the boiling point, then let simmer until nearly tender, adding at the last a teaspoonful of soda. Drain and rinse with cold water. Turn a layer of the beans into a baking dish, sprinkle with sweet red peppers, chopped fine, and a little salt, add also a slice or two of bacon, cut in tiny squares; continue the layers until the beans are used. Have ready cooked tomatoes, pressed through a sieve to exclude seeds; add these to the beans until they are well covered. Bake in a hot oven about two hours.

### Boston Baked Beans

Let one pint of pea beans soak in cold water over night. In the morning wash and rinse in several waters. Then par-boil until they may be pierced with a pin. Change the water during the par-boiling, adding a teaspoonful of soda with the last water. Rinse thoroughly in hot water. Put one-half of the beans into the bean-pot. Pour scalding water over one-fourth a pound of salt pork and, after scraping the rind thoroughly, score it in half-inch strips. Lay the pork on the beans in the pot, and turn in the rest of the beans. Mix two tablespoonfuls of molasses and one teaspoonful, each, of mustard and salt, with hot water to pour, and turn over the beans. Then add boiling water to cover. Bake about eight hours in a moderate oven. Keep the beans covered with water and the cover on the pot until the last hour. Then remove the cover, and bring the pork to the top, to brown the rind. Beans are better baked in large quantity.

### Baked Beans and Pork, New York Style

Let a pint of pea beans soak over night in water to cover generously. In the morning drain off the water; add fresh water and wash and rub the beans through the hands in the water. Turn the beans into a colander and let cold water run through them. Then cover with cold water and put over the fire to cook. Dip one-fourth a pound



# LOWNEY'S COCOA

## Lowney's Cocoa Is Simply Nature At Her Best

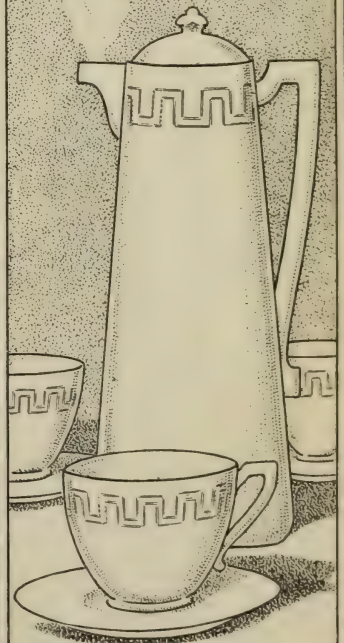
Certain South American districts grow a superior grade of cocoa beans.

These beans are roasted and ground for Lowney's Cocoa.

You get no man-made additions to blur Nature's best cocoa flavor.

And what a flavor it is! There is joy in the very aroma that steams from the cup. You can taste the purity in each delicious sip.

That natural flavor has never been bettered by man.



of salt pork into boiling water, and scrape the outer surface, including the rind, thoroughly, then put the pork into the beans to cook. When the skins of the beans are easily pierced, remove them from the fire, add a teaspoonful of salt and turn them into a rather shallow baking dish (a tin or agate dish answers nicely). Score the rind of the pork, for cutting into slices, and press it down into the beans in the middle of the dish, cover with an agate plate and bake in a moderate oven from four to six hours. Add boiling water as needed during the first of the cooking. Do not add water during the last hour. Just before the last hour, remove the cover, to brown the top of the beans and pork. Serve hot with tomato catsup, mustard pickles and the like.

### New York Baked Beans, Moulded with Sausage

Prepare and bake the beans as in the preceding recipe, substituting three-fourths a pound of sausage for the salt pork. Keep the sausage buried in the beans during the cooking. After the beans have been served at noon, press the remainder of them into a mold, or small, tin, bread pan, lined with waxed paper. Put the sausage into the mold, lengthwise of the mold, then it will be in good position for slicing. Serve with lettuce and French or mayonnaise dressing.

### Lima Bean Salad

Over a pint of cold cooked Lima beans pour three or four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar, one teaspoonful of grated onion pulp, half a teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of paprika. Toss and mix; dispose on a serving dish, surround with a "pin-money mango," chopped fine. Serve at once or let stand in a cool place for some time before serving.

### Lima-and-Black Bean Salad

Let one cup each of Lima and black

beans soak overnight, separately, in cold water; drain, wash in cold water, drain and set to cook in cold water. After boiling begins, replenish with boiling water as needed and let cook until tender. Season with salt when about three-fourths cooked. When cold season separately with oil, vinegar, onion juice, paprika, chopped parsley and about one-fourth a teaspoonful of mustard or curry powder. Let stand until well seasoned. Serve in a bowl lined with lettuce hearts. Dispose the dark beans in the center and the light ones around the edge.

---

QUERY 1909.—"Recipe for Viscogen, previously given in this magazine."

### Viscogen To Thicken Thin Cream

Pasteurized or other thin cream may be thickened by a solution of lime in sugar (viscogen) and then whipped to a stiff froth with a Dover egg-beater. Viscogen is not to be found at a store, but is easily made and will keep in good condition several years if not used in the meanwhile.

To make the viscogen, dissolve five ounces of sugar in ten ounces of water. Add six ounces of cold water to two ounces of quicklime, and let it gradually slake; then strain through a fine sieve, to remove unslaked particles; combine the two liquids and shake occasionally for two hours. In three hours set the mixture aside to settle, then siphon, or pour off, the clear liquid. Store in small bottles, filling each full and stoppering tight, as the liquid absorbs carbonic acid from the air, thus darkening the color and reducing the strength. Use one-fourth a teaspoonful of viscogen to three-fourths a cup of chilled cream. Stir the cream while adding the viscogen to it.

---

QUERY 1910.—"Recipe for 'Swiss Rice' as prepared by the Germans."

### Swiss Rice (Filippini)





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Always have a bottle of this delicious  
Sauce on the table ready for use—it’s  
wonderful how appetising it makes a  
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turns)—33⅓ less friction.
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oven plate—“can’t crack.”
- 4—2-piece bottom oven plate  
—“can’t crack.”
- 5—Clean out plate in front.
- 6—French top.
- 7—Roller bearing Coal Pan.
- 8—Roller bearing Ash Pan.
- 9—Direct Plunger Simplex  
Damper.



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Chop fine an onion of medium size and two ounces of beef marrow; melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and in it cook the onion and marrow until of a light golden color, stirring constantly meanwhile. Add eight ounces (one cup) of blanched rice and stir until colored slightly, then pour on gradually one quart of hot broth. Season with one teaspoonful of pepper, and one-fourth a teaspoonful of Spanish saffron, diluted with a little water and strained. Mix all together thoroughly, cover and let cook thirty-five minutes, stirring carefully from the bottom occasionally (or cook in a double boiler or on an asbestos mat). Add two ounces of grated Swiss cheese, and mix lightly. Serve in a deep dish.

### Turin Rice (Davidis)

Same as above, save substitute one glass of white wine or Madeira for one cup of the broth and fine-chopped truffles for the cheese. Serve with stews and rechaufées of meat.

QUERY 1911.—“Recipes for Simple Desserts, in which neither rice nor tapioca are used.”

### Banana Whip

Peel two bananas, scrape off the coarse threads and press the pulp through a sieve (potato ricer). To the pulp add the juice of half a lemon and half a cup of sugar; stir and cook over the fire until the mixture boils, then remove from the fire and let become chilled. Beat half to three-fourths a cup of cream until firm throughout; fold the cream into the banana mixture. Serve in glasses.

### Baked Bananas

Remove the peel from eight bananas and scrape the pulp, to remove coarse threads. In an agate pan melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in this lay the bananas, pour over them half a cup of sugar, then sprinkle with the juice of one lemon. Let bake slowly, basting

occasionally, turning the bananas once, until the bananas are tender and the liquid quite thick and jelly-like. Both the sauce and the bananas will become quite pink in color. Slow cooking and removal from the oven when done are essential to success.

### Baked Apple Dumpling

Tart apples	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt
Salt	3 tablespoonfuls of butter
3 tablespoonfuls of cold water	1 egg (this may be omitted)
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of pastry flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of milk (scant measure)
3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder	

Butter an agate baking dish; into it slice tart apples to fill to the top; add a dash of salt and the cold water. Make a soft biscuit dough of the other ingredients and spread it over the apples. Bake in a quick oven about twenty-five minutes. Invert the dish, so as to have the apples on the top. Serve hot, with butter and sugar or syrup.

### Delmonico Pudding with Peaches or Apricots

Pudding	
4 to 6 halves of canned apricots or peaches with a little fruit syrup	butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of cornstarch	2 yolks of eggs
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of cold milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt
$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of scalding hot milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of sugar
1 teaspoonful of	Meringue
	2 whites of eggs
	4 tablespoonfuls of sugar
	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of vanilla extract

Put the fruit and syrup in a pudding dish; make a thick “boiled custard” of the other ingredients, cooking the starch ten or fifteen minutes in the hot milk before adding the yolks of egg with the sugar. Turn the custard over the fruit. Beat the whites of eggs dry; gradually beat in half the sugar, then fold in the other half and the extract. Spread the meringue over the custard and let stand in a moderate oven about ten minutes. Serve hot or cold.





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## New Books

*Lessons in Elementary Cooking.* By MARY CHANDLER JONES. Cloth. Price \$1.00 net; \$1.08 postpaid. Boston: The Boston Cooking-School Magazine Co.

Many chapters of this book have appeared, in past years, as a series of Lessons in Elementary Cooking, in the Cooking-School Magazine. There seemed to be a demand that the Lessons be put into book form, that is, a demand for a text book of elementary cooking. And this, together with revision of old matter and the addition of much important new matter, has now been done.

The author is a teacher of cooking in the Public Schools of Brookline, Massachusetts, and the book is the direct result of her teaching. It will suffice to say here that the book provides an authentic and reliable guide in teaching elementary cooking. It shows how one teacher of cookery is conducting her classes. Certainly, up to the present time, we have not seen anything better done. Teachers of elementary cooking will be especially interested in the book, for it will be helpful to them. In schools where an elementary text book on this subject is wanted an examination of this manual will be well worth while.

*Education.* By WILLIAM P. HASTINGS. Battle Creek, Mich.: Hygiene & Physical Education Press.

The author claims to be an enthusiastic advocate of Education for the Masses in all that pertains directly to qualification for good citizenship. His book presents his own observations on the old and new phases of education during an experience of half a century spent as a teacher. He concludes that "In the near future we may expect more intelligent and systematic care for the physical well-

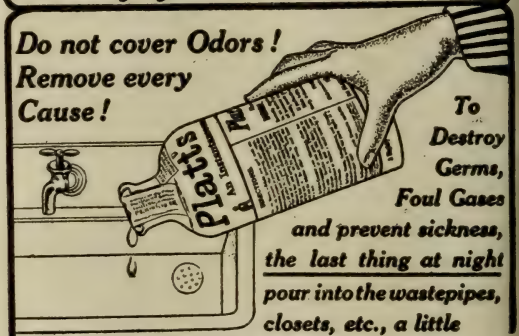
being of pupils, more attention to a pupil's personal needs, more personal enthusiasm on the part of the teacher, and, best of all, an untrammelled system of promulgating moral and spiritual culture.

A half century's observation and experience in school work", he says, "leads him to believe that his outlook is not merely visionary, but fully as probable as any of the steps taken since the period of the "Deestrick Skule", when with whip in hand, at all hours of the day, the "Skule Marster" held despotic sway over trembling urchins, the victims of the tyrant who was in those days "keeping Skule."

We infer that nothing specially new or reformatory is offered in these pages. The writer's hope lies in the sure and safe way of true progress. To us the educational methods of the present day seem to be in a state about as chaotic as our politics. At any rate we are convinced that any one who aspires to teach youth should be endowed with special gifts, then liberally educated, and especially trained for the calling. For the teacher's work is the most delicate and responsible a human being can undertake.

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Remove every  
Cause!**



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The Household Disinfectant.**

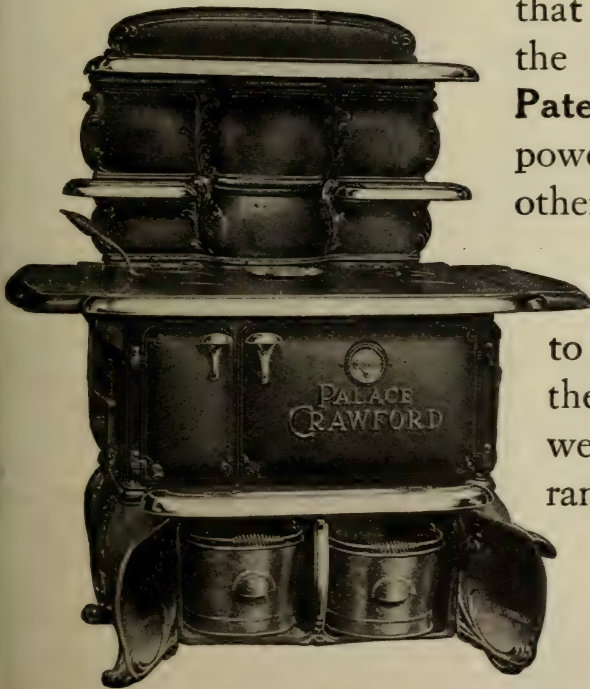
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# Crawford Ranges

A suggestion to cooks;—ask somebody who has used a **Crawford** range—and you will very easily find such a person—what the patented **Single Damper** of the Crawford means as a help in cooking. All other ranges have two—or more—dampers; hence damper mistakes.

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*A Manual of Shoemaking.* By WILLIAM H. DOOLEY. Cloth, Ill. Price \$1.50 net. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The first American book on this important subject. The author is the principal of the Lowell Industrial School, and is well acquainted with the need of a book relating to this particular topic. He covers the subject thoroughly, beginning with the history of footwear, its adaptation in conformance to the anatomy of the foot, and its growth to the present admirable stage. He describes leathers, the various methods of tanning, the manufacture and repair of the different kinds of shoes, the growth of the use of shoe machinery, together with the allied industries of rubber footwear.

A textbook of Shoemaking is entirely new to us. This is the first we have seen and we find it both interesting and instructive. The fact of its publication shows how industrial training is, at last, permeating our educational system. In-

dustrial schools call for industrial textbooks.

Such are the present conditions of trade and manufacture that the process, in every art and craft, is reduced to the fine point of skill in manipulation, and success therein depends largely upon intelligence and training. Witness the author's comparison of the methods in American and European shoe factories: "In most European factories, the manufacturer gets all the orders of different kinds, and then attempts to make one or two lines with one or two qualities in the same factory. In Switzerland, one may find shoes and slippers for men, women, and children made under the same roof.

In the United States, the manufacturer makes a certain line of shoes in one factory, and no other kind. If he has more than one line, he has more than one factory, and each factory turns out a distinct shoe for a distinct purpose. The manufacturer has his salesmen to sell these shoes.

The advantages of the American system are: (1) The managers and workers of a factory turning out a certain line of goods become highly specialized in that line, and can produce better results than the workers in a factory attempting to make two or three lines of goods. (2) A large shoe factory is laid out at a rule to do a certain kind of work, and it seldom changes. This practice makes possible a greater production. On the other hand, we have something to learn from the European organization. American manufacturers must meet the foreign trade. In order to do this, the manufacturer must cater to the habits, customs, and climatic conditions. The European manufacturer does this."

"Oh, no; there ain't any favorites in the family!" soliloquized Johnny. "Oh, no! If I bite my fingernails, I catch it. But, if the baby eats his whole foot, they think it's dear."

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It gives satisfaction — doesn't tear the stockings — doesn't hamper the child — and wears longest.



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Also makers of the famous Boston Garter for men.





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*First*—Wrapped in thin vegetable parchment paper.

*Second*—Wrapped in waterproof paper—air-tight, odorless, tasteless.

*Third*—Enclosed in the dainty carton and sealed.

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## Suggestions from Soyer

Concluded from page 305

pans is puzzling; he does not approve of long bristled pastry brushes, for they will leave stray bristles, now and then, but of soft paper or cheesecloth which can be burned. He dredges sugar over the butter on pans for fancy cakes, to make a nice crust upon the bottom and sides.

Anyone familiar with his grandfather's books, from "The Gastronomic Regenerator" down to cottage-hearth cookery, suitable for English needs, will see he follows family traditions in many ways for, although a chef to royalty, he, like his grandfather, wishes to popularize good cookery. Evidently he had crossed lances with Escoffier in friendly tilt, another royal chef, who has not given Soyer's paper-bag invention the credit, as a labor-saver and preserver from shrinkage of bulk and flavor of foods contained in them, that Soyer thinks due. He has worked nine years to perfect the bags and system for using them and is enthusiastic over the results.

For the cheese biscuits, or cheese straws, as we would call them, Soyer used three ounces of butter, twelve tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese, salt, a little sugar, anchovy essence, two unbeaten yolks, a little cream and some water. All these ingredients went into a cavity in a heap of flour on a mixing board. He mixed with his fingers and kneaded and patted and pulled it into a smooth mass and whisked it away to finish at the next lesson.

And the writer, an earnest listener, told that night some of this to her fellow-boarders, and they said: "Oh, do stop! you make me so hungry, and we don't know what anchovy is, nor tarra-gon. How did you ever learn and remember so much in one day? You are just like that Boston girl in the funny verse:

"It almost painful  
She has such a brainful



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Cooks and Housekeepers to flavor Dressings  
for Meat, Game, Fish and Poultry.  
Insist upon BELL'S the Original.



**A NICE TURKEY DRESSING.** Toast 7 or 8 slices of white bread. Place in a deep dish, adding butter the size of an egg. Cover with hot water or milk to melt butter and make bread right consistency. **Add one even tablespoon of Bell's Seasoning** and one even teaspoon salt. When well mixed stir in 1 or 2 raw eggs. For goose or duck add one raw onion chopped fine.

**JELLIED MEATS OR FOWL.** 1 pint of cold meat or fowl, **1 teaspoon Bell's Seasoning**,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, liquid enough to fill pint mould. Add to liquid when hot, 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine. Cool and serve on a base of lettuce leaves over which thin sliced lemon is placed.

**DELICIOUS HOME MADE SAUSAGE.** To each pound of fresh, lean pork add one level tablespoon of Bell's Poultry Seasoning and  $\frac{1}{4}$  even teaspoons salt. Sprinkle over the meat, cut fine, thoroughly mix to a stiff dough, then make into cakes and fry.

Will mail on receipt of six 2-cent stamps 10-cent can to flavor the DRESSING for 100 lbs. Meat or Poultry; or for twelve 2-cent stamps 25-cent can to flavor 300 lbs., and with each can our beautiful "Booklet" of valuable cooking recipes.

For delicious Sausage flavor as directed, either with Bell's Spiced Poultry Seasoning, Bell's New England Sausage Seasoning, or Bell's White Sausage Seasoning.

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## Natural vs. Statute Law

It is folly to attempt by statute law to prevent the operation of natural law. The highest of all natural laws ordains production of the largest possible amount of the necessities of life at the lowest cost, in order that all may have plenty. The industrial monopoly, rightly managed, can produce goods of all kinds cheaper than competing companies, with their waste investment in duplicated plants, salaries, interest, insurance, etc., have ever done or ever can do. Can do it without cutting wages or lowering the living standard of its employees. Can, indeed, do it while raising wages above the level in competitive companies. We do not say it has, but we say it can. We say it can raise wages and cut prices below old competitive levels, by ceasing to draw off excessive owners' profits on watered stocks and bonds, and by means of excessive salaries, inside grafts of one kind or another, and so on.

Our trusts have undoubtedly effected enormous savings in production and distribution of the necessities of life. But the fact that the trust masters have not shared these savings with the masses of the people does not disprove the fact that the labor-saving and money-saving machinery which they have created.—*Frank Putnam.*

Life is a tender thing and is easily molested. There is always something that goes amiss. Vain vexations—vain sometimes, but always vexatious. The smallest and slightest impediments are the most piercing; and as little letters most tire the eyes, so do little affairs most disturb us.—*Montaigne.*

"That man has spent all his life wasting his unquestionable talent and ignoring opportunities for success." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He has a positive genius for wresting defeat from the jaws of victory."—*Washington Star.*





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You must serve the luncheon yourself. Wouldn't it be delightful if it could be served even better than the maid could serve it? — IT CAN.

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**GUARANTEE:— Try it ten days— If not satisfied return at our expense and we will refund your money.**

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Gentlemen,  
I am delighted with the Servette and will take great pleasure in recommending it whenever I have an opportunity. It is not only ornamental and unique, but a great convenience and I am sure any housewife would enjoy it. Most sincerely,  
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Gentlemen,  
I want to tell you how much we are enjoying our Servette; my wife remarked at the breakfast this morning: "How did we ever get along without it before." It is all you claim for it and I hope it will meet with a tremendous sale.

Very truly yours,  
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### DROMEDARY DATE BREAD

Mix 2 cups scalded milk, one-third cup sugar and 1 tablespoon salt. When lukewarm, add 1 yeast cake mixed with one-fourth cup lukewarm water; add 5 cups entire wheat flour and 1 cup chopped Dromedary Dates; beat well. Allow to rise until double its bulk, knead lightly, divide into two buttered pans and again allow to rise. Bake in moderate oven one hour.

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American School of Home Economics, 503 W. 99th St Chicago, Ill.

A Girton undergraduate, having inadvertently changed umbrellas with a fellow-student, is said to have evolved this note: "Miss — presents her compliments to Miss — and begs to say that she has an umbrella which isn't mine. So, if you have one that isn't hers, no doubt they are the ones."—*Exchange.*

An Old Cambridge lady, noted for her old-time courtesy, was in an electric car holding on with some difficulty to a strap. As the car reached Central Square, the man seated in front of her rose; and the lady, supposing he had vacated his seat for her convenience, acknowledged his kindness. "I don't care whether you set or stand," responded the fellow. "I'm going to git out!" And he elbowed his way through the throng.—*Tribune.*

"I see," said Senator Sorghum, "that they are still harping on that little sugar deal." "I'm afraid they are," replied his private secretary. "It simply goes to show," the senator went on, with a sigh of resignation, "how often a profit may be without honor."—*Washington Star.*

An old Scotch fisherman was visited during his last illness by a clergyman, who wore a close-fitting clerical waistcoat, which buttoned behind. The clergyman asked the old man if his mind was perfectly at ease. "Oo, ay, I'm a' richt; but there's just ae thing that troubles me, and I dinna like to speak o't." "I am anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what perplexes you." "Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westkit."

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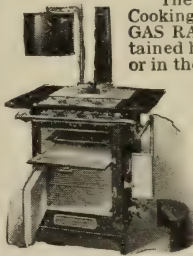
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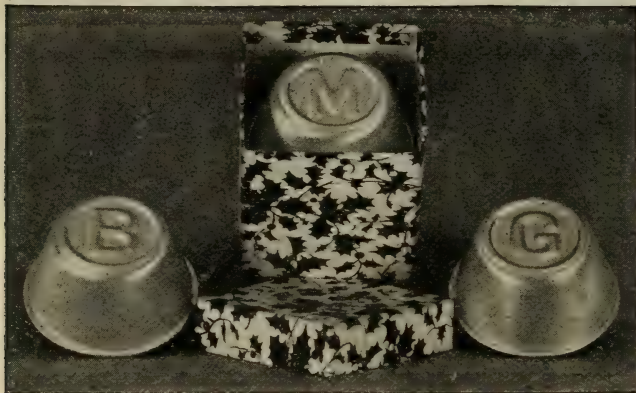
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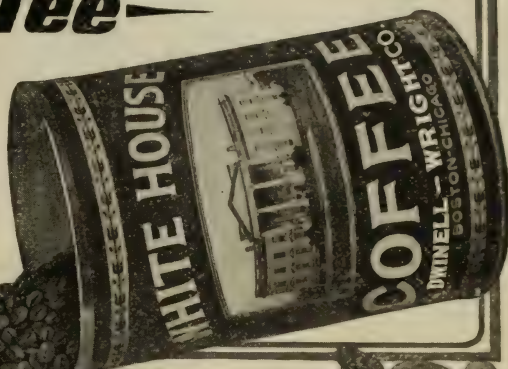
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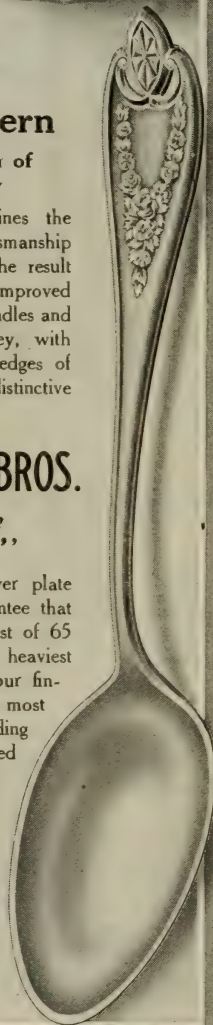
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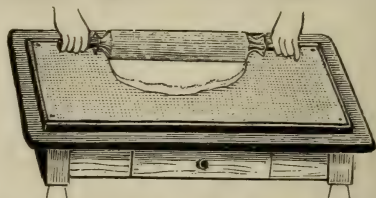
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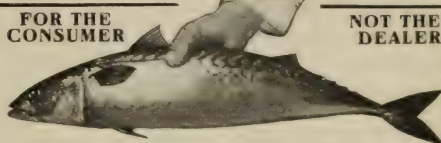
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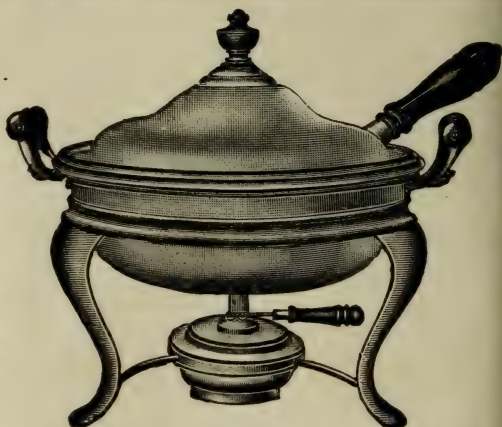
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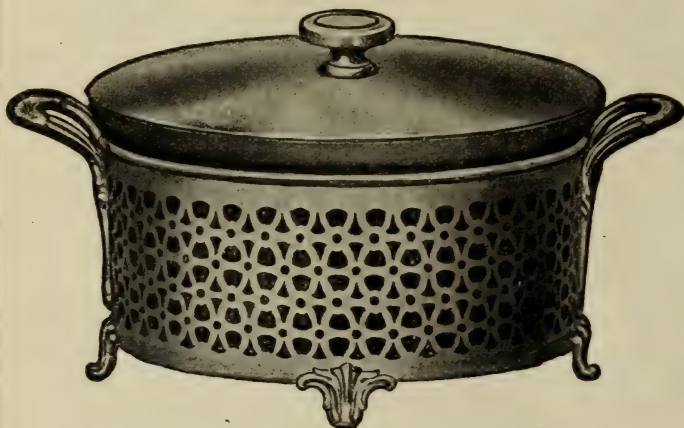
**Every One Who Has Received One of these Chafing Dishes Has Been Delighted With It**

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Baste the lace to a piece of clean white muslin so that each point and picot is held firmly in place. Make a good lather of Ivory Soap and warm water and let the lace soak for thirty minutes. Then alternately press between hands and dip in the water until clean. Do not rub. If necessary, use a second clean suds of Ivory Soap. Then rinse in clear waters, next in blue water and lastly in a thin starch. Tack on a board, stretching the muslin evenly. When nearly dry, remove from the board and press thoroughly through the muslin. Do not put the iron on the lace. When dry, cut the basting threads and you will find the lace like new.

IVORY SOAP . . . . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE



## Buffet Suppers for Christmastide

### I

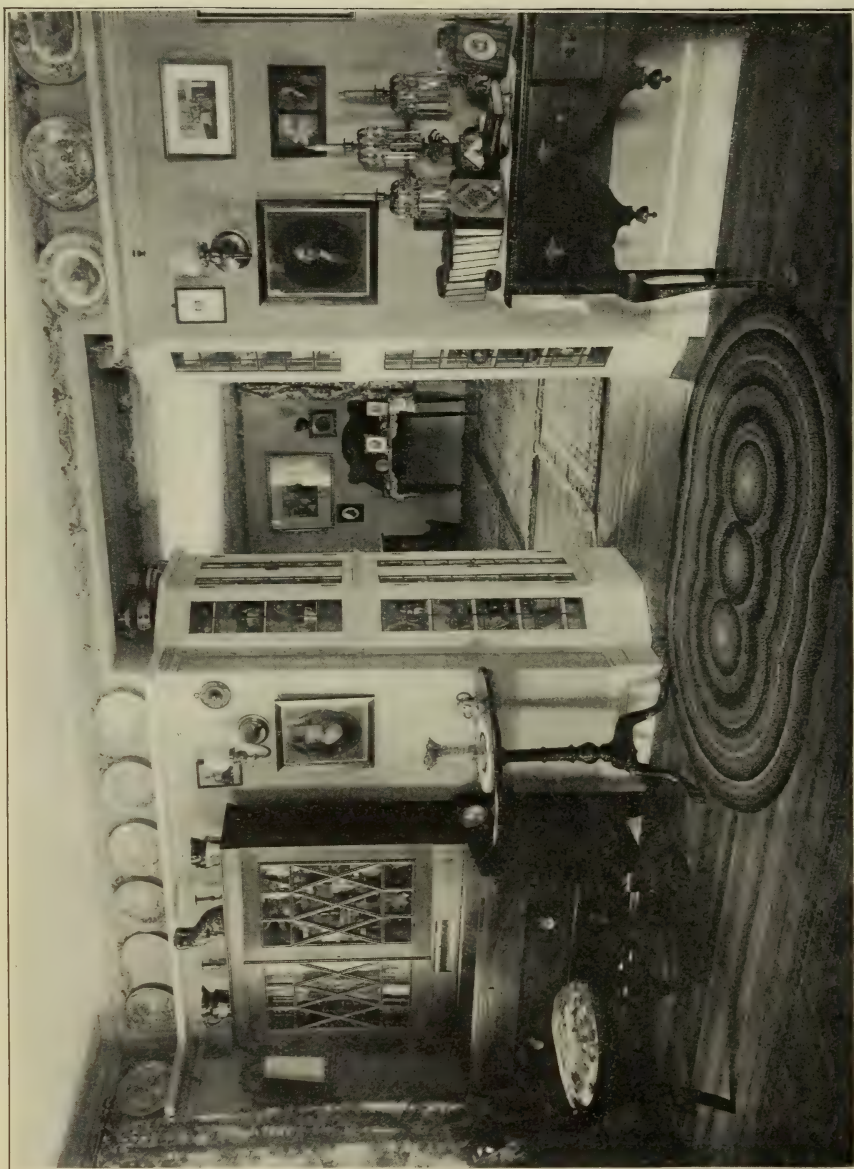
Chicken Bouillon in Cups  
Creamed Oysters in Chafing Dishes  
Galantine of Chicken Chaudfroid  
Sliced Thin  
Celery or Cress Salad  
Bread and Butter Sandwiches  
Almond Meringues  
Blitzen Kuchen  
Macaroons Bonbons  
Cocoa, Whipped Cream

### II

Chicken à la King in Chafing Dishes  
Olives Celery  
Cold Baked Ham, Sliced Thin  
Celery-and-Cranberry Salad  
Buttered Rolls  
Assorted Sandwiches  
Frozen Egg Nogg  
Squares of Chocolate Nougat Cake  
Christmas Candy  
Tea

### III

Hot Chicken Salad in Chafing Dishes  
(Chicken, peas, pimentos in hot sauce)  
Hot Baking Powder Biscuit  
Lobster Salad  
Olives Celery  
Frozen Pudding  
Candy Assorted Nuts  
Grape Juice



A DINING ROOM SHOWING ODD CABINETS FOR CHINA



# The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVII

DECEMBER, 1912

No. 5

## Distributing Christmas Gifts

By M. B. H.

**T**IMES have changed since Little Jack Horner sat eating his Christmas pie alone. Jack has grown generous, the pie is large with plums for all. Its name is legion, its form of infinite variety, but whether it is the stocking under the mantle shelf or the time honored Christmas tree, the dividing of it is of such entertainment that it should be a prominent feature of the program of every Christmas hostess.

The element of surprise is essential and a Christmas hunt is always exciting. The clue, given at the breakfast table, takes the shape of an English walnut, inside of which is a Delphic utterance, written upon a slip of paper. The directions vary, but all should be in jingles. Here are a few which might be used.

Turn squarely west,  
Then climb the stair,  
Walk through two rooms,  
And see what's there.

Pass the parlor,  
Shun the hall,  
Seek the summer kitchen wall.  
Behind the bookcase you shall find,  
The very thing you have in mind.

It adds to the fun if the directions lead first to other rhymes, three or four being followed up before the hidden treasure is finally acquired.

The cobweb party is not new, but is always good sport and is especially adaptable to Christmas festivities. The tangled threads may lead to the laden tree or to the bulging stocking, hanging from the mantle shelf and hidden behind a mass of greenery.

A pleasant variation in giving from the tree is to assign to each guest a candle, which must be burned before it will tell where the gifts are hidden. In the socket



A SIMPLE GIFT

of each candle is the folded paper with its cryptic message. The flame must burn as low as possible before the paper is taken out and excitement runs high, as one after another starts off, while the others impatiently wait their marching orders. This hunt should take place Christmas eve, for, of course, the candles are prettier at night and it is out of the question to wait through Christmas day without a gift.

Still another hunt takes the form of a polar expedition and is great sport in the country where there is snow enough for it. Immediately after breakfast the entire party sets out for a walk. When they turn toward home, the host or some one selected as guide informs them that supplies are hidden along the way in various caches and they will do well to look out for them. Each cache is merely a mound of snow covering lightly a quantity of gift packages, securely wrapped. There need be only three or four mounds and the gifts should be divided promiscuously among them. If the walk

has been long, the first cache to be found,—that is, the one farthest from home,—may hide a box of cookies, which will be hailed joyfully and will make the gifts in the next cache an even greater surprise.

The last cache to be reached may be the centerpiece on the dining table. Here it should be of cotton glittering with diamond dust, with the pole rising from the middle of it, a fat, squatty pole with a jolly Santa Claus atop.

Small gifts may be concealed in a Jack Horner pie, brought to the table when dinner is finished. Choose a deep, round pan of a size to fit the number of the party and put into it the presents, each daintily wrapped and marked with the name of the one to receive it. Then cover the top with brown paper, marked with pencil lines into as many pie sections as are needed. Draw the paper firmly over the edge of the pan, tie securely with a cord, and drape the outside with bright red crêpe paper. Or, instead of having the red ruffle, the pie may be



QUIET HOUR AFTER DINNER





CHRISTMAS GAMES

served on a large wooden platter and surrounded with holly, piled high, to conceal the sides of the pan. Lay a carving knife and a large spoon on top and let each one cut his own piece. This is an excellent way to distribute joke gifts or some choice bit of jewelry, long coveted and hardly expected.

A gathering of book lovers, may be told they are to receive only books this year and each in his allotted space may find apparently nothing but a pile of literature. But closer scrutiny reveals each book to be a pasteboard case, cut and lettered crudely or cleverly—art is no special object—to represent a binding. Appropriate titles are numberless. The contests of *The Wrong Box* should prove to be for quite another person, from the one named on the outside. Other appropriate titles are: *Bitter Sweet*, a box of chocolates; *The Circle*, a ring or a bracelet; *Juvenal*, a doll.

To add to the fun the opening of the

packages may be deferred while the company guess the contents from the titles.

Going to the postoffice is another novel method of distribution. Paste-board and brown paper, aided by judicious grouping of chairs and tables, easily transform a room into a postoffice, and a wisely selected postmaster may make the collection of mail an occasion of much merriment. Have general delivery and lock boxes, and at the general delivery window see that each person is properly identified.

Hobbies afford excellent mounts for Christmas gifts. The motorist may be directed to the garage, to find his packages stowed away in an automobile. Gifts for the aviation enthusiast may dangle as ballast from a toy aeroplane. The one who raises chickens must look under a coop or search for a hidden nest. Opportunities for fun are endless and the spirit of Christmas jollity can never be overdone.



"THE FORD," BY JOHN CONSTABLE

*From the Collection of Mr. T. Henry Sweeting, Philadelphia*

Many of our readers will remember this beautiful picture, which appeared in the October number of the Magazine, among the illustrations in Mrs. Estelle M. Hurl's article on "Pictures in the Home and Home Pictures." We reproduce it, with the explanation that we omitted last month to mark it copyrighted. Mr. Sweeting sends us this interesting story in connection with the original painting in his possession. John Constable gave the painting to a friend and neighbor at Hampstead about 1830. This friend, a Mr. Hunt, afterwards emigrated to America, and settled in Philadelphia. After his death, Mr. Sweeting acquired the painting from Mr. Hunt's son. Rather amusingly Mr. Hunt, Jr., used always to think of the painter as a policeman, who is often called constable in England.—EDITOR

## My Spoon Box

By Mantie L. Hunter

WE gathered, thirteen of us counting the conductor, in the court yard adjoining the quaint old inn at Mansfield, and climbed into the waiting coach. The driver flourished his whip, the worn old paving

stones sang "clack-a-ty-clack," and the three horses carried us out and away on an all day ride through the Dukeries.

After some two hours driving past incomparable green lawns, through Spanish chestnut groves, and under the shade



of great English oaks, the conductor said to the driver:

"When will we reach a village or an inn where we can get luncheon?"

"Not till late in the afternoon when the drive is over," was the reply.

Professor Farwell, the conductor, looked so blank and perplexed, that some of us tittered—he had so prided himself on making no mistakes—while those who did not like him looked unutterable things. No conductor ever lived who could scurry twelve women through Europe and please them all, no matter how wide he spread his protecting wings nor how violently he fluttered them.

"I don't know what we shall do for something to eat," he said. "We should have brought a luncheon with us. I have never taken a party through here before. I supposed, of course, there would be a village or an inn somewhere."

"There are clusters of houses" said the driver, "but they belong to the Duke of Portland and are occupied by his tenants. We won't see an inn the whole day."

"Never mind," said the Optimist, "a fast will do us good. We have been eating entirely too much—too many long course dinners."

"I wish I had eaten another roll and called for more coffee," complained the kicker—you know, there always is a

kicker—"I feel faint now I am so hungry."

The Professor looked so dejected and some of us so wickedly gleeful, that the driver came to the rescue.

"I know a woman at the next lodge," said he, "where we stop to see the gardens and to go to Welbeck Abbey, who, perhaps, will give you bread and butter and tea."

"Good!" exclaimed the Optimist, "it will be a positive delight to get a one-course luncheon. English tea is always good and perhaps she'll give us jam."

"May be she will," returned the driver, "she's a famous jam-maker."

"Bread and tea are awfully indigestible; at least, they never agree with me" sighed the Kicker.

"Well," tartly returned the Professor, "you'll have to make the best of it this time. I think I'll make some inquiries before I start you folks on another coaching trip."

It was a charming little cottage before which we pulled up. When Professor Farwell came out from his quest, he waved his hands and shouted, "Eggs! We're going to have boiled eggs, too."

"Thank heaven," some one exclaimed, "that they're not to be omleted or scrambled!"

With continental luncheons but two weeks in our wake, we chorused "Amen!"



THE SPOON BOX

"And jam?" queried the Optimist. "Yes, and jam—raspberry jam," he replied.

Of course, it was beginning to rain by this time. There was something about our climbing into a coach that seemed to precipitate moisture. It may have been the clamor and confusion, or, perhaps, the smoke arising from the battle over seats. Anyway it came. The conductor said he would bet all he was worth—I think it couldn't have been much—that he could break the greatest drought ever known just by piling us into a coach and starting it across country.

We picked our way over the wet gravel to the famous kitchen gardens, which we should have enjoyed immensely, had it not been for the rain which by this time was almost a downpour, instead of the usual misty drizzle.

"Look at those poor tortured pear trees," said the Tender-hearted One, "Why don't they let them grow naturally, instead of making vines of them?"

"It's better to be unnatural and warm and fruitful, than natural and frozen and barren," returned someone. "See how loaded they are with fruit and how sheltered against that brick wall."

But it was too wet to go far, so we retraced our steps to the riding school. Once under the great roof we shook the rain drops off our plumage much as a flock of geese might do, while the Professor contended himself with shaking his umbrella.

"You can go to the Abbey through the underground passage," said the caretaker. "There is an entrance here in this building."

I am not much of a pedestrian and not especially fond of ducal residences, so, being cold, I concluded to return to the cottage and await the remainder of the party there.

It was a dear, two-roomed Gothic affair. The motherly, middle-aged woman, who responded to my knock, said:

"Dear heart, but you're damp. Don't you want to come out to the kitchen fire

and get dry?"

I gladly accepted the invitation and for the first time found myself in an English kitchen. It was something like twelve feet square with a hob-grate at one side. In the center was the grate full of glowing coals, while on either side were hobs upon which to cook and underneath the hobs were ovens. On the mantel above were earthenware mugs and fancy tin canisters. Nothing cheerier could be imagined. I contrasted that gladdening fire with the funeral boxes upon which our working men's wives cook, and my American pride went down a notch.

While I toasted myself in front of the fire, I chatted with the woman and learned many things concerning dukes and their doings, and about English laborers and their woes.

When my skirts were dry and my body warm, I went into the front room, which was modestly but comfortably furnished, and stretched myself on a couch from which I watched the woman prepare for our luncheon. She put up the leaves of two small tables, spread white cloths over them, and then from a cupboard took down cups and plates. I thanked heaven we were not to be seated at one table. There could be no dire predictions from the Superstitious One this time. When she began placing the spoons, the box from which she took them caught my eye. I started upright and exclaimed:

"Oh, what a pretty box! Do let me see it."

It was oblong, looked like solid brass, and was decorated on top with a gorgeous peacock, and on the sides with a flight of birds, all done in mosaic effect. While it was in a good state of preservation, it looked as though it might have come out of the ark.

"Has"—my voice fairly shook—"it been in your family a long time?"

"Yes, a good while," she replied. "And you like it? You think it is pretty?"

"Oh, yes!" I said in a hushed voice.



"It's wonderful."

"You may have it, if you want it," she said.

I gasped and lay down again. Had I been in Spain, I would have known what she meant. But this was England. Possibly she was in earnest. I sat up again.

"Do you mean you'll *give* it to me? To take home with me?"

"Yes, wait till I find something to put my spoons in."

I took it and fumbled in my purse for a shilling, which she accepted with seeming reluctance. I asked for a paper and some twine and hastily wrapped up the box. I would whet the curiosity of my companions before I displayed my treasure.

About this time they came trooping in, tired and damp and dragged. They had walked back through the park.

"It's a mighty good thing *you* didn't try it," said the Professor, "you'd never have made it in the world."

"Yes, it is a good thing," I returned, giving my precious package a surreptitious pat.

Then we gathered about the tables upon which were eggs boiled in their shells, slices of bread spread with butter—good butter too—dishes of jam, and fragrant tea brewing in a brown earthenware pot. It was a meal fit for the gods. We were hungry and it was so different from tedious hotel luncheons. We felt like annihilating the Kicker, when she doubted the freshness of the eggs; and, later, we made sarcastic comments upon the number she had eaten. We consumed all the jam and called for more, and were given gooseberry instead of raspberry; then we quarreled over the merits of our favorite like a lot of irresponsible-school children. That simple luncheon, in the cheery little room with the gray rain falling outside, has lingered in my memory with a sweeter flavor than that of any other eaten during a long delightful summer.

When we were ready to leave, they

discovered I was carrying an extra package and I was besieged with questions.

"It's the family spoon box that the woman gave me," I announced with a superior air.

"Gave you?" gasped the Collector,—there always is a collector—"I wondered why you disliked walking so much to-day." She was not very fond of me at any time; at that moment she positively hated me.

I could not trust my treasure to any one but the Conductor while I climbed the coach ladder, and during the whole afternoon I held it tenderly in my arms. Now that I am nearing the end of my story I am almost sorry I began. But I will be brave and go on to the bitter end.

When we reached the station at Edwinstowe, we found we had something like an hour to wait. During that time they begged and besieged me for a glimpse of my spoon box. But I was firm; the train might come before I could get it rewrapped; the damp air might injure it; or, if it were seen by strangers, it might be stolen. When we were seated in the car, which was one of those saloon affairs with the seats running around the sides, my particular chum held out an insinuating hand and whispered:

"Let me take just one peep at it. Please do."

I glanced about the car. Every eye was fastened upon us. I thought how much they appeared like a lot of old cats ready to pounce upon a mouse. Their curiosity had evidently reached the razor edge for which I had been waiting. I could not pay off some old scores without that kind of an edge. I let the package slip out of my grasp.

My chum hastily unwrapped it and looked the box over. Then she grew red in the face with something that seemed suspiciously like mirth. She handed the box back to me with the whispered injunction:

"Don't let them see it till you get hold of some sapolio."

I did not know what she meant, but I knew she was a friend, so I hastened to cover it. But I was too late; the Collector had snatched it. She devoured it with greedy eyes till she came to the bottom—collectors never miss the bottom of things—when she shrieked:

"It's nothing but a cracker box! Listen: 'The London Biscuit Company, Limited.'"

"Yes," said the Professor's judicial voice, "they have a fashion over here of putting up crackers in fancy boxes."

Then they doubled up and writhed with laughter, till I thought they resembled hyenas more than cats.

But I never go down without a struggle. "It's the maker's name that renders any old thing valuable," I said. "Don't you know about old china? I have a plate at home that would lose nine-tenths of its value, if the name of Adams was

obliterated from it."

"But the National Biscuit Company," gurgled the Silly One.

"It isn't the National Biscuit Company," I snapped. "It's the London Biscuit Company, and they've been making biscuits in London as long as they have china in Staffordshire."

That was a poser. They looked so doubtful and perplexed that my chum and I exploded with laughter. For hours after, every time we caught each other's eye we would go off in a perfect gale of merriment.

To this day the others, barring possibly the Professor, do not know whether I tried to sell them or was sold myself. But I know, and my chum knows. On every anniversary of that day she sends me a cake of sapolio, inclosed in a box that is decorated with a strutting peacock.

## A Berlin Christmas

By Helen V. Frost

**B**ERLIN was a changed city during the two weeks that preceded Christmas. The holiday spirit, like a real personality, dominated its dignified streets and its staid populace. Shops that formerly had closed decorously at six o'clock now glowed many-lighted through the evening hours. On Sunday, too, the church-going throng was jostled at every turn by a crowd of package-laden shoppers, pushing their way into stores, transformed from well-ordered lines of counters into a huddled mass of holiday goods.

The Irrepressible, whose musical training was helping to swell the coffers of a famous German composer, pulled my arm vigorously as I gazed amazed at the Sunday business début of my favorite shopping place.

"Let's go in and buy something," she pleaded, "just to see how it feels to shop on Sunday."

So into the crowded entrance we pushed with a guilty Bohemian sensation, plainly not shared by our fellow shoppers. It was my first look at the Christmas; I saw spread before me an exhibit of the United Kingdoms of the Fatherland. From Nürnberg, from the Thuringian forests, from Westphalia, from places whose curious names recalled the pages of my long unused geography, had been brought the native wares, presided over, for the most part, by some serious, wise-eyed person in the costume of the place whose products she was offering.

In a corner sat a sober, peasant woman, whose dignity was strangely at variance with her bizarre costume. She wore a short, black skirt, very full, white stockings and heavy-soled, black leather slippers, broad enough to fit easily the frankly wide feet; a gay flowered bodice, opening fichu-like and bordered with



fringe, and a bright-colored, peaked cap.

The hurrying crowd was kept back by a quick-witted saleswoman, while she of the fancy costume worked untroubled at a small loom, her dexterous shuttle weaving the heavy flax into square pieces of cloth like table covers, working into them, in multitudinous crosses, gay designs of red and blue cotton. Mindful of a blue and white bedroom across too many miles of uncertain water, I bought, for 62 cents, a blue-crossed cover of incredible heaviness, firmly believing the voluble assurance of the clever saleswoman, who told me that it would wear forever.

The Irrepressible, so frankly American in her smartly tailored suit and hat, held up a red-starred cover and began laboriously: "*Bitte wie viel*," — to which our red-cheeked Fraulein answered in remarkably good English, "Forty-eight cents, Miss, of your money, we say *zwei mark*."

We should have liked to buy direct from the spinner, but she of the festive garb and the serious face, did not condescend to the duties of sales-woman; her's was the interest of creating.

We saw small clocks from Wurttemberg, the little kingdom to which Napoleon gave its first real king. These clocks had roughly carved wooden cases, wooden faces, figures and hands, weights for winding, all in running order, and all for something less than fifty cents of American money. Pitifully small recompense for him, whose patient hands had wrought it, yet he, in his simple living, might pity us with our complicated and dearly-bought necessities.

I mentally compared the Christmas goods before me, with the display which I knew must be filling the department stores of my home city. The nameless satin-covered, ribbon-tied articles, with which we insult the holiday season, were here, also, to be seen, but they were far less in evidence in Berlin than in New York. Here were yards of dress goods, bundles of wholesome flannels, packages

of stockings, shirtwaists, flannel petticoats, made for the woman who had never dreamed of a sheath-skirt; neckties, gloves, and mittens—colors of every sort, but always dominated by red, beloved of Germany.

In our progress from the door of the great store, we had been drawn into a human maelstrom; here, strident of voice and vociferous of gesture, the German matron strove with her sisters. The Irrepressible, who adores the football of her native land, pointed to a huge daughter of Deutschland, who was pushing, relentlessly, through the crowd, holding fast the hand of a demure little Madchen with yellow braids.

"Let's follow our interference!" she said, briefly, and we moved rapidly down the field, in the wake of this lusty full-back, to a goal of her own choosing. It was not our desire to return to the flannel counter, but there she led us, and we stopped, perforce, while she fingered a bundle of hideous red and black checked woolen material, and asked its price.

"*Drei Mark*," answered the clerk, and added, ingratiatingly, "*Wunderschön!*"

Our Amazon annihilated her with a look: "*Drei Mark!*" she answered, disdainfully, "*Mein Gott!*" And we followed our guide to pastures new.

But small Germany, *die kinder*, were not thus to be made sensible; the yellow-haired child murmured something, to us unintelligible; the stern face above her melted into kindness, and we turned briskly to a paradise of dolls. They filled show-cases; they hung from lines, were tacked to pillars; regiments of soldierly dolls stood on the counters—dolls ran riot, dolls small and large, and of every nation; Holland and Norway knocked elbows, the native costumes contrasting prettily; French and Italian dolls, many of them moving by automatic jerks. Here were lions, tigers, monkeys, elephants, even surprisingly life-like snakes, all protected by signs, which urged the spectator not to feed, or tease, or otherwise to annoy.

Every store had a huge tree, lighted and decorated with amazing collections of tinsel and gay trimmings. The broad Berlin streets were lined with Christmas trees; they were for sale on every side; they banked, in picturesque fashion, even the ugly props of the elevated road, and made them beautiful. Small doubt that ample provision had been made to meet the national demand, a Christmas tree for every home.

These trees were brought from the Black and Thuringian Forests, and are of very uniform size, since the prudent government permits only the cutting of specified trees, the forest wardens regularly planting to the number cut, thus providing for an endless succession of Christmas trees, while guarding against the denuding of the beautiful forests.

The vendors, too, suddenly began to occupy the streets; dignified Leipsicer Platz was quite transformed; carts of sweets, of pop-corn and of toys. The trifles that overflowed these carts were made of wood, or of tin, little things within reach of the poor, amazing values for a Pfennig, riches unbounded for a Mark.

The holiday crowd pushed and hurried for a fortnight, and until the afternoon before Christmas Eve, when, lo! we walked through stores that were practically deserted, walked unjostled to the lunch counter of our favorite store, where we found our Apfel Kuchen "*mit oder ohne*," the brief, invariable question as the ladle of whipped cream was poised above the dainty. Even the ticket office in the next aisle had no waiting line; we, and we alone, purchased tickets for theatre and opera.

The sudden quiet was explained; families had gathered together for their Christmas rites; it remained for us, the unattached and impious outlanders, to haunt street and shop. With something of the haste that impels the departure of the guest, who finds he is the last to take his leave, we turned towards the Pension, our only home in this great Berlin. True,

our official representative was holding open house for all Americans, and the American Church was giving all compatriots a welcome.

"Never again," said the Irrepressible, for once a trifle subdued, "never again away from home at Christmas, but since we're here, we'll be as German as the best of them."

In a mutual attempt at cheerfulness, we stopped at a festive-looking bakery, where, out of compliment to the Irrepressible's youth, I bought for her a large gingerbread doll, with trimmings of gilt paper. She rashly purchased for me a collection of marzipan vegetables, yellow carrots and toothsome brown potatoes predominating.

At the Pension, all was bustle and preparation. For several days we had suffered an orgy of Christmas house-cleaning, and it was certain that "union" hours had not prevailed in the kitchen, since far into the night we could smell new and attractive odors from the oven, where pfeffer nuts, highly spiced little cakes, and glorified gingerbread, were in the making.

Christmas morning we ate our Fruhstuck at half past seven, an hour before the usual time. A sociable little meal was our breakfast, for the Irrepressible was given to slipping across the hall from her room to join me, and we supplemented the simple coffee and rolls of the Pension, with fruit, jam, and Kuchen. The new maid, fresh from a Grunewald farm, clattering painfully in her unaccustomed store shoes, was so startled by our hearty and united "*Froeliche Weinacht*," that she put down the hot milk jar on top of the rolls and fled.

We were ready for the eight-o'clock service at the Cathedral, the vast, much-decorated Don, with its very bad acoustic properties. Here the august Kaiser has chosen his resting-place; he will yet lie in state beneath its altar, disregarding the famous Hohenzollern tombs at Charlottenburg. The great church was crowded to standing room, a surprising



preponderance of men in the congregation; practically the only empty space, was the royal pew, like a box at the opera, with its heavy hangings, and upholstered velvet chairs. We watched in vain this oasis in the crowd, hoping for the arrival of the Imperial family, but later our daily paper told us that royalty was gathered, en masse, at Potsdam. Like a mighty, and, alas, untuned organ, rose the volume of congregational singing—sad old songs of Martin Luther, and the wailing sweetness of "Heilage Nacht."

Leaving the Cathedral, we were confronted by a huge, yellow balloon, which seemed disconcertingly near our heads, and rising slowly above us. Seated in it were several military men, with what looked like field-glasses. From voluble explanations given near me by careful German fathers to their home-going broods, I gathered that these balloons are a part of the warlike maneuvers and preparations, which cause the sojourner in this peaceful Deutchland to feel himself on the volcanic edge of an international struggle. It was a curious transition from the Gospel of Peace to the sight of the Gods of War.

Dinner at three o'clock, brought us to a much decorated dining-room. The separate tables had been brought together, forming a large right angle, with seats for forty guests, our numbers augmented by some friends of Fraulein B. At the apex of the angle, stood a large Christmas tree, decorated in dazzling fashion, with tinsel and gilt, lighted by many candles, and with sundry packages near it upon the floor. Fraulein B. was the central figure, and more than one of her visitors kissed her hand gallantly, before he passed to his designated seat.

Of the lengthy menu I remember only the heavy brown soup, a fowl stuffed with chestnuts, a great glass dish of something resembling pink whipped cream and tasting strong of rum. Lastly, a king among pies, a marzipan crust, made from flour of pounded almonds, and this filled with the richest

of Gooseberry Jam. At the first mouthful of this marzipan crust the Irrepressible murmured in my ear:

"It's just like biting into a nice, plummy piece of Huyler's." Dinner over, there fell an expectant hush, which was broken by the entrance of Herr M., a musician and a delightful member of our small community, a man whose sense of humor had proved a blessing to us wayfarers in a far land. He was dressed in a sort of sheet-and-pillow-case costume, a peaked white cap, and a huge white cotton beard, from which hung very realistic glass icicles.

The unique figure was greeted by the American contingent with applause, and shouts of laughter, quickly checked, however, by the unwonted gravity of Herr M., himself, by the frigid and disapproving glances cast in our direction by Fraulein B., and the other Germans, and by the sound of the unmistakable word, "schade," the German for Shame. We made a hurried mental adjustment to national prejudices; here was no jovial American Santa Claus:

"With a pack on his back, they say."

Herr M. wore his masquerading costume with marvelous dignity. The Irrepressible turned to me: "And *that* is what screwed his napkin ring into his eye for a monocle, when he bowed to me at dinner, last evening." He carried in his white gloved hand the manuscript of a Christmas poem, and this he read; his big, mellow voice dwelling with evident reverence upon the Christmas story, and on the blessings which the Christ Child and his coming had brought to suffering humanity.

Still facing the despoiled dinner table, we sang once more the Christmas hymn of the morning, after which came our first realization of the "Froeliche Weinact," (Merry Christmas), we had been wishing each other all day. Fraulein B. had provided a little gift for each person at her lengthy table, and these, carefully marked in her own painstaking letters, were duly passed around, as were

the many gifts for Fraulein B., herself. The festive American youths, studying, some of them at the University, and others with various musical celebrities, had provided ten pfennig gifts, touching upon the small fads and foibles of their friends present, and these gave us chance to make merry. Even Father Christmas, himself again, blew delightedly on the little tin flute these festive youths had given him.

Between feasting and ceremonials, we had been nearly three hours in the dining-room; we then were invited to the long parlor for dancing and games. Here the center table, usually covered with a red velvet mat and the home of a volume of Schiller's Poems, a photograph album, and Views of Berlin, now gloried in a white cloth, and held a huge bowl of punch, swimming with various sliced fruits, known as Bola. It seemed to me a mild beverage, but by the delightedly wicked expression of the University boys, I judged it had its cheering qualities. The punch bowl was flanked on four sides by plates of rich little cakes; I recognized the succulent odors that had

floated up to us from the kitchen. I also discovered a new cake, like squares of pastry, with candied fruit on top. These dainties were urged upon us at every turn by Fraulein B. and her smiling assistants.

Mindful of the very small wages, often no more than five dollars a month, given to the maids, we of the Pension had contributed to a fund to be divided among them as our holiday gift. The resulting Marks had gladdened our humble servitors almost to the point of tears.

Christmas fell on a Sunday that year, and, after an hour of jollity, some of us quietly stole from the room. I left the Irrepressible in the flood tide of holiday celebration, waltzing gaily with a handsome young Lieutenant. We went past brilliantly lighted cafes, music sounding even through the closed doors, and turned into a quiet street towards the American Church.

A window opened above us, a little child looked out and sang:

"Oh, Weinachts Mann, oh, Weinachts Mann!"—  
and over it all shone the Christmas Star.

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## My Sister

Who is my Sister? If she fears  
To clasp my hand or dry my tears  
The while I kneel in mute despair,  
Too weak to lisp a broken prayer;  
Go seek another one for me,  
My Sister she can never be.

My Sister comes ere I can plead,  
Forgetting cast, forgetting creed,  
She smiles on me and bids me know  
The source from which all blessings flow,  
Then comforts me the while she bears  
With me the burden of my cares.

No gems are hers, no mines of gold,  
But love more than her heart can hold  
Illumes her face with light divine.  
I know this Sister dear as mine;  
The universal Mother gave  
This one my fainting soul to save.

RUTH RAYMOND.



# The Art of Giving Gifts

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

"Those gifts are ever the most acceptable  
Which the giver has made precious."

S O runs the ancient adage and we all agree on the evident truth of the statement. But what qualities, what subtle imprint must a gift bear to render it precious, we ask. What gifts have brought us this peculiar satisfaction?

Let us pause for a moment and look with discerning eyes; lo! monetary value fades to insignificance and we can truthfully say only those gifts are precious which carry the hallmark of thoughtfulness—the gift that bespeaks the donor's close study of our personal tastes and bears testimony of heart-interest.

This haphazard giving of Christmas presents is to be deplored. Because Mrs. A. sent us a hand-painted calendar last year, we straightway ran amuck and, at some eleventh-hour bargain sale, bought her a bonbon dish or, forsooth, a doily "to pay her back", for, we argue, bonbon dishes and doilies are always useful. And behold! Mrs. A. mournfully added one more to her large and meaningless array of these articles and wondered why measures aren't on foot for a "safe and sane" Christmas. And now we know that appropriateness is an important factor.

Yet, appropriateness offers so much license that we are in danger of again making a mistake.

Because mother happens to be the dynamo of the household is no reason why we should select an electric iron or dustpan and brush broom for her. Very often mothers' minds flit above the level of laborious days and they enjoy reading Ibsen and Maeterlinck.

So, we learn that a gift, to be truly acceptable, must give pleasure and bear the unerring distinction of good taste.

I remember of paying a Christmas

visit at a home where the father had been very generously remembered. Yet, waving aside the customary donations of neckties, slippers and handkerchiefs, he said, "but just see what the baby gave me! She had only twenty cents to spend and see the judgment she displayed!" He held aloft two boxes of his favorite smoking tobacco tied together with a tiny red ribbon, while on top was tucked a slip of paper on which was written in the painstaking scrawl of youthful penmanship, "Have a good smoke." And from the look in that father's eyes, I knew he considered the gift thoughtful, appropriate, pleasure-giving, in good taste and worthy of the encomium of precious. So those of us who keep our finger on the pulse of personal taste and supplement any material short coming with love cannot go far wrong.

I know one young woman who makes out her gift list months in advance and she says: "if I am not quite sure what music would be acceptable to my musical friend, I make a careful survey of her bookcase and then add a biography of some favorite composer. If I am afraid to select some work for my bookish friend, I send him an artistic bookplate, bookrack, or even bookmark. Yet, many times, some trifling home-made gift has found readiest welcome; for instance, a little personal calendar bearing a weekly quotation from some strong thinker, an A. B. C. book, for a college chum, containing jingles reminiscent of college fun and illustrated with my own crude drawings, were deeply treasured. Each year I try to make the spiritual side gain on the material," and I, for one, knew how well she had succeeded. I thought of the little plaster "Winged Victory" that stands on my desk and told her how it had never ceased to act like a bugle call to my drooping spirits. Therein lies

true value—to let the spiritual message abide within the gift, as Prometheus hid the spark of living fire in the hollow of the fennel stalk.

My friend, who remembers the old wood-road where we once took such soul-satisfying rambles together and who steals out with his camera and catches it in all the pristine loveliness of a May morning and then sends it to me, gives not only for the present, he has added a pleasant thought to all May mornings. And the friend who takes loving interest in your Colonial room and on Christmas Eve slips a bayberry candle in your tall brass candlesticks has, with the taper of her thoughtfulness, lighted many future twilights.

But why must it be a Christmas gift, a wedding present, a birthday remembrance! Who does not appreciate the gift out of season? The little love-token that happifies the gray of daily existence, as the first spring daffodil or the first bluebird's strain gladdens a March day. A dear acquaintance of mine adopts this mode of giving. She rarely remembers a holiday, but a morning in early spring may be made memorable with a box of trailing arbutus she has gathered in some fair wood-way; or, perhaps, on a bleak day in late November will arrive an Indian basket filled with pine cones to brighten my fireside, and with the delight of a Parsee I cherish that evening blaze and think loving thoughts of my glorious Lady Bountiful who carries the Christmas spirit throughout the year,—who has learned that it is these little sweet surprises in life that make us forget the desolate places.

This is distinctly the woman's age and, while her ladyship is busy, in the women's clubs, bringing about betterment in civic conditions, in the Consumers' League, keeping a wise surveillance of

the sanitary requirements of manufacture and, as a side-issue of the Peace Movement, is trying to rob Independence Day of its barbarity, let her seek the equally important task of lifting the burden of Christmas. I know of no better way of starting the reform than by resolving to abolish the meaningless gift and, like the true Lady Bountiful, to spread the Christmas Spirit over a twelve-month instead of confining it to the ephemeral holiday season,—to cease thrusting the unneeded and, perhaps, unwanted donation in prosperity's circle and remember some unfortunate outsider with a true Christmas present that is prompted by joy, not fear.

So few lives are poor in the three-fold treasury of mind, heart and pocket-book, that it is the privilege of all to give something. I remember hearing a noted Southern educator speak with much affection of his home-town nestled in the beautiful hill country of Tennessee. So rich, fertile and picturesque was this little valley habitation that it was often referred to as "the dimple of the South-land."

But on the outskirts of this "dimple" lay an arid, sandy tract known as "the barrens." Some years later in visiting his birthplace this man found "the barren" mottled with green patches. "What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "Oh," came the jubilant response, "we have found the barrens can produce cantaloupes unequalled throughout the South." The barrens had given that which the rich valley could not.

So those of us who are not financial magnates nor yet such towering personalities that our gifts may be great, may, perhaps, from the simple fruitage of courage or good cheer, fortify some hesitant soul and learn that the gift was indeed precious.





# The Worrying Habit

By Helen Coale Crew

THERE is a certain amount of worry which is excusable, not because it accomplishes anything, but because it cannot very well be avoided. But there is a vast deal of worrying of the kind known as climbing, which is both unnecessary and inexcusable, and is usually a bad habit which one has deliberately walked into. Oddly enough, it is for the most part girls, who really have no worries to speak of, who are most addicted to the habit. A girl will worry sometimes for fear she will not pass her examinations, or because it may rain on the day of the picnic, or for fear her best dress may not be suited to some great occasion. And these and a dozen other little hillocks upon her horizon she will magnify into frowning mountains that threaten her entire peace of mind.

If such a girl will condescend to go to the nursery bookshelves and take down the most battered book there, namely, Mother Goose, and turn to the story of Tommy Snooks, she will come face to face with herself as in a mirror. Says Mother Goose—

Tommy Snooks and Betsy Brooks  
Went walking out one Sunday.  
Says Tommy Snooks to Betsy Brooks,  
"Tomorrow will be Monday."

There is the whole picture in four lines. Tommy is taking his sweetheart for a walk on a care-free Sunday. Doubtless both are young and happy, and dressed in their Sunday best, and as nothing is said to the contrary, we may assume that it is a beautiful, sunny day. But Tommy is born to worry as the sparks fly upward, and cannot let well enough alone. He looks around for something to worry about. There is nothing in view. Two pages back Little Miss Muffet is having a *real* trouble, but here everything is serene and as it should be. Tommy is

forced to seize upon intangible time to serve his purpose, and borrow trouble from the future. "Tomorrow," he says gloomily, "will be Monday." Whereupon visions of laundry tubs and yellow soap and the scrub board and the family wash blot out the pleasant landscape, and the Sunday outing is quite spoiled. And it isn't Tommy who has to do the wash, either!

Considering what a simple matter it is to form a habit, one wonders why the worryers have not long ago sought relief and cured themselves by acquiring the very pleasant habit of looking on the bright side of things. One can make a path through the grassiest meadow by faithfully walking in the same line through it day after day; and by the same method one can make a "path of least resistance" straight to the silver lining of the clouds.

There used to be a girl who, apparently, was incapable of putting her hat away when she took it off, but simply tossed it down anywhere and let it lie, for someone else to pick up. Presently there came a course in psychology at school, and she learned how habits could be formed and unformed at will—if one had the will! Her longsuffering family advised a beginning upon the hat. As a huge joke she began faithfully putting her hat away where it belonged each day. Two small, critical brothers egged her on to success by predicting a failure; and at last, at the end of three months, she was doing automatically what she had never been able to do by intention in sixteen years.

Why not take up arms in similar fashion against the worrying habit? Worrying, of course in a more insidious and more peace-destroying evil than a dozen misplaced hats. But if the effort required to overcome it be vastly greater,

so also will the victory be. Examinations are not the whole of life; picnics will come every June while the world lasts; and if a virtuous woman is above the price of rubies, surely a girl's sunny face is, at least, as valuable as the garments

she wears. And what a very much smaller number of mountains there would be to climb—even when one reached them—if only they could be looked at squarely and discovered to be nothing more than molehills, after all!

## The House Not Made With Hands

By Estelle M. Hurl

**B**ETWEEN the house owner and the dweller in apartments there is a constant discussion as to the comparative advantages of the two ways of living. The tradition is still strong in the New England blood that every self-respecting family man should possess a roof tree of his own. It is a survival of the times when there was practically no alternative for any one who wanted a roof over his head. Indeed, there was not much else on which a man could spend his money in the good old days when travel, education and amusement had not begun to be regarded as necessities. The life of our new century is too complex to make house owning an unconditional advantage. For a thousand reasons a large class of people now prefer to use their money in other directions. If Mr. Houseproud looks a bit contemptuously at his friend Flatter, the tables are turned when young Flatter enters college while Houseproud, Junior, must begin clerking in order to help his father meet the payments on the house.

Whether one owns or rents, lives in a twenty-room palace or a five-room apartment, the important concern is the home ideal. And this is entirely independent of environment. A home is not a house, and the house does not constitute the home. It is a pity to confuse the casket with the jewels it contains, the outer shell with the life it embodies. There are multitudes of homeless houses as well as houseless homes. The houses

which do not shelter true homes are empty, indeed, though they be filled with "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind," while some of the happiest homes in the world have no fixed habitation.

Among our New England ancestors the actual home was confined to the kitchen and living room. The bedrooms were exclusively for sleeping, and the front of the house was kept closed. The sacred precincts of the parlor seldom saw the light of day, and the front door was opened only on grand occasions. Though we have travelled a long way from this folly, the house is still a sort of fetich with a certain class of people. Many men ruin themselves in carrying out the designs of their ambitious wives and their extravagant architects. Others of a more honorable and frugal type build their houses by stern self-denial, growing old and work-weary in the process. And when the building is done there is nothing to go into it—no books and pictures, no souvenirs of travel—none of the accumulation of the years which mark the individuality. One cannot collect jewels when spending all one's money on the casket. The house devoid of beauty is equalled for its un-homelikeness only by the house that is furnished to order by the department store decorator. Both are pathetic evidences of the owner's poverty—and between poverty of money and poverty of mind it were hard to choose.

The ideal home is a place to live in—



not for mere eating and sleeping, not as a storehouse for one's possessions—and above all not as a show place for guests. "Living" in a home is to live all through it, to possess oneself wholly of it, to make it an outer body, as it were. The apartment is often a pretty tight fit, but even the tiny rooms crowded with convertible furniture may seem more home-like than the unused barnlike spaces of an old-time farmhouse. Between these extremes lies the happy medium, and fortunate are they whose house space is exactly fitted to the needs of the home it shelters. The home-making instinct is a special gift with some people. There are women who in five minutes can transform a camp tent or the bare room of a summer hotel into a cosy, homelike spot. Somewhere from the depths of the trunk they extract a sofa pillow and table cloth, a work basket, a few writing materials and toilet articles, a magazine or two—and the thing is done. Nor does the home charm consist so much in things themselves as in the way they are put around, if it is only a handful of daisies in a shaving mug.

The ideal home is a place of comfort, where all one's needs are anticipated and the right things are in the right spot. This is the domestic side of it. What is

home if matches and pins are not within reach, or if one's coffee and steak are not to one's liking? In the home of comfort the desks and tables stand in the best light, the chairs are sociable, the books and pictures lovable; and everything is usable. Its crowning beauty is that it is yours and not another's. The books are those you have read, the furniture that you have selected, the touches of beauty and the scheme of color is of your own taste. It contains a thousand treasures of happy association. Your home has no duplicate, and cannot be exactly reproduced. It is a composite of the family life. Each member has a share in its making or marring, and all find here a place of rest for body and soul. "The glory of a home is its hospitality," reads a pretty "motto" in the shop windows. What is good to have is good to give. The home that is a joy to its dwellers must needs warm every heart which comes into its radiance. For, of course, above all things else, a true home stands for love and content. On this foundation the homing spirit may build a home which neither fire nor flood, changes nor chances nor movings can destroy, for its walls are not of wood or stone, but it is a house not made with hands.

## His Honors

In a humble shed, they made His bed,  
 For a stall was His sole retreat;  
 Yet His gifts, we are told, were myrrh and  
   gold,  
 And there knelt three kings at His feet.

He was turned from the din of the crowded  
   inn  
 To a stable so still, so hushed;  
 But to carol His birth to the waiting earth,  
 A chorus of angels rushed.

The place was dim where they cradled Him,  
 And the way was dark and far;  
 But to furnish Him light, there was formed  
   that night  
 A glorious, guiding star.

LESLIE DAVIS.

# Her Christmas Gifts

By Alix Thorn

THEODORA, perched upon a gray rock high above the pebbly beach, was looking out over the sunlit bay; and her gray eyes were very sober, while unregarded an August magazine lay upon her blue linen lap. A chance remark she had overheard that morning on the Inn piazza had straightway started a troublous line of thought, and this was what she heard: "My dear, it is not a *bit* too early to think about Christmas, not if your list is a very long one." Theodora had walked quickly away, her cheeks a deeper pink, rebellion in her girlish heart, leaving the chattering lines of matrons and maids to the joys of fancy work and rocking chairs. Instinctively she turned down a winding path which led through young spruces and slender white birches, down to the water, and here, half hidden, was a leafy retreat that Theodora was fond of calling her "den." Straight to Nature she went to be calmed and comforted, but, somehow, to-day, Nature failed to comfort one of her devotees. A gay little motor boat chug, chugged by, proudly bearing its load of merry young people; a red-roofed bungalow on a distant island stood out like a beacon against its green background, and the balsam-laden wind audaciously blew the brown tendrils of Theodora's hair. A quick sigh sounded above the noise of wind and water. Oh, it was *too* hard! Christmas was indeed coming, and how she had welcomed it in former years! Early in December she had gone gaily forth into the enticing stores and as gaily bought appropriate gifts; and it is but fair to say that Theodora gave thought to her holiday purchases, selecting wisely and well.

"You always seem to know just what is one's especial desire, Theodora," said a thank you letter; "is it intuition, or only loving understanding?" It had been one

of the girl's happiest duties to thus surprise and gratify her friends, many of whom had not pocket-books as well filled as her own.

But, now, now, and all in one short year, fickle fortune had turned her wheel, and Theodora and her widowed mother found themselves with hardly more than enough income to live upon, with but small allowance left over for extras; and, alas, Christmas must be termed an *extra*.

A big pine cone falling on the ground behind her caused the girl to look around. Mechanically she lifted the brown, rosin dotted cone, and studied its symmetry. How gloriously such gathered cones blazed in the great open fires of the Inn, in these cool August evenings, sending forth their spicy, woodsy odor, afterwards glowing red and transparent as some Christmas tree ornament; and then Theodora sat up suddenly very straight, puckered her smooth brow, looked thoughtful, smiled, then nodded toward the rippling bay, and—"Why not?" said Theodora.

That very afternoon she rowed over to the little store on the next island, purchased several brown paper bags, said bags being two for a cent, feeling, as she laid down the needful pennies, very like a little girl again, selecting painstakingly a choice line of confectionery.

"Mother," she announced an hour later, spreading out her paper bags before Mrs. Dennison's astonished eyes, "Mother, here are the beginnings of some of my Christmas presents."

"My dearest child," began Theodora's mother, "will you have the kindness to explain!" and she laid down her knitting to raise expectant eyes to Theodora's mischievous face. So Theodora *did* explain, while every dimple came out, and her cheeks glowed as pink as the Maine wild roses. "You see, Mother, mine,"



she said, "an illuminating thought came to your despondent daughter as she gazed steadfastly over the bay, cradling in her hands a perfectly good pine cone, and musing over her fallen fortunes. This was the thought that sprang, Minerva-like from her brain, how delightful the pine cones were when dropped upon the burning logs in the fireplace! what an illumination, what fragrance they gave out and how desirable such cones would be, to burn at home, in winter; how they would recall the dear, vanished delights of the summer, *and* swiftly I resolved to gather bagfuls and bagfuls of the cones, pack them in a box, also supplied by the store, and freight them to New York. Once home, I shall put them away safely in a dry place till just before Christmas, and then—well, you'll see! Why, as I dwelt upon my ungathered treasures and what they might mean, I could imagine I heard the sound of chiming Christmas bells floating over the water, and, as I walked home along that dear, dim, wood way, the bunch berries at my feet were swiftly converted into gleaming hollyberries, such is the force of imagination."

"Well, Theodora," remarked her mother, returning peacefully to her neglected knitting, "your inspirations are generally good ones, if sometimes a trifle surprising. I shall gladly help you gather cones, the exercise will do me good, and I think I begin to grasp your idea."

Happy mornings the two spent under the giant pine trees, carefully selecting the larger cones, shaking them free from the brown needles, and placing them "almost symmetrically," as Theodora expressed it, in the convenient paper bags. Sometimes they paused to rest, Mrs. Dennison perched upon an overturned old boat, while Theodora curled up on the moss close by. The fresh salt wind crept up from the bay and cooled their cheeks, the cheery voices of campers sounded farther down the shore, and sometimes the white gleam of a passing sail was lifted high above the low growth by the

steep bank.

At last the girl decided that enough cones had been gathered, and reluctantly they gave up their pleasant morning occupation. But the very next day Theodora began to clip the fragrant fir balsam that covered the island, choosing carefully the tender light green tips which spread out fan like from the parent branch. The balsam cutting was a much more lengthy task than the gathering of the pine cones had been, but not discouraged, day after day Theodora went forth, armed with a pair of old scissors and the omnipresent paper bags. The great trees murmured mysteriously of woodland secrets, the saucy squirrels racing from limb to limb chattered wildly as if vexed that a rash mortal should penetrate their secret haunts, and Theodora, nut-brown maid, hummed cheerfully at her task while the morning hours slipped away. Sometimes she added bayberry leaves to her opened bag, pausing to crush a few in her hand to inhale the odor, so like that of the rose geranium, while the leaves themselves were polished as is the laurel that New England hillsides know.

Early in September, Theodora and her mother traveled back to town, and beside their trunks went a roomy wooden box filled to the brim with layers of pine cones, as well as a number of unbleached cotton bags stuffed with balsam, and bayberry leaves, the result of Theodora's industry.

It was December, and the girl tripped merrily from store to store, never minding the biting wind that swept unexpectedly down side streets and around corners, for the Christmas cheer was in her heart, and she smiled at the tempting windows, and examined the gift-laden counters, without a trace of envy or unhappiness. Theodora's Christmas problems were settled; why should she not smile? For weeks she had shopped for inexpensive cottons in simple designs; all in deep greens and light greens, blue

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"The best things are nearest: breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life."

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—  
R. L. S.

## NEW OCCASION

THE elections are over, the harvests are abundant, the country is everywhere prosperous, we would that you might consider the conditions favorable to a renewal of your subscription to the only exclusive household publication in your list of periodicals. We regard the discontinuance of a subscription as just so much real loss to us. Will you not feel the non-continuance of your monthly domestic magazine as a needless loss to you?

A renewal of subscription, in any form, is always very acceptable to us and is received with thanks; but no renewal can be more acceptable than that which is secured by sending two new subscriptions, in accordance with our standing offer.

We realize that we now have a choice and invaluable list of subscribers; this list we are anxious to retain substantially intact as well as to enlarge, by the addition of new names of progressive housekeepers in every part of the land.

The interest in home science is rapidly growing. People should learn how to live before it is too late. Life is the thing of most importance. Already women have gained educational advantages equal with men. Special vocational training is now the demand of the times. Skilled workmen are always wanted; such can find immediate employment. Whatever pursuits a woman may qualify for or engage in, she must be prepared for homemaking, for this is her natural vocation.

## THE NECESSITY OF GIVING

BY nothing is the status of a person more clearly shown than by what he regards as necessary. It goes without saying that the rich man's necessities are the poor man's luxuries. But what is far more interesting to most of us is the comparison of standards among people of like income. We constantly



hear people say that they cannot afford this or that, when we happen to know that they have quite as much to do with as we ourselves, and spend money "in many ways which we would deem extravagant. There are women who dress as we would never dream of doing, who never have money for books or magazines. Some spend on vacation trips what others put into rent. Some build houses, while others run automobiles. In some families, the education of the children is the first necessity, while in others it is expensive social life. In short, if we know how people spend their income, we know the secret springs of their life.

It is foolish for any one to set up an absolute standard for the proportioning of expenses. All this is a matter of individual preference, and every man is a rule unto himself. No one is in a position to criticize another. Nevertheless it is only human to observe and comment on others' peculiarities. The most unforgivable of all spending schemes is that which shuts out all generosity to others. The people who spend all on themselves, with the constant excuse that they cannot afford to give, cannot but be despised. Giving should be regarded as a necessity of life. To have no church claims, no habits of charity, no customs of gift making, no sharing of pleasures with others, and no ways of hospitality—this were poverty indeed. Those who think they cannot afford these things are the poorest of paupers. As a matter of fact, they cannot afford to live without them. No one can know the fulness of life who does not recognize the necessity of giving.

E. M. H.

### THE INVESTIGATION OF FOOD PRODUCTS

IT is one of the dear delights of childhood to watch Mother at her cooking and sewing, or to stand around while Father is doing odd jobs of repairing. The plumber and carpenter, the painter and mason always draw a circle of interested spectators about them. So it has

become a modern method of advertising, to let the public see how things are made. A popular window display is to show some workman at his trade: the cigar maker deftly rolling tobacco leaves into shape, the watchmaker taking apart the delicate mechanism of the watch, the confectioner pulling candy, and the restaurant cook turning griddle cakes. The European tourist considers it part of his program to visit the woodcarvers of Switzerland, the toy-makers of Nuremberg, the glass-blowers of Venice, and the lace-makers of Belgium. It is an instinct of human nature to ask the whys and hows. We love to see the wheels go round.

The present demand is to carry this idea out in a practical and systematic way. Nowhere is there greater need of investigation than in the making of food products. Now and then, one hears of an exceptional manufacturer who opens his factories for inspection on certain days. But the majority would be reluctant, indeed, to let the people know the ins and outs of their business. We are all aware that the love of gain has led to many frauds and impositions as well as to the neglect of cleanliness and hygiene. We accept the fact too passively, depending upon the law to regulate such matters. Much has, indeed, been done to remedy our wrongs, but much, much more remains to be done. Official and organized investigations are the great necessity. But to bring about such investigations, and to demand the laws such investigations show the need of, we must all concern ourselves more earnestly in these questions. Each one can lend a hand in the great work. We must all insist on finding out what materials and what methods are involved in all we eat.

E. M. H.

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"What kind of a man will I be in Elysium?" one of his pupils asked Socrates.

"The same kind of a man you are here," was the great philosopher's reply.

## A Business Decalogue

Thou shalt not wait for something to turn up, but thou shalt pull off thy coat and go to work, that thou mayest prosper in thy affairs.

Thou shalt not be content to go about thy business looking like a loafer, for thou shouldst know that thy personal appearance is better than a letter of recommendation.

Thou shalt not try to make excuses, nor shalt thou say to those who chide thee, "I didn't think."

Thou shalt not wait to be told what thou shalt do, nor in what manner thou shalt do it, for thus may thy days be long in the job which fortune hath given thee.

Thou shalt not covet the other fellow's job, nor his salary, nor the position that he hath gained by his own hard labor.

Thou shalt not fail to live within thy income, nor shalt thou contract any debt when thou canst not see the way clear to pay it.

Thou shalt not hesitate to say "No" when thou meanest "No," nor shalt thou fail to remember that there are times when it is unsafe to bind thyself to hasty judgement.

Thou shalt give every man a square deal. This is the last great commandment, and there is no other like unto it. Upon this commandment hang all the law and profits of the business world.—*Graham Hood.*

## Women's Reading

**W**OMEN no longer read love stories. Fiction is declining, and more serious books, generally of a sociological character, are taking its place. In publishers' lists, works on economics, socialism, hygiene, eugenics, crowd into the leading place once reserved for novels. A collection of this year's titles would contain more references to ballots than to courtship. In the year's literary output you would find the word 'sirloin' repeated more often than 'heart.'

"Women have always been the best bookbuyers.

"The suffrage movement is largely responsible for increased interest in public problems.

"Women are reading serious books; they are keenly interested in all public problems, all social conditions. Whatever the suffrage movement may do in the future, it has already done that."

## A Prayer

**O** GOD, help us to realize the divinity within us that we may be co-workers with Thee in the furtherance of all goodness. Help us, we pray Thee, to be glad of the gift of life, and appreciative of the privilege of work.

May we hold in loving thought every living creature, desiring for each fellow man the durable satisfactions we desire for ourselves. May we be swift to apply ourselves unto wisdom, but in cultivating the mind let us not be forgetful of the heart, that in weeding the mind of ignorance we may likewise free the heart from all unkindness and fear.

Let the barrier between sacred and secular be broken down, that ours may be the beauty of an everyday religion, and our faith the foundation of every hope. Teach us, we beseech Thee, the value of a smile and gladden our lips with the Gospel of Good Cheer, so shall we enter, here and now, into the Kingdom of happiness. — E. R. W.

## The Christmas Star

Through faith we see the selfsame star  
That led the wise men's way;  
Its radiant beauty from afar  
Shines as our hope today.

The love of God, transcending all  
The lesser loves of earth,  
Ready to heed the weakest call  
Of those of mortal birth,

Sent down to us this ray divine  
Of light, that all might see,  
How one true Soul on earth could shine,  
Yet wear humanity.

CORA A. MATSON DOLSON.





SUCKLING PIG, ROASTED, WITH RICE

(See page 377)

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Canned Asparagus Canapés, Christmas Style

**D**RAIN the asparagus in a can, then let dry on a cloth. Spread oval shapes of bread, three and one-half inches long by an inch and a half wide, with butter and let color delicately in the oven, then set aside to chill. On each piece of chilled bread set two or three asparagus tips of suitable length; above dispose half a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing, then sprinkle the whole with small squares of pimento.

### Consommé, Imperatrice

For two quarts of hot consommé, made in the usual manner, have ready about half a cup of cooked peas or asparagus tips, a dozen and a half tiny flowerets of cauliflower and the same number of carefully cut cubes of cooked chicken breast or of small chicken balls.

To make the balls, stir half a cup of fine-chopped and pounded chicken breast (cooked), half a teaspoonful of onion juice, a few grains of mace, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, into half a cup of hot cream sauce. Spread the mixture on a plate; when cold shape into balls half an inch in diameter; roll these in beaten egg and let cook in a small saucepan of hot fat until nicely colored; drain on soft paper.

### Roast Goose, German Style

Rub a carefully dressed, young goose, inside and out, with salt, pepper, sage, thyme and sweet marjoram and let stand overnight. Mix three cups of soft (stale) bread crumbs, half a cup of cleaned currants, half a cup of stoned raisins, a sour apple, peeled, cored and chopped, one hot, cooked potato, pressed through a sieve, half a cup of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and a

little pepper, and use to fill the goose; truss and roast in the usual manner. Serve with a giblet sauce and a "compote" of cherries (canned or preserved cherries).

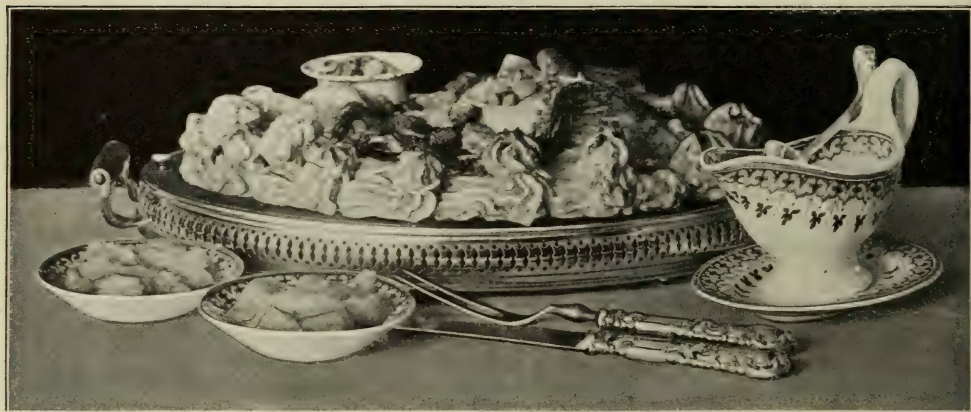
### Planked Duckling, Albany Style (The Hotel Monthly)

Singe a young domestic duck, cut off the neck, split down the back, open, loosen and remove the internal contents in one mass. Reserve the liver to serve with the duckling, first removing from it the gall bag. Wash and wipe the bird with care, then grill over coals or under the gas flame about twenty minutes, leaving the flesh slightly underdone. Cook largely on the flesh side.

sons, one small cauliflower, with Hollandaise sauce, sliced apples baked with sugar and butter, two inch pieces of stewed celery, egged, crumbed and sautéd in melted butter, and the liver broiled with the duck. Dispose these in individual casseroles, or otherwise, on the plank around the duck. Serve additional Hollandaise sauce in a bowl.

### Maryland Chicken (Miss Quimby)

Singe and draw the chicken, cut in pieces for serving, separating at the joints. Season flour with salt and pepper and in it roll the pieces of chicken. Have ready, in cast-iron frying pan, some hot fat, salt pork, bacon or olive oil, and in this cook the chicken, turning



PLANKED DUCKLING, ALBANY STYLE

Bake four or five large sweet potatoes, remove the pulp from the skins and press it through a ricer. Season with salt, pepper, butter and cream; add the beaten yolks of two eggs and beat all together thoroughly. Have the potato of a consistency to flow easily through a pastry bag while holding its shape perfectly. Set the duckling on a hot plank; pipe the potato around it, brush over with a beaten yolk of egg, diluted with two tablespoonfuls of milk, and set the plank into the oven to brown the edges of the potato and finish cooking the duck. Have ready enough cooked Lima beans to serve two or four per-

as it needed, until it is of a golden brown exterior. Remove the chicken, pour off the fat, to leave about four tablespoonfuls in the pan, add four tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper; stir until the fat has absorbed the flour and is slightly browned, then add two cups and a half of rich milk and stir until boiling; put the chicken into the sauce, cover and set into a moderate oven, for one-half to three-fourths of an hour, to simmer, blend flavors and grow deliciously tender.

### Bacon, with Fried Bananas



Set slices of bacon between the wires of a double broiler. Put the broiler in the pan. Use this in making a cup of thick brown sauce; add the juice of an



BROILED BACON, WITH FRIED BANANAS

an oven over a dripping pan. Let cook until the fat is well drawn out. In the fat sauté peeled bananas, scraped, cut in quarters and dipped in flour. Serve for breakfast or supper.

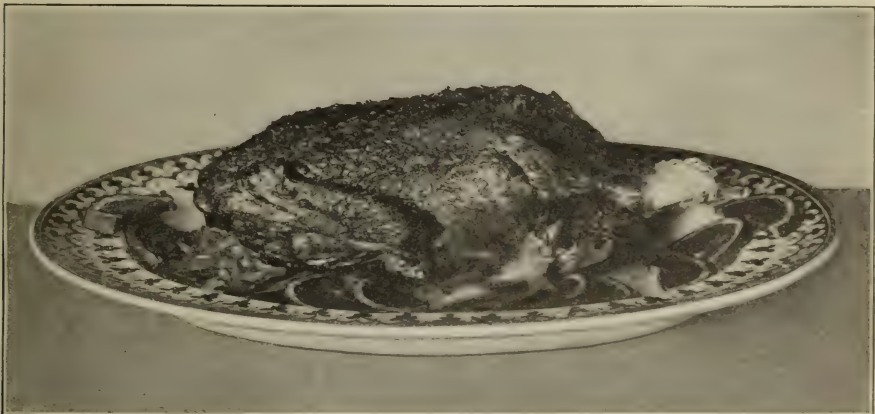
### Roast Duckling (Domestic)

Truss the duckling in the same manner as a chicken; remove the gall bladder from the liver and put the liver inside the duck. Rub over with salt and pepper and spread with dripping; let cook about an hour and a half or until the flesh is very tender. Baste every ten minutes, dredging with flour after each basting. When done pour off the fat from the pan; add a cup of brown stock (beef and veal) and use to rinse

orange and part of the peel, cut in very fine shreds. Serve with apple sauce or apple fritters and currant jelly sauce. Garnish the duck on the platter with half slices of orange.

### Lamb Chops à la Diable

Spread the eye of the chops, on both sides, lightly with "made" mustard—ground mustard mixed to a paste with a few grains of sugar, and vinegar and boiling water, half and half; roll in sifted, soft bread crumbs, cover with an egg, beaten with four tablespoonfuls of milk or water, and again roll in soft bread crumbs. Let stand to dry a little, then shape, to remove superfluous crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Let fry



ROAST DUCKLING

about six minutes. Drain on soft paper. Serve, around a mound of macaroni à la Italienne, on peas and slices of carrot, dressed with salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of sugar and two or three tablespoonfuls of butter.

### Galantine of Chicken, Christmas Decoration

Select a fresh-killed, undrawn chicken of about four pounds in weight. Singe and remove pin feathers. Cut off the pinions. Cut through the skin down the entire length of the backbone, then push and cut the flesh from the bones, to secure the framework in one piece and the flesh in another. Take off the white meat and set it aside. Wipe the outside and inside of the flesh; push the skin

Trim the skin as needed, to secure a rectangular shape. Cut the breast meat, previously set aside, in thin, even slices; lay these slices over the skin as uniformly as possible; over these spread a layer of the forcemeat; lengthwise on the forcemeat set rows—equally distant from each other—of the cubes of pork and tongue and two truffles cut in thin slices, alternating the articles and having them at a uniform distance, one from the other, and cover with forcemeat; repeat the rows of cubes and finish with forcemeat. Then roll into a neat and compact shape, the skin upon the outside, and sew secure.

Roll the meat in a piece of cheese-cloth, tie the cloth close to the ends of the meat and tie tape around it in two



GALANTINE OF CHICKEN, CHRISTMAS DECORATION

of the wings and legs inside and remove the flesh. Put this flesh, scraped from the tendons, with one pound, each, of fat and lean pork and lean veal, and chop and pound to a smooth paste, seasoning with half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, adding a little broth, meanwhile, but do not make very moist; press through a sieve, add one teaspoonful of onion juice, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, three or four tablespoonfuls of wine, and one beaten egg. Cut cooked ox-tongue and fat salt pork in cubes of a scant three-fourths inch. Pour boiling water over the pork, drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Spread the skin on a meat board and sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper.

or three other places. Finish dressing the bones of the chicken; wash carefully, then add bits of veal and cover the whole with cold water; let heat slowly to the boiling point; add the usual soup vegetables; on the bones set the galantine and let simmer until tender. Let stand until cooled a little, then untie the pieces of tape, unroll the cloth, and roll again smooth, tie the tapes as before and set to cool under a weight. Strain off the broth and when cold remove the fat and use the broth for aspic jelly and chaudfroid sauce. When the galantine is cold, remove the skin, wipe to remove fat if present, then set on an inverted soup plate and pour over it chaudfroid sauce, on the point of "set-



ting," to cover completely and smoothly the galantine. Have ready one or two

or chicken broth. Stir until the gelatine is dissolved, then use as above.



EGG SALAD, AURORE

cooked string beans, cut to simulate stems, and pimento, cut to represent the petals of a poinsettia blossom, also some sifted yolk of a hard-cooked egg. Dispose these on the sauce to simulate a poinsettia blossom; cover with half-set aspic and set aside to become firm. Serve, sliced thin, with shredded endive (or celery), sprigs of cress and strips of pimento, seasoned with French dressing.

### Chaudfroid Sauce for Galantine

Make an ordinary sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and half a cup, each, of cream and chicken broth. Add to the hot sauce one tablespoonful of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water

### Aspic Jelly for Chaudfroid

Soften half a package of gelatine in half a cup of cold chicken broth; add one pint of cold chicken broth, salt and pepper, thin yellow rind of one-fourth a lemon and the slightly beaten white and crushed shell of one egg. Stir constantly over the fire until the boiling point is reached; let boil gently five minutes, then let settle and strain through a napkin wrung out of hot water.

### Egg Salad Aurore

For one large or two small portions there are needed two half-inch thick slices of a good-sized tomato, one tender hard-cooked egg, four lettuce leaves and two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing. Set the tomato over a little



CRANBERRY-AND-CELERY SALAD

of the dressing on the lettuce. Cut the egg in quarters, remove the yolk to a sieve, cut the pieces of white in halves crosswise and dispose on the tomato, the pointed ends to the center; dispose the rest of the mayonnaise at the points where the pieces of white meet. Sift the yolk over the dressing. Serve at once.

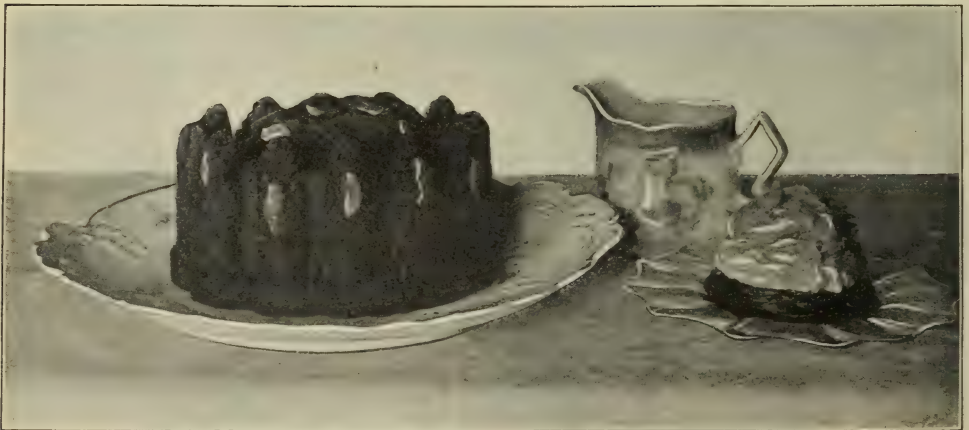
### Cranberry-and-Celery Salad

Select choice cranberries of good size and cut each in about four slices at right angles to the stem. Cut inner, blanched stalks of crisp celery into slices one-fourth an inch thick. There may be equal measures of cranberry and celery, but should not be more of the prepared celery than of the cranberries. Season

milk, cooled to a lukewarm temperature; add one-third a cup of sugar or molasses, one-fourth a cup of shortening, a teaspoonful of salt, one cup of seeded raisins, and about three cups, each, of rye flour and white flour. Use white flour for kneading and knead until smooth and elastic. When light shape for two brick-loaf pans and when again light bake about one hour.

### Potato Rolls (Mrs. Clements)

Soften a cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk; mix thoroughly, then add to one cup of scalded-and-cooled milk; stir in nearly two cups of flour and set aside to become light and puffy. Add one cup of hot, mashed potato, one-third a cup



ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING, HARD SAUCE, IN THREE COLORS

separately or together. For a pint of material, mix a scant half-teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika, four tablespoonfuls of olive oil and one or two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mix all together thoroughly; pour over the celery and cranberry; mix and turn upon a bed of carefully washed-and-dried leaves of lettuce. Serve with roasts of poultry or veal.

### Sweet Rye Bread, with Raisins

Soften one-third to one whole yeast cake in one-half a cup of lukewarm water, mix and add to two cups of scalded

of sugar, one-fourth a cup of shortening, half a teaspoonful of salt, the yolks of two eggs and about two cups of flour. Mix all together thoroughly with a knife. The dough should be about as stiff as can be stirred, yet not stiff enough to knead. Cut, through and through, the dough repeatedly; cover and set aside to become doubled in bulk. Turn upon a well-floured board, roll into a sheet one-fourth an inch thick and cut into rounds, brush the rounds with melted butter, double over like a Parker House roll, brush over the tops with butter and let rise. Bake about twenty minutes.



## English Plum Pudding

Butter a mold very thoroughly; press halves of blanched almonds into the but-



ICE CREAM, BAKED ALASKA, WITH FIGS

One pound of beef suet, shredded fine and chopped, one pound of seeded raisins, the same amount of currants, carefully washed and dried, half a pound of citron in fine shavings, five tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, rolled fine, three cups of grated stale bread, one cup of flour, one grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful, each, of mace and cinnamon, four large tablespoonfuls of cream, and six eggs. The recipe calls for brandy or wine, but two gills of orange juice can be substituted, if preferred, and the grated rind of a lemon. Roll the fruit in the flour, moisten the bread crumbs with the cream, beat up the yolks of the eggs, and stir into them all the ingredients, and, lastly, the whipped whites of the eggs.

ter as a decoration for the pudding; let the mold stand in a cool place to chill, then turn in the mixture. Steam six hours. Serve with

### Hard Sauce

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar. Divide into three parts; leave one plain, add one or two ounces of melted chocolate to one part, and into the third beat strawberry or raspberry preserves or jam to color and flavor as desired.

### Chocolate Nougat Cake (Aileen Stimson)

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup and a half of granulated sugar. Melt one-fourth a



CHOCOLATE NOUGAT CAKE

pound of chocolate over hot water; add three teaspoonfuls of boiling water and a brush wet in cold water, cover and let boil two or three minutes. If coffee be



CHRISTMAS E'CLAIRS

two level tablespoonfuls of sugar and stir over the fire until smooth; then gradually beat it in to the sugar and butter; add the eggs, beaten light, without separating the whites and yolks, and, alternately, half a cup of milk and one cup and three-fourths of sifted flour, sifted again with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. One slightly rounding teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a level teaspoonful of soda may be used in place of the baking-powder. Bake in two or three layers, according to the size of the pans; put together with boiled frosting to which from one-quarter to one-half a pound of blanched-and-split almonds have been added.

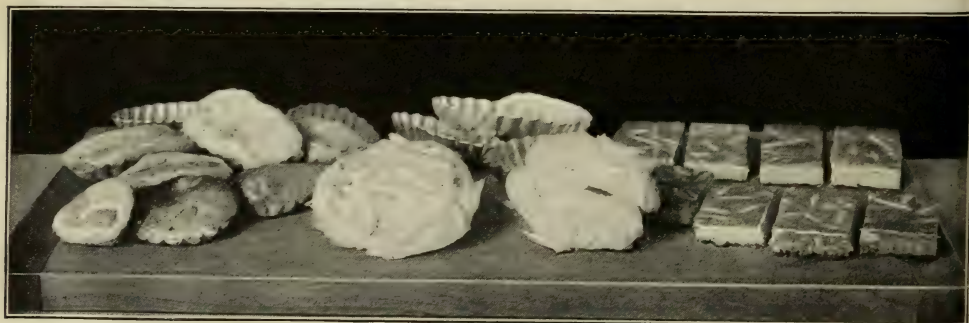
### Boiled Frosting for Chocolate Cake

Melt one cup and a half of sugar in two-thirds a cup of boiling water (or use half water and half black coffee); wash down the sides, with the hand or

used, the saucepan must be watched, lest it boil over. Remove the cover and let boil to a rather firm soft ball, to 238° F. on the sugar thermometer. Turn the syrup in a fine stream on the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile; add the nuts and beat with a spoon until cool enough to hold its shape.

### Christmas E'clairs

Put one-fourth a cup of butter and half a cup of boiling water over the fire; when boiling stir in half a cup of sifted flour, and continue to stir until the mixture collects together into a mass; turn into a bowl and beat in two eggs, one at a time. When the mixture is beaten smooth, shape it in a baking pan into strips about four inches long and an inch and a half wide. Bake about twenty-five minutes, with strongest heat at the bottom. When cold open each along the side and fill with pastry cream; in-



ALMOND MERINGUES, BLITZEN KUCHEN, ETC.



vert the e'clairs and spread confectioners' frosting over the smooth side, and decorate at once with small red candies and tiny leaves, cut from thin outer slices of citron. To cut the leaves most easily take a pattern of a leaf from a Christmas card.

### Pastry Filling

Scald one cup of milk; mix one-third a cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of flour thoroughly; add the hot milk, mix and return to the double-boiler, and stir and cook over hot water until thickened, then cover and let cook ten minutes. Beat one egg; add a tablespoonful of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, mix, and stir into the hot mixture. When set remove, let cool and add half a teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla extract.

### Confectioners' Frosting

Stir sifted confectioners' sugar into two or three tablespoonfuls of boiling water or sugar syrup. Flavor with lemon or vanilla extract.

### Blitzen Coocken (Mrs. Garretson)

Beat a scant half cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, then the yolks of three eggs, beaten light. Beat in one cup of sifted flour, then the whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Spread on well buttered pans to the depth of half an inch; sprinkle with blanched almonds, cut in shreds lengthwise. When baked and cold cut into small squares or other shapes.

### Almond Biscuit

Beat the yolks of three eggs very light; gradually beat in half a cup of granulated sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon, half a cup of sifted pastry flour and, lastly, the whites of three eggs, beaten dry with one-eighth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Turn into small buttered tins, preferably such as are longer than the width; set half a blanched almond in the top of the mixture at each

end, dredge with granulated sugar, and bake in an oven hotter than for a loaf of sponge cake.

### Almond Meringues

Beat the whites of four fresh eggs dry, then gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar, and when very firm, take a spoon and beat in half a cup or more of chopped almonds. Lightly tack strips of waxed paper (such as is used in wrapping butter, &c.) on to a board about one inch in thickness; with a spoon drop the mixture on the paper, giving each portion an oval shape; sprinkle with sliced almonds and dredge with granulated sugar. Set the boards into a slack oven to let the meringues dry out rather than bake. After three-fourths of an hour increase the heat to color the meringues delicately. When baked lift from the paper with a spatula.

### Individual Baked Alaska with Figs

Cut sponge cake into pieces of a size to take, when hollowed into a case, a slice of brick ice-cream. The walls of the case should be half an inch thick, and the full height, about an inch and a half. Set the cake on a board about an inch thick. Put the slice of cream inside and cover with a piece of cake half an inch thick. Spread the whole with meringue, then pipe meringue on the edge above, to make a well for fruit. Meringue may also be piped on the sides if desired. Dredge the whole with granulated sugar and set into a hot oven to color the meringue slightly. Remove to a serving dish and fill in the open space above with preserved or brandied figs. Peaches, apricots or chestnuts may replace the figs. With peaches Melba sauce (raspberry) may also be used.

### Roast Suckling Pig

The pig should be from three to six weeks old. Wash and wipe inside and out with care, rub over the inside with

# Menus for a Week in December

*A generous supply of vegetables and fruits are of the greatest importance for the normal development of the body and of all its functions.—SHERMAN.*

SUNDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Thin slices Salt Pork, Cream Gravy (dipped in flour and cooked very slowly) Baked Potatoes Waffles, Caramel Syrup Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Crown Roast of Pork, Apple Sauce Glazed Chestnuts Mashed Potatoes Turnips in Cream Cabbage Salad Spiced Apples Baked with Tapioca Vanilla Ice Cream Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> French Toast, Currant Jelly Cottage Cheese Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin, Mustard Creamed Potatoes Pickled Beets Doughnuts Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Cream of Kornlet Soup Salmon-and-Potato Cakes, Fried Boiled Cabbage or Cold Slaw Steamed Prune Pudding, Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Milk Toast (with egg in sauce) Hot Peanut Butter Sandwiches Hot Apple Sauce Cookies Tea	WEDNESDAY
	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream Bacon Broiled Kornlet Griddle Cakes Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Stewed Chicken Cauliflower Squash Baking Powder Biscuit Cranberry Sauce Stewed Figs, Cream Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Fried Rice Cakes, Syrup Baked Squash Custard (Pie without crust) Dry Toast Tea Cocoa	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash White Cornmeal Muffins Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Emergency Soup Domestic Duckling, Roasted Apple Sauce Creamed Celery Candied Sweet Potatoes Apple Meringue, Cream, Sugar Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin Grilled Sweet or White Potatoes Milk Toast Spice Cakes Hot Apples Sauce Tea	
MONDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Hashed Chicken on Toast Doughnuts Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Boiled Salt Salmon, Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Boiled or Canned Beets, Buttered Mince Pie, Apple Meringue Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Raw Beef Croquettes, Tomato Sauce Yeast Rolls Hot Baked Apples Chocolate Nut Cake Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream Salt Codfish Balls Philadelphia Butter Buns Pickled Beets Dry Toast Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Crab Meat Soufflé, Drawn Butter Sauce Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Cabbage Lemon Sponge Pie Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Potato Salad Sardines Chocolate Nougat Orange Marmalade Tea	THURSDAY
	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream Salt Mackerel, Broiled French Fried Potatoes Home-made Pickles Flannel Cakes, Syrup Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Tomato Soup (Duck remnants) Sirloin Steak, Broiled, Maitre d' Hôtel Butter Sweet Potatoes, Baked Lettuce, Toasted Crackers, Cheese Chocolate Creams Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Ham Timbales Canned Peas in Cream Sauce Bread and Butter Bismarck Rolls Cocoa Tea		
TUESDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream Salt Mackerel, Broiled French Fried Potatoes Home-made Pickles Flannel Cakes, Syrup Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Tomato Soup (Duck remnants) Sirloin Steak, Broiled, Maitre d' Hôtel Butter Sweet Potatoes, Baked Lettuce, Toasted Crackers, Cheese Chocolate Creams Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Ham Timbales Canned Peas in Cream Sauce Bread and Butter Bismarck Rolls Cocoa Tea		FRIDAY
	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream Salt Mackerel, Broiled French Fried Potatoes Home-made Pickles Flannel Cakes, Syrup Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Tomato Soup (Duck remnants) Sirloin Steak, Broiled, Maitre d' Hôtel Butter Sweet Potatoes, Baked Lettuce, Toasted Crackers, Cheese Chocolate Creams Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Ham Timbales Canned Peas in Cream Sauce Bread and Butter Bismarck Rolls Cocoa Tea		
SATURDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream Salt Mackerel, Broiled French Fried Potatoes Home-made Pickles Flannel Cakes, Syrup Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Tomato Soup (Duck remnants) Sirloin Steak, Broiled, Maitre d' Hôtel Butter Sweet Potatoes, Baked Lettuce, Toasted Crackers, Cheese Chocolate Creams Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Ham Timbales Canned Peas in Cream Sauce Bread and Butter Bismarck Rolls Cocoa Tea		



# Menus for Christmastide

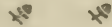
## Dinner

### I

Consommé à la Imperatrice  
Roast Domestic Goose,  
Apple Sauce  
Brussels Sprouts  
Mashed Potato  
Celery-and-Cranberry Salad  
Baked Alaska, with Figs  
Bonbons Nuts Raisins  
Coffee

### II

Consommé, with Noodles  
Roast Domestic Ducks  
Celery-and-Orange Salad  
Mashed Potato Cauliflower  
Individual Charlotte Russe,  
Garnish: Cubes of Currant Jelly  
Bonbons Nuts Raisins  
Coffee



## Luncheon

### I

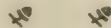
Oyster Soup Toasted Crackers  
Olives Pickles  
Chicken Croquettes, Peas  
Lettuce, Chilli Sauce Dressing  
Cocoa, Whipped Cream  
Almond Meringues, Sponge Drops  
Bonbons Salted Nuts

### II

Grapefruit Cocktail  
Creamed Crabflakes au Gratin  
Lettuce and Celery, Chilli Sauce Dressing  
Fried Chicken, Cream Gravy  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Guava or Grape Jelly  
Coffee  
Nuts Bonbons Raisins

### III

Tomato Bouillon  
Lamb Chops, Maintenon  
Peas  
Parker House Rolls  
Cress Salad  
Pineapple Bavarioise, Pompadour  
Lady Fingers  
Coffee  
Nuts Bonbons Raisins



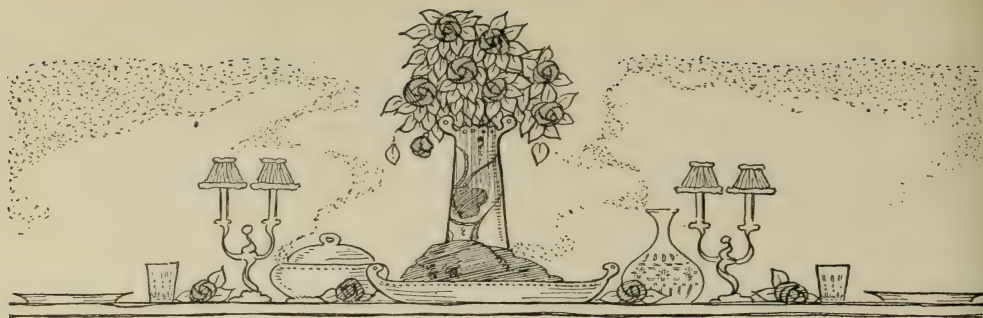
## CARD PARTY

### I

Chicken Croquettes  
Peas with Juliennes of Carrot  
Buttered Rolls  
Currant Jelly  
Cocoa, Whipped Cream  
Assorted Cake

### II

Creamed Oysters on Toast  
Pickles Olives  
Lettuce, Cream Cheese and Pimentos,  
Mayonnaise Dressing  
Graham Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches  
Orange Sherbet  
Cake



## Gifts for the Fastidious Woman

By May Belle Brooks

**T**O the woman with hygienic tastes the usual conglomeration of be-ribboned and fancy Christmas offerings are almost an insult. She feels that, out of consideration for the donor, they must be displayed or put to their intended use, though her whole being cries out against their inappropriateness or practicality.

Her friends know so well her views on the subject of sanitary belongings. How she has purged her home of all heavy, unwashable drapery, even substituting woven rag or fiber rugs for the usual floor coverings; how she has taken the woolen dresses off her children and clothed them in linens or gingham the year round; and how she has gone to the length of persuading her husband to wear white or tan duck suits throughout the summer.

They know all these things and laugh at her hygienic hobbies and still continue to present her with satin laundry bags, silk pin cushions and embroidered pillow tops.

Of course, it's due to thoughtlessness or to the fact that our Christmas list has grown too *large* for individual treatment. O for the courage to curtail—or behead—that list until it registers only as many names as we'd have time to do justice to!

But do try, at least, not to offend this fastidious woman any more, and I'm going to set down a few suggestions that may help you out.

First, in the ranks of washable gifts, are the dining room linens, of course. Table runners of unbleached Russian crash are inexpensive but very popular. Hemstitch them or embroider with white, or, at least, mercerized cotton twist, if you would use color, but do beware of delicate silk floss that will require skilful cleaning. Usually, however, the sort of woman we are trying to please is a stickler for table linen that may be boiled, so white is the best choice for her. Plain white scalloped and initialed doilies are sure to please, as well as good serviceable luncheon cloths. Linen napkin rings will be welcomed.

A gift that is not apt to be duplicated is a set of serviettes, those little napkins that are so useful on the tea tray, or on which to serve baked potatoes, hot bread or cake. Make them twelve inches square, hemstitch or scallop, and place a small initial in one corner. A dozen or these will be a boon to any housekeeper or girl who entertains informally.

Stepping into the kitchen, we find dish towels, hand towels, stove holders, aprons, dusters and bags for holding them as well as other things.

A set of pan-towels are practical. They are merely hemmed squares of dark crash, which are used to dry the pots and pans and are a great saving to the finer and whiter dish towels. Three yards will make six towels of a convenient size.



Small strips of kitchen towelling about the size of a guest towel are better than the usual roller towel for the cook's use.

Guest towels are never amiss, neither are pretty or serviceable pillow slips and sheets. My Lady Dainty now favors clean looking lingerie cushions for her boudoir lounge or easy chair, and washable linen ones of darker hues for the living room.

It is not too early to think of porch furnishings and in this line, at least, there is something new under the sun. It consists in the use of white oilcloth for table covers and cushions. It is decorated with borders of hand-painted designs in which flowers and leaves and out door objects form the key note. These are lovely and are so easily wiped off, and a chance wetting does not injure.

Linen strips for the backs of porch chairs are another of the many varieties of towels from which one may select gifts that will wash.

There is even a new lamp shade guaranteed to launder well! It consists of removable sections of fine drawn-work

or embroidery fitted into a plain framework of wood or brass. They are usually stretched over thin silk to give a softening effect.

White, linen, pin-cushion covers that button on or lace with ribbon are more practical than those gorgeous ribbon and lace affairs.

There are covers to slip over dainty garments as they hang in the closet, linings or silk squares to protect the suit case contents and bags of all sorts to hold every conceivable garment. There are combing jackets and sleeve protectors and cheesecloth pads for lining the dresser drawers. There are folders for handkerchiefs, collars, gloves and veils.

There is even the linen shopping bag or smaller pocket book which may go into the tub along with the dress it matches. Go a step farther and select a parasol with a linen cover, and a lingerie hat which may be laundered as easily as a baby cap.

Indeed, we are living in such a hygienic age that who knows but that we may be washing and ironing our shoes next!

## Roses and Holly

The bells were chiming merrily  
December's end was nigh  
And through the noisy tumult  
There breathed a stifled sigh.

'Twas like a minor chord that creeps  
All through a glad refrain,  
It sang of roses, summer kissed,  
That fain would bloom again.

But in the silvered twilight,  
Of the swiftly fleeting year,  
Nobody seemed to listen  
And no one stopped to hear.

For June gave birth to roses,  
That long are sear and dead,  
While silvery haired December  
Rains holly berries, red.

There's beauty in the rosebud  
With passion neath each fold,  
But love that lives the longest  
Is the love that ne'er grows old,

That like the aged December,  
With song upon its lips,  
Proffers a ruddy wine cup  
From which the New Year sips.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.



# Handkerchief Cases as Christmas Gifts

By May Ellis Nichols

OF making many books there is no end," the wise man said, and at this season of the year one can hardly resist the temptation to substitute "Christmas presents for books and repeat the dictum. Indeed the analogy need not stop here. Just as of the endless number of books, some are bad, some useless, few really good; so of Christmas gifts—some are hopeless, more indifferent, a few, oh, so few really satisfactory. What then are the essentials of a satisfactory home-made Christmas gift? One, at least, of two qualities: if it has both, it is perfect—it must be useful, or it must be beautiful. It may, perchance, be both.

One of the articles that may be both useful and beautiful is a handkerchief case. Everyone has handkerchiefs, so everyone can use a handkerchief case. One may be placed in each bedroom in a house, so an oversupply need not be feared; or one may be reserved for especially dainty handkerchiefs, or for traveling. These cases are quickly and easily made, and are easy to send. Here are a few suggestions for making some that are dainty and unusual.

The very simplest—one that little fingers can fashion—is made of two five-inch squares of ribbon or brocade, lined with white silk, padded and sacheted, bound with ribbon, and tied on two sides. Though this is so simple, it is especially useful as it fits into any corner of the traveling bag.

A second case is very similar, but the ribbon or brocade is put over cardboard, so that the sides are stiff, and it is held together by an elastic band covered with shirred ribbon. The band is made by sewing together two twenty-inch pieces of inch-wide ribbon, and then "running in" the elastic. A bow of the ribbon hides the fastening.

A third case is more complicated, but especially pretty. Again there is the five-

inch square of cardboard, covered with silk or ribbon for the bottom. Shirred about this is a five-inch ribbon, making a bag. The top is formed by cutting two five-inch squares in halves, making four pieces of five by two-and-a-half inches each. These pieces are covered with the silk or ribbon like the bottom square, and are sewed to the four squares at the top of the bag. When closed they make double covers, one above the other. The two top ones may be tied with ribbon, or two tiny rings of bone or mother-of-pearl may be sewed on as handles.

Another bag for handkerchiefs is made of the softest *crêpe de chine*. It has a round bottom made of card board, five inches in circumference, and covered with *crêpe de chine*. The bag, which is ten inches deep, is shirred full on the bottom, and at the top is shirred on a wooden ring the size of the circular bottom. Bows of ribbon may be added, if desired. Made of white and bowed with Christmas ribbons, this is the loveliest handkerchief case imaginable.

Still another soft silk bag is covered with netted raffia. It is unusual and very attractive, and has the advantage of being another bag that little fingers can fashion.

A case, that may be used for "turn-overs" as well as for handkerchiefs, has a stiff board foundation, fifteen inches long by four and one-half inches wide, covered with white silk or lawn, padded and perfumed. The outer cover, which is made wide enough for one side to fold over the other, is of white dimity dotted with tiny pink rosebuds. The hem is feather-stitched with pink floss, just the shade of the rose buds, and it is tied with pink ribbons of the same shade. This could, of course, be developed in other colors: violets and violet ribbons, forget-me-nots and blue, yellow roses or daisies; with yellow ribbon, would be equally at-



tractive.

An especially beautiful case—and one that from the nature of its material makes it an especially appropriate gift for a man—is made of leather. This may be white, brown, green, or almost any desired tone. A strip twenty inches long by eight wide is a good size. Four inches is turned to form a pocket at one end, and the remainder is folded in the middle, making a square case. Two outside corners are decorated with some simple stencil design, outlined in gold or silver. In the center is stenciled the word, "HANDKERCHIEFS," or the shorter French, "MOUCHOIR." It is silk lined, to match the decoration on the outside, and is bound with a cord and fastened together with little crocheted rings. The whole effect is simple and substantial.

The last case suggested is, perhaps, the very prettiest of all, and is especially

appropriate because made out of a handkerchief itself. A sheer one is selected with a daintily embroidered edge. Its four corners are painted or embroidered in colored flowers—violets, roses, forget-me-nots, whatever flower is preferred. The handkerchief is then lined with soft silk to match the corners, and three of the corners are brought together and fastened with a bow of ribbon to match. The fourth corner is left free for inserting the handkerchiefs, or is turned back half way and fastened upon itself.

In choosing the color for any of these cases the taste of the recipient, or the color of her room must be considered. If there is no special reason for selecting another color, the Christmas ribbons may be used. They are very beautiful in themselves, and seem to bring the spirit of the season with them. Such a gift is sure to "prove its use."

## Florida: Its Fruits and Future

By Julia Davis Chandler

SOUTHERN summer is not so much worse than the short, fierce summers of the Northern States; it is only that it is longer. One may bathe in the Gulf of Mexico, or the Atlantic, at midday and sail without discomfort. The woods offer shade and peace, although the sandy trails are not edifying.

The South is out of sight and out of mind in summer—it is only when snows and blows come that it seems at all alluring. However, the spring comes early and many good times may be had there. One of the surprises in the edible line is the profuse crop of mulberries. While Northerners are just getting Florida strawberries, the mulberries are falling in pailfuls, strewing the ground with rich, sweet fruit; in fact, it is fed to the chickens.

Mulberries may be made into jam, or

simply canned; it is used, with oatmeal or cream of wheat and such cereals, at breakfast, for delicious hot shortcakes, and pies or tarts, for steamed batter pudding and baked cup pudding, with mulberry sauce; or the mulberries may be put in the pudding itself like blueberries or blackberries.

In fact, mulberries are much like sweet blackberries; and because when ripe they are insipid, many people do not like them and let them go to waste. If mixed with a large proportion of mulberries just turning red, the desired acid will be given either to shortcake or preserves, or to any one of the foregoing list of ways of serving.

At a recent evening gathering, in a place away from shops and restaurants, a spread for the guests included a fruit punch of the combined citrus fruits,

oranges of different flavors, lemons, grapefruit and plenty of mulberry juice. In the north we would have used grape juice, or claret. With plenty of fine pecans, to make nut cake, and brown sugar pralines, or penuche, there is no lack of sweet attractive edibles for young folks.

A friendly farmer, or Florida "Cracker," informs the new comers where to find a bee tree, and then after some work by manly arms a lot of honey is secured. Of course, the bees have to be smoked out with punky old wood, and some swarms are secured in home-made hives for the new home started in the pine woods by a clear lake. Much of the honey will be worthless and full of bee bread, but in a hole of several feet there is plenty to eat for luncheon and carry home in pails, to wax thread and irons, and cover jelly jars, instead of paraffine, for a long time.

Except at show places like Palm Beach, the beautiful flowers and abundantly fruited trees are seen growing out of sand, wire grass and burrs; they must be fertilized twice a year. The owners of orange orchards sometimes go to bed hungry, because the trees *must* be fed.

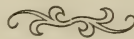
The Florida oranges are about gone by April, but they are at the greatest perfection of sweetness and full of juice toward the last of the season. The Florida method of eating them is to peel the orange like an apple and eat it so. A Northern girl who has settled there says: I don't believe I can ever content myself with eating an orange in the way I used to, peeling it all carefully and eating it by sections. I peel them now like an apple, but leave the white inner skin on, then cut the orange in halves, and bite out the pulp and juice. This is not a very elegant way of eating at the table,

but as I eat them out of doors from the trees, six or seven at a time, it is the way to enjoy the flavor.

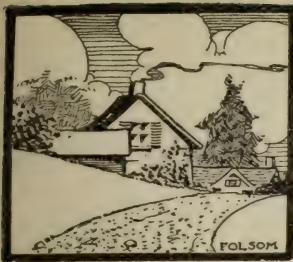
A few orange trees and pecans, a river where there are fish, a patch for sweet potatoes and vegetables, some hens, and a good part of the table supply is readily procured. Of course pigs range the woods and these may be used instead of a Thanksgiving turkey. It takes ammunition to bring down game; and money to buy coffee and clothes. Butter and milk are luxuries in Florida, for the poor cows have to wade out into the streams to munch the abundant water-hyacinths that choke the streams, though here we grow them in our water gardens for their blossoms and curious foliage, supported by air-bladders.

There are two sides to every picture; on the one side are Marechal Neil roses, by the armful, and oranges galore, and waving palms and bananas; on the other side are bare turpentine forests, dark streams, sandy wastes, and land frauds deluding many a struggling settler; there are fashionable crowds spending fortunes for winter gaiety, and settlements that need leaders of a different calibre. With the crowding of our country, the food supply needed will induce thrifty emigrants to settle, or those who control large areas of land and much capital will arrange for such to settle, upon the sandy stretches along the Atlantic Coast from New Jersey southward to Florida, and farm by intensive methods.

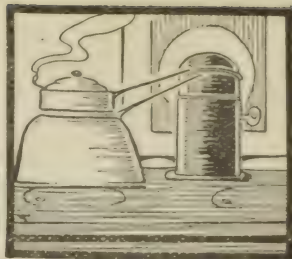
Pine apples will grow if only stuck into the coral rock of the abundant keys off the coast of Florida, and with canals and drainage improvements, facilitating irrigation, also, Florida will come into prominence, especially after the Panama Canal is open. The future growth and prosperity of all southland is assured.







# HOMIE IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

## Just Stockings

By May Belle Brooks

**B**EFORE parting for the holidays, the girls of a certain college planned a farewell party, and for their motif chose that very feminine as well as Christmasy theme—stockings.

The committee appointed for arrangements sent out invitations on Bristol board of the college colors, cut in the shape of a stocking, which contained the following request:

"Bring along your holeiest hose with proper darning materials and five cents in change."

Mystified, the girls came and were ushered into Sara's room, which now suggested a bargain sale—or the wash-lady's kitchen on a rainy Monday! Stockings of all sizes and conditions of servitude hung from lines stretched across the room and one long one tacked to the door was the coffer into which each girl dropped her nickle. From the mantle a row of bulging hose lent a suggestion of Santa Claus.

Each of the committee wore a stocking stretched over her head and one girl, noted for her literary proclivities, wore a blue stocking; but, funniest of all to the guests, they received in their stocking feet! Then, like the Disciples of old, before they could enter the room, every girl was compelled to remove her own shoes, and the affair proceeded from start to finish with feet *en negligé*!

The fun began by blindfolding three girls, at a time, and allowing them three minutes in which to pull as many stockings as they could from the lines, which

were just out of reach and had to be jumped at to obtain a hold. When all the stockings were down, they had to be put up again, and each girl was responsible for the re-hanging of all that she had succeeded in pulling down.

As this required much exertion, something quiet was in order, so they were now set to work mending those "holey hose." Votes were taken on the hand-work and the creator of the neatest darn was the recipient of much honor. One of the girls snatched the stocking bank from the door and, emptying its contents on the Neat-handed One, said:—

"Brides have no monopoly on stocking showers. This rainfall is to be used solely for the purchase of a pair of silk stockings for your own dainty feet." Now they understood that request for five cents.

No affair, vows a college girl, is complete without a spread, so refreshments came next. And now the bulging display on the mantle gave up its secrets as, one by one, the grocery-store packages, containing cheese and pickles and cakes and all the time-honored indispensables of a spread, came tumbling forth. The only novelties were a bag of cookies baked in the form of stockings, while the sandwiches were shaped in a similar manner. It was quite easy to cut these with a tin cutter made by an accommodating handy brother.

The last thing enjoyed was the making of a pile of tarletan stocking bags for the Christmas tree of a Children's Home.

While doing this, stories were told of "The Best Thing I Ever Found in my Stocking."

But so rampant was the Christmas Spirit that this jolly, cozy party could not end without some exhibition of its workings, for the girl with the neatest darn to her credit surprised the company with—"Come with me, girls, I'm going to spend my silk stocking money for candy to fill those sacks!" M. B. B.

\* \* \*

### Looking Ahead

LATE summer, or early fall, may seem to some rather early to be thinking of Santa Claus, and his visits, but it is none too soon, if one doesn't want to be rushed at the last moment. Dainty lingerie waists for one's dearest friend, sheer linen kerchiefs, fichus, collars and cuffs, a hand-embroidered ruffle to be buttoned on to a plain petticoat, a set of doilies worked in the friend's favorite blossoms, a little tea apron from a bit of pretty organdy, a white kid belt hand-painted in the exquisite forget-me-not, all these can be made leisurely, and put away in a chest, made fragrant with sachet, and one hardly realizes the work that has been done. Or, if one has neither the ability nor inclination for hand work, it could be made a "Book Year." A book or two purchased at a time, from now on to December, will not be such a trial to eyes and nerves, nor to one's check-book, and they too can be laid away until the time arrives for wrapping them. There are so many beautiful gift books, and a large number with Christmas as the theme. Indeed, it would be a misanthrope who would not be pleased with any chosen from the following list:—

On Christmas Day in the Morning (Grace S. Richmond).

On Christmas Day in the Evening, by the same.

Christmas Eve on Lonesome (John Fox, Jr.).

Round about the Christmas Tree (Thackeray).

Christmas Carol (Dickens).

The Birds' Christmas Carol (Wiggins).

Christmas at the Trimble's (Stuart).

A Christmas Fantasy (Aldrich).

The First Christmas Tree (Van Dyke).

Col. Carter's Christmas (F. Hopkinson Smith).

How Santa Came to Simpson's Bar (Bret Harte).

Apollo Belvidere (Stuart).

Christmas Wreck (Frank Stockton).

Boyhood of Christ in Ben Hur (Lew Wallace).

The Chimes (Dickens).

Christmas (Robert Haren Schauffler).

Christmas and its Associations (W. F. Dawson).

Christmas in Heart and Home (Elsie Trant).

The Book of Christmas (Hervey).

The Festival of Christmas (Mary Mapes Dodge).

If books are not welcome, one could send baskets. There are such a great variety that among them a choice could surely be made. Fancy ones from Mexico, Japan, the fragrant sweet grass baskets, made by the Indians of the northwest, the Alaska, the Yakima, the Laguna, and so on. These come in wee ones, holding a tiny cupful of sweets; up to resplendent hampers, and range in price from five cents to two hundred dollars.

At any rate, there is never a dearth of gifts to be made, or purchased; and they who prepare for Christmas away "ahead of time", make ready for the love-laden remembrance for sleighbell time, while the roses nod and bloom, will have a far more beautiful and satisfactory array, than those who wait until the last moment, then scramble, and in nine cases out of ten remember, after the package is speeding away, that it was hopelessly out of place, and that it will not alone fail to give pleasure, but mark the sender



as careless, and lacking tact. After all it is tact, and sincere kindness, that oil the wheels of life, and help make it "One grand sweet song."

E. C. L.

\* \* \*

### When Santa Is Personal

THERE is something especially dear about the gift that has the personal note, that could have been intended for no one but ourselves. Perhaps it touches upon our particular hobby, or is marked with our monogram by the painstaking stitches of a friend. Such a gift brings with it a comforting consciousness that it could not have been chosen at the last moment from a miscellany of prospective presents.

The girl of limited means does well to take this fact into consideration, for the personal touch lends to an ordinary gift an air of distinction.

A gift which every girl will prize is a pair of silk stockings embroidered with her monogram. Plain stockings of good quality may be purchased by the dozen, for a very reasonable sum. One need be only ordinarily clever with the needle, to embroider the monograms, neither does it require much time. Nothing can be bought in the shops, for the same amount, that is half so dainty or bespeaks so much attention.

Sheer, hemstitched handkerchiefs of good quality are also inexpensive, if bought by the quantity, and are easy to embroider with a tiny letter or monogram.

The most ordinary of bed linen becomes dainty and attractive by the addition of an embroidered letter.

One girl watched the bargain counters for shop-soiled towels, which she purchased for about half their original price. When these had been marked and laundered, she had delightful gifts for all her girl friends. Some of them, which were especially lovely, she made by adding a bit of insertion in diamond shape round the letter, and cutting away the material underneath.

In the same way one has opportunity to purchase all sorts of table linen, hemstitched napkins, and lunch cloths, and scalloped doilies. Embroidered, they make gifts that any housewife will prize. And the best part of it all is that one can never have too many of these practical things.

One girl delighted her friends with the most charming embroidered medallions made by surrounding the monogram with an edging of lace. Three were included in each set, and they were intended to be set in fine under-garments.

A charming and novel idea is the strictly personal book-mark. It is made by embroidering either the initial or the name on a strip of linen, which is then finished with an edging of lace. Two or three of these make a dainty gift for a book-lover, and will be especially appreciated; as they are too thin to injure even the most delicate book, they may be laundered and thus kept immaculate, and when several persons chance to be reading the same book, there is never any question as to whose marker it is. These markers cling to the paper, and do not slide out as cards or metal markers are given to doing.

The idea of the personal gift may be made to fit almost all circumstances, and repays many times for the little work it involves.

A. M. A.

\* \* \*

### A Contrast

HAVE you ever been in a kitchen, daintily appointed, and with plenty of modern conveniences for doing the work,—on ironing day? If so, you may well have wondered at the disorderly looking affairs that both ironing boards and holders are apt to be,—with burnt holes showing all sorts of ragged edges of parti-colored cloth. In half the kitchens I know, *rags*, as working tools, come to the fore on that day. When the rags give out, more are patched on, some how!

The Little Wise Lady knows a trick

worth many of that. Her ironing board is covered, first, with several thick layers of unbleached canton flannel or outing flannel, drawn perfectly smooth, and tacked securely on the under side of the board. Then, the outer cover, shaped exactly to fit,—like a bag of new unbleached muslin, closed at the smaller end,—is drawn neatly over, and *tied* tightly in place with tapes, at the larger end. No worn-out sheets for her. The outer cover, so made, can be slipped off, as often as it grows soiled, and washed. To avoid danger of shrinkage, it is well to boil the muslin, once, in the piece. "I used to tack the outer cover on, after the canton flannel was already tacked, and that answered far better than the ordinary, shiftless way," she told me, "but this is *so* much more satisfactory! And please notice the nice big screw-eye in the end of the board, by which I hang it up!"

I noticed, too, that all the holders in her kitchen were of the same neat fashion. "Four thicknesses of the canton flannel, covered with the muslin, and cross-stitched in the middle, makes the most available holder for using around the stove," she said. "Even the brass ring sewed to the corner on each one, doesn't interfere with their being put in to the wash and *boiled* clean, every week. As there is no color to run, they come out looking fresh and tidy, and I am not ashamed to have any stranger see them hanging in plain view. Rings, to hang them by, are better than loops, because they don't catch on the nail or hook when needed in haste,—where a moment's delay may mean a burned hand. I've seen too many scalds and broken dishes as a consequence of too few holders,—a maid having caught up a damp dish-towel in order to lift a hot dish, and the steam thus formed striking up against the hand,—ever to economize in *that* direction!"

L. E. D.

\* \* \*

A FAMOUS Georgian cook makes most delicious, sweet, peach pickles in the following simple fashion: She

pare firm cling-stone peaches and packs them, cold, into large stoneware jars; when filled, she pours over them sufficient table syrup to cover, using just the convenient kind that may be bought in bulk. A plate placed over the jar and tied down with a white cloth, to exclude all dust, is all the covering that is necessary.

In a short time the syrup begins to "work," the acid of the fruit turning it into a sweet vinegar. In about two months the pickles are ready for use, and they seem only the more delicious as one nears the bottom of the jar. L. M. C.

\* \* \*

### The Most Perfect Food

THE food in question is from a plant of the family of the legumes, which is cultivated and eaten a great deal by the natives of tropical Africa, and which is found occasionally in southern Asia and in Brazil. Its African name is *woandsu*, and its botanical appellation is *glycine subterranea*. The fruit of the *woandsu*, which consists of a pod with a kernel, ripening underground like the peanut, has recently been chemically analyzed. The kernel is oval, dark red with black stripes and a white spot, which makes it somewhat similar to the bean, except for the fact that there is no black band about the spot. It grinds into a very white meal, which tastes when cooked much like a chestnut. The samples analyzed came from Bangasso, on the upper Ubangi. The kernels weigh from .35 to 1.10 grams, and their chemical composition is as follows: 58% starchy elements, 19% nitrogenous materials, 10% water, 6% carbonaceous elements, 4% cellulose, 3% mineral matter. If we accept the physiological dictum that the human organism demands every day from 120 to 130 grams of nitrogen, 56 grams of fat and 500 grams of carbo-hydrates, all of these requirements would be found in two pounds of *woandsu* beans. This is the first natural substance discovered which



contains in itself alone all the chemical elements of a completely adequate food, and in a very reasonable proportion.

R. T. H.

\* \* \*

### Cheese Fish

CHEESE used with fish is seldom seen in this country, but is usually well-liked when once tried. For the average meal use two ounces of dried bread crumbs and the same of cheese. Take cold white fish and flake it. In a well-buttered baking dish place a thick layer of the fish, next bread crumbs, then the cheese; proceed until all is used.

Then pour over this some cold milk (about a teacup), seasoned with salt, white pepper and a teaspoonful of dried celery—powdered—also a small bit of thyme; let this soak through well, then bake for about twenty-five minutes. Serve, either hot or as a cold luncheon dish, with Worcestershire or some similar sauce.

### Push Pins

I know of few small articles that help one in so many ways as these little push pins.

When windows are wide opened, curtains are prone to sail far into the room, but can be securely held in place by these pins and the fabric is not torn.

Should one wish to write near a window where too much breeze scatters the paper, these pins hold the paper in place.

If sketching in a stiff breeze, they do their duty again.

In the children's room pictures are fastened by them to the wall without injuring it, which is a blessing, as children love to change pictures so often. On the desk they hold in position the needful blotting pad.

If reading in the wind, especially on deck at sea, these little pins are welcomed to hold the leaves from the continued flapping that is nerve-racking to the reader and others nearby.

One often find water marks upon their polished dining tables or other articles, with a high gloss, but, if you will make a rather thin paste of salt and olive oil and spread it on the spot and let it remain about three-quarters of an hour, then remove carefully and polish the spot with soft dry flannel, the furniture will look as well as new. E. C. L.

\* \* \*

### A Song

On the heavy-sliding deep

Of your sleep,

Glides a silver-gleaming dream, little child,

Light with fancies, bright with glances,

As the water round it dances.

And the brooding of the silence and the stream

Makes it seem

Like a fairy barque come true,

Sailing home at last to you,

Thru the blue, little child, thru the blue.

And the breeze that keeps the boat

Still afloat,

With its silver sails asweep, little child,

Is the blessing—all-possessing,

Of the mother-love caressing,

As the little dream sails homeward on the deep

Of your sleep,

To a song that holds the tears,

And the joys, and the fears,

Of the years, little child, of the years.

HELEN COWLES LECRON.

\* \* \*

### The Whole Hurried Family

Mother is busy as busy can be

With golfing and teas of pink.

"Have you sewed on that button?" said dad—  
said she

"Oh, I haven't had time to—!"

Dad is busy, and full of glee;

Gold-gathering—chink-a-clink.

"Did you match that sample?" said she—said  
he

"No, \_\_\_\_\_!"

Lad is busy as well as they;

From football he does not shrink.

"Your studies?" said dad—said lad "Oh say—  
"Why \_\_\_\_\_!"

Girl is busy—not quite as these—

Blushing, she braves the brink.

Said he "Dear, please—" said she "Wait please  
"For \_\_\_\_\_!"

And I might go on regardless of time,

Just using up pens and ink;

If I could find words with words to rhyme,

But \_\_\_\_\_ got \_\_\_\_\_!

GRACE STONE FIELD.



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

### QUERY 1911—Continued

#### Cornstarch Pudding

Omit the peaches and meringue from the preceding recipe. Serve hot, turned from the double boiler, with cream and sugar. An ounce of melted chocolate may be stirred in before the eggs and sugar.

#### Steamed Chocolate Pudding, Sultana Sauce

<i>Pudding</i>	
1 cup of sifted pastry flour	3 tablespoonfuls of melted butter
1½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder	¼ a cup of milk
½ a teaspoonful of cinnamon	2 ounces of chocolate
¼ a teaspoonful of salt	<i>Sauce</i>
1 egg	¼ a cup of sultana raisins
½ a cup of sugar	1 cup of boiling water
	½ a cup of sugar
	Flavor to taste

Sift together the flour, baking powder, cinnamon and salt. Beat the yolk of egg light, the white till dry; beat the sugar into the yolk of egg; add the butter and milk and stir into the first mixture; add the chocolate melted over hot water and, lastly, the white of egg. Steam in two or three cups about twenty-five minutes.

#### Steamed Prune Pudding

½ a cup of stale bread crumbs	1 level teaspoonful of baking powder
½ a cup of flour	½ a cup of fine-

chopped suet	purée
½ a cup of sugar	¼ a teaspoonful of salt
1 egg, beaten light	
½ a cup of prune	½ a cup of milk

Mix together the crumbs, flour and baking powder, suet and sugar. To the beaten egg add the purée, salt and milk. Stir the liquid into the dry ingredients. Steam two hours in a buttered, tight-closed mold. An empty baking powder box makes a good mold. Leave plenty of room for the pudding to swell. Serve with hard or liquid sauce. For a larger pudding take two or three times the quantity of *each* ingredient.

#### Charlotte Russe, with Jelly Roll

Line the bottom and sides of an oval Charlotte mold with thin slices of sponge jelly-roll. Soften one and a half tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-third a cup of cold milk and dissolve in one cup of scalded milk; add a scant half-cup of sugar and stir until dissolved, then add one teaspoonful of vanilla and three tablespoonfuls of sherry wine and stir over ice and water until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one cup and a half of cream, beaten very light but not dry. When the mixture holds its shape, use to fill the prepared mold. Slices of plain sponge cake may replace the jelly-roll.

#### Prune Jelly



<p><math>\frac{1}{2}</math> a package of gelatine  <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> a cup of cold water  <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> a pound of prunes, cooked</p>	<p>1 cup of sugar          Juice of 1 lemon  <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> to <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> a cup of orange marmalade</p>
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Soften the gelatine in the cold water, and dissolve in the hot juice from the prunes; add the sugar and stir until dissolved; add the prunes, stoned and cut in pieces, the lemon juice and marmalade. There should be a scant quart of material. Lacking this quantity, add a little water. Stir in a pan of ice-water, occasionally, until beginning to set, then turn into a mold. Serve with cream and sugar or a thin boiled custard.

QUERY 1912.—"Recipe for Peanut Butter."

### Peanut Butter

As we understand the matter peanut butter is simply peanuts, roasted, shelled, blanched and ground as fine as possible. Possibly salt for seasoning may be mixed through the paste.

QUERY 1913.—"Recipes for Cooking Chestnuts, including Marrons Glacé."

### Chestnuts, Stewed, Creamed, Etc.

Cut a half-inch slit in one side of the chestnut shells; let cook in boiling water two minutes, drain and dry. To each pint of nuts add a teaspoonful of butter or oil and stir and shake in the oven three or four minutes; then remove shell and skin together. Keep the nuts covered while shelling is in process—to accelerate the work. Stew the shelled and blanched nuts very gently in consommé; season as needed and serve. Or, cook in boiling water, drain and add to an equal measure of cream or Bechamel sauce. Or, sprinkle the creamed chestnuts with a little grated cheese, cover with buttered crumbs and let brown in the oven. Cooked chestnuts and Brussels sprouts, half and half, are often served in hot cream, seasoned with salt and pepper.

### Chestnuts for Stuffing Fowl

Stew the chestnuts until about half cooked; drain, mix with butter, salt and pepper to season and use to fill a turkey, capon or pullet for roasting. Also, press the chestnuts, cooked tender, through a sieve, season as needed and use for stuffing. For a more elaborate stuffing cook a dozen and a half of large blanched chestnuts until nearly tender, drain and leave whole; add one cup of soft bread crumbs, one-third a cup of pork sausage, one-fourth a cup of butter, the liver of the fowl, chopped fine, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of powdered thyme, also a little onion juice, if desired, with salt and pepper as needed. Mix thoroughly and use.

### Purée of Chestnuts

Cooked chestnuts pressed through a sieve, seasoned with salt, pepper, cream or butter and made very hot, makes a purée that is particularly good with broiled lamb chops or fillets of beef.

### Chestnut Custard

<p>1 cup of chestnut purée          3 eggs          1 cup of milk  <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> a teaspoonful of</p>	<p>vanilla          4 tablespoonfuls of sugar for meringue  <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> a cup of sugar</p>
--	---

Add the beaten eggs—omitting the whites of two—gradually, to the chestnut pulp (chestnuts cooked and sifted), also the sugar, vanilla, and milk, and bake in a buttered mold. Make a meringue of the whites of the two eggs, reserved for the purpose, and the sugar. Spread over the custard and return to the oven to color the meringue. This custard is improved by a sprinkling of chopped cherries below the meringue.

### Chestnut Renversé

Bake the above mixture in a mold lined with caramel. Half a cup of sugar will make caramel enough to line a mold for this custard.

## Castellane Pudding

1 pound of French chestnuts	2 teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract
1 cup of sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of French fruit
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of water	Maraschino
1 quart of milk	2 ounces of gelatine
The yolks of eight eggs	1 cup of cold water
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	

Shell, blanch and cook the chestnuts, then pound in a mortar with the sugar and water, cooked together five minutes, and pass through a sieve. Make a boiled custard with the milk, yolks of eggs, and the half cup of sugar; add the gelatine, softened in the cold water, and strain into the chestnut mixture. Set into a pan of ice water and beat with a whisk until the mixture begins to set. Let the fruit, half a cup of chestnuts, pineapple, cherries, etc., all cut in small pieces, stand some time covered with maraschino. When the mixture begins to set, drain the fruit and put into a mold, alternately, with the chestnut preparation. Let stand until very cold and set. Serve with whole chestnuts, cooked in syrup and flavored with vanilla. This amount will serve eighteen people.

## Mont Blanc

Press one pint of cooked chestnuts through a sieve; add one-third a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of vanilla, mix thoroughly and shape in a dome on a serving dish. Beat one cup and a half of cream, one-third a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla and spread or pipe it over the chestnut purée.

## Preserved Chestnuts, with Ice Cream

Cut preserved chestnuts in slices and set in glasses with a little of the syrup; put ice cream (vanilla preferred) above and a few more slices with syrup above.

## Marrons Glacé

Simmer whole blanched chestnuts, that

have been cooked tender in boiling water, in sugar and water (each equal in weight to the chestnuts) until they look somewhat transparent; repeat the simmering two or three times; remove and let dry. Cook two cups of sugar and one of water to hard crack, just as in making fondant; add a few drops of lemon juice. Take the nuts on the point of a larding needle, dip them into the syrup and drop on a piece of table oil cloth or oiled plate. 310 (about) is the degree to which the sugar should be boiled.

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QUERY 1914.—“How may grease spots be removed from plastered walls which have been painted.”

## Removal of Spots from Painted Walls

Sometimes grease may be washed from a painted wall with soap and cold water and without injury to the paint. Also a small spot may be removed by applying French chalk, in powdered form, to the spot and holding a hot (?) flatiron against the wall over the chalk. Spread the chalk on a piece of paper, carefully turn the paper against the wall, then gradually replace the hand with the flatiron. Sometimes more than one application of chalk will be needed. Grease spots can be successfully removed from wall paper in this manner. If the spot covers considerable space, the chalk might be mixed to a paste with water and the paste spread over the spot; cover with a soft paper and then use the iron.

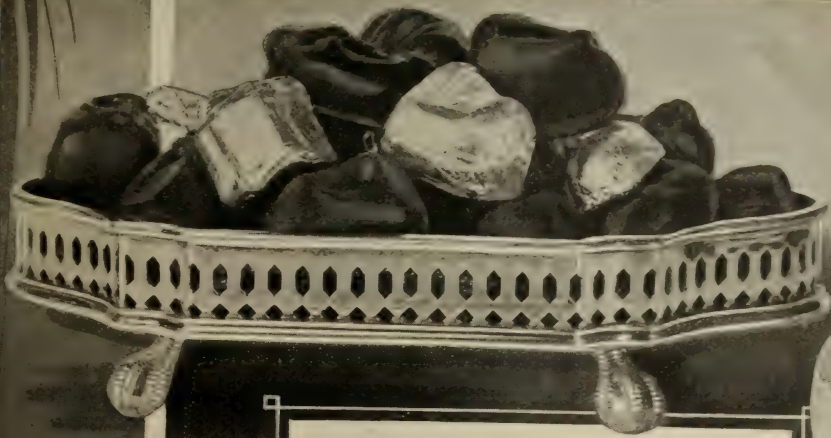
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QUERY 1915.—“In making cake should the flour be put in gradually, beating hard all of the time, or all at once. My cake is too porous.”

## How Add Flour to Cake

When liquid, as milk, is used in cake, the milk and flour are usually added alternately, simply because the flour is thus more easily incorporated into the mixture. If cake is too porous, probably too much baking powder, or cream of tartar and soda, has been used.





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*They are amongst the  
choice things of human  
experience and well worth  
One Dollar A Pound.*

**LOWNEY'S**  
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QUERY 1916.—“In cake making, can plain wheat flour be substituted for pastry flour?”

### Pastry Flour

In these pages we speak, as a rule, of but two kinds of flour, bread flour and pastry flour. A bread flour takes up a large quantity of liquid; a pastry flour takes up but little liquid; a pastry flour is granular and falls through the sieve easily. Pastry flour is oily and does not pass through the sieve easily—(comparatively). Bread flour is used with yeast. Pastry flour is used for all purposes where yeast is not called for.

QUERY 1917.—“Can plain wheat flour be substituted for cornstarch?”

### Substituting Cornstarch for Flour

Bulk for bulk, cornstarch has a greater thickening power than flour. In using potato flour half the quantity of wheat flour designated is all that is required; but we have not made enough experiments with cornstarch to determine what proportion of a certain bulk of flour should be taken when cornstarch is to be used in its place.

QUERY 1918.—“Recipe for a highly seasoned Salad Dressing, pink in color, used for green vegetables.”

### Highly Seasoned Pink Salad Dressing

Mix ten drops of tabasco sauce, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt, mustard and paprika, two tablespoonfuls of chili sauce, two tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped pimentos, ten drops of onion juice and half a tablespoonful of cider vinegar; when evenly blended, add a generous tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing and beat all together smoothly.

QUERY 1919.—“Recipes for making Coffee Taffy and Butter Scotch.”

### Coffee Butter Taffy

Cook two pounds of sugar, one cup and a fourth of water and one-fourth a teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar to 340°

F.; remove from the fire, add half a cup (one-fourth a pound) of butter cut into small pieces, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of coffee extract and mix well but with as little stirring as is possible. Pour on to an oiled platter or marble, spread evenly with a palette knife and mark or cut with a knife into squares of about one inch and a half.

### Soft Butter Scotch

2 lbs. of sugar	¾ a cup of butter
1 cup of water	¼ a teaspoonful of salt
½ a cup of corn syrup	Vanilla
¼ a teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar	

Stir the sugar, water, corn syrup and cream of tartar over the fire until boiling; add the butter and cook to about 248°F. Remove from the fire, add the salt, and vanilla to flavor, mix and turn on to an oiled marble; spread with a palette knife to one-fourth an inch thickness. When cooled somewhat mark in blocks one inch wide and one inch and a half long. When cold break apart and wrap in waxed paper.

QUERY 1920.—“What is the proportion of liquid yeast used for one loaf of bread?”

### Liquid Yeast for one Loaf of Bread

One-fourth a cup of liquid yeast is the quantity allowed for a loaf of bread.

QUERY 1921.—“Recipe for curing and smoking hams.”

### To Cure and Smoke Hams, Virginia Style

For fifty pounds of ham use six pounds of salt, two pounds and one-half of sugar, or three pints of molasses, one ounce of bicarbonate of soda, one ounce of saltpeter, and two gallons, or more, of water. Cover the bottom of an oak barrel, or firkin, with a layer of salt. Mix the rest of the salt and the sugar, or



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molasses, and with this thoroughly rub each ham, then put it, skin side down, in the barrel. Put the remainder of the salt and sugar in the water, add the soda and saltpetre, dissolved in a little cold water, and pour this over the meat. There should be enough to cover well. Place a board bearing a weight on top of the meat, and let remain from four to eight weeks, according to size and the saltiness desired. Drain two days, then smoke, in a place from which the air is excluded, four weeks. Hang the hams, hock downwards, and the skin will retain the juices of the meat. Smoke with corn-cobs, green hickory or maple wood.

NOTE—This recipe has not been tested but comes from a good source. The saltpetre is used simply to give a red color, not being very wholesome it should be omitted. The time given to salting seems long; experience is needed to settle this point conclusively.—EDITOR.

QUERY 1922.—“Kindly give a list of a combination of two wholesome dishes that may be used for school luncheons. The cooking has to be done by one woman on the stove in the domestic science kitchen.”

## School Luncheons

Succotash  
Bread and Butter Sandwiches

Creamed Haddock  
Scalloped Potatoes *or*  
Sandwiches

Corned Beef Hash  
Bread, Butter and Olive Sandwiches

Cheese Pudding  
Baked Apples, Thin Cream, *or*  
Raw Apples, *or* both

Tomato Bisque Soup, Crackers  
Chocolate Bread Pudding with Raisins

Round Steak en Casserole  
Buttered Rolls

Fresh Fish Chowder, Crackers  
(Philadelphia Relish)  
Lemon Jelly with Nuts, Thin Cream, Sugar

Ham Sandwiches  
Chocolate Cream Pie  
Cocoa

Creamed Corned Beef au Gratin  
Vanilla Ice Cream (junket)  
Cookies

Macaroni with Tomatoes and Cheese  
(double boiler)  
Soft Custard, Nut Cake

QUERY 1923.—“Recipe for Sauce Tartare.”

## Sauce Tartare

To a pint of mayonnaise sauce, made with mustard, add a shallot (small mild onion) chopped exceedingly fine, also one-fourth a cup, each, of fine-chopped capers, cucumber pickles and olives and two tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped parsley.

## Mayonnaise Dressing

2 yolks of eggs	4 tablespoonfuls of
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of	vinegar or lemon
salt	juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of	2 cups of olive oil
pepper	4 tablespoonfuls of
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of	boiling water
mustard	

Beat the yolks, add the seasonings and beat again; then beat in the vinegar or lemon juice (use an egg beater); add one teaspoonful of the oil and continue beating; add oil, a teaspoonful at a time, four or five times, beating vigorously meanwhile, then add the oil by the tablespoonful until all has been used. Finish with the boiling water, beating it in the same manner as the oil.

QUERY 1924.—“Recipe for Chocolate Sandwiches.”

## Chocolate Sandwiches

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in three-fourths a cup of sugar, one or two ounces of melted chocolate, one-fourth a teaspoonful of cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Use to spread lady fingers or narrow strips of bread. Put together in pairs as any sandwiches.



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## New Books

*The Party Book*, By WINNIFRED FALES AND MARY H. NORTHEED. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo.; \$2.00 net, Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The volume is divided into four parts; the first being devoted to luncheons and dinners, and containing chapters on invitations, setting the table correctly, and formal and informal menus. Part II, devoted to table decorations, contains chapters on color schemes and centre-pieces, Jack Horner pies, candle shades, place-cards, nut and bonbon holders, decorated tables for special holidays, including national holidays, Valentine's Day and St. Patrick's Day, weddings and wedding anniversaries, bridal showers, engagements and debutante luncheons, etc. Useful information regarding refreshments for evening parties will be found in the third part, including chapters on new ways of serving ice-cream, beverages hot and cold, and cakes, salads and sandwiches. Part IV gives information as to what to do for entertainment, including guessing contests, games new and old, etc.

It will be seen that "The Party Book" is a comprehensive and extremely valuable work.

Much of the information it contains can be found in other volumes, but here are combined, in a single volume, suggestions for a great variety of ways of entertaining on many occasions. The book is printed in large open type, with a suitable complement of illustrations, and thus presents an attractive and pleasing appearance to the reader. Those who are looking for ways and means to entertain will find valuable material in the Party Book.

*Household Textiles*, By CHARLOTTE M. GIBBS, Cloth, Ill.; \$1.25 net, Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows.

The author sketches the development of the textile art from prehistoric fabrics

to the Arts and Crafts Movement of the present day. The book is written, in the main, in the interests of the consumer. At the same time it is designed to serve as a text in high school courses in textiles and, with supplementary reading, as an outline for college work. It provides a convenient source of information about fabrics, the processes of manufacturing fibres into cloth, the possibilities of adulteration, etc., which must be of concern to many people. In these days we want to know something of the character and quality of our food, also of the clothing we wear, and the fabrics we use in our homes. Fraud, deceit, and misrepresentation are not to be tolerated. The ways to safeguard wholesome living should be a part of our common knowledge.

*The Winning of the Best*, By RALPH WALDO TRINE, Board; 75 cents net; Leather \$1.25 net, New York: Dodge Publishing Co.

The tone of this little book is helpful, inspiring and uplifting. Its philosophy is that of happiness, of "Cheerfulness and Content." Life is the main thing, and "to win the best in life" the author says, "it is necessary that we have a defi-

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**Remove every Cause!**

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**and prevent sickness,**  
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nite type and manner of thought. It is necessary that we have some more or less definite plan, and some manner of equipment for its accomplishment. The straight thing pays always in the end, in friendship, in business, in politics, in every conceivable avenue and phase of life." Again, he says, "Things we can't help, we can either accept with good grace or quickly forget.

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It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice.  
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rain—

Why, rain's my choice.

So sang James Whitcomb Riley, and into the brief song he packed practically half the philosophy of life."

Life, here and now, is the thing. All things of worth are here. "Life, sir, life and the things that pertain most directly to it, are, after all, the things that really count.

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*Practical Cooking and Serving.* By JANET M. HILL, Cloth, Ill. \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This is the most complete and serviceable Cook-book yet published. It was written by a woman who is both a practical housekeeper and a trained teacher of cookery. The recipes have been tested by years of use at the author's home table and by her pupils North and South, East and West.

The Composition of Foods is given at the head of chapters in which the several foods are specifically described.

It holds recipes for both inexpensive and elaborate dishes.

It is fully and finely illustrated; the objects are home-made.

The directions for putting materials together are explicit and reliable.

The "reason why" things are done is given. Hence it is more than a compilation of recipes; it is a guide to cooking and serving.

From a recent letter to the author: "I already have your 'Practical Cooking and Serving' and find it invaluable. I do not know any book or collection of books to take its place, and I have been using about twenty."

This is a new and revised edition of Mrs. Hill's complete Cook-book, *Practical Cookery and Serving*. The book was originally published at *two dollars net*, and in comparison with other books from every point of view, it was well worth the price. However, in making a new edition, in order to enlarge the circulation of so valuable a work and, also, to compete with books sold at one dollar and fifty cents, the publishers decided to reduce the price per copy of this edition to *one dollar and fifty cents net*.

The changes made in this edition are for betterment. The text has been revised, and about one hundred new recipes, together with new illustrations, have been added. As a unique whole, it is the same personality presented in a new garb. By continued use this book proves its great worth.

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Little Falls, N. Y.

## Her Christmas Gifts

Concluded from page 365

greens and gray greens, dim tender greens—in fact, greens of every tone, and of these she fashioned her cushion covers, filling them with the odorous balsam. To some she added a handful of bayberry leaves, now dry and brown. Ten cushions in all were piled upon the low couch in Theodora's room, a carefully chosen Christmas card tied to each, and every time she passed the couch she could not resist patting some one of the cushions, just to show her appreciation of her own handiwork.

As for the cones, still they reposed in paper bags, twelve in number, paper bags yet with a difference. First, the bags were new, and strong, and around each one was smartly tied a scarlet ribbon with a perky bow on top. Every bag held thirty-five resinous cones, and behold, the most unique Christmas gifts ready to gladden the hearts of those of Theodora's friends who were so fortunate as to have fire places. Well might the girl feel honest satisfaction in her summer harvest.

"I'm sending you a piece of Summer with my love," said one of the cards that Theodora pinned to a bag of cones.

"A votive offering to the Goddess of the fire place," wrote Theodora on another.

Said a third, "stolen from a forest primeval"; while a fourth assured the prospective owner that—"Santa Claus went all the way to Maine for these."

It was not till Christmas was well over, that Theodora learned what real joy her gifts from out doors had brought. True and heartfelt were the letters of thanks, and once the bright tears filled Theodora's eyes as she read the little note from an elderly woman, now a shut-in, whose childhood had been spent in Maine:

"I love each and every separate cone, Theodora, and, as I burn them, once





**Y**ou remember

those famous buckwheat cakes that mother made. Do you know what made them so good? Mother made them with buttermilk. You can have those same delicious, old-fashioned buckwheat cakes now without the work and fuss your mother had. Just ask your grocer for

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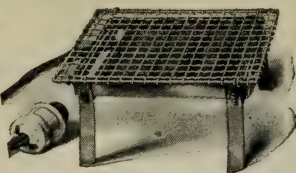
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again I am back in little-girl land."

"I didn't make a mistake, did I, Mother mine," cried Theodora, sure we'll go, next year—we will, to our wonderful Maine island, and not to the shops, for our Christmas presents."

## Seasonable Recipes

Concluded from Page 377

salt, and, if desired, black pepper. Fill the cavity with a bread, chestnut or rice dressing, and sew up the slit made in dressing the pig. Wrap the ears, and tail, curled over the back, in buttered papers, fastening each securely with two pins. Put a cork in the mouth, to hold it open. Tie two or three strips of cotton round the pig to hold it in an upright position, resting on the legs pressed forward. Rub the outside with olive oil, salt and pepper, and dredge with flour. Set to cook in a moderate oven. Baste every fifteen minutes with the fat in the pan or with melted butter. Cook about two hours. Turn the pig occasionally, that all sides and the under part may be evenly cooked. Serve with apple sauce and cabbage, celery, apple, or orange salad. Stuffed with rice, serve rice cooked with tomato, cheese and broth around the pig. The exterior should be nicely browned and very crisp.

### Bread Stuffing for Roast Pig

Cut the liver in slices. Over these pour boiling water, and let stand ten or fifteen minutes, then drain. Add a dozen sage leaves, scalded in boiling water and drained, and three small onions, parboiled until nearly tender and drained. Chop the whole very fine; add a pint of stale bread, pressed through a colander, a teaspoonful or more of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and half a cup of melted butter.





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
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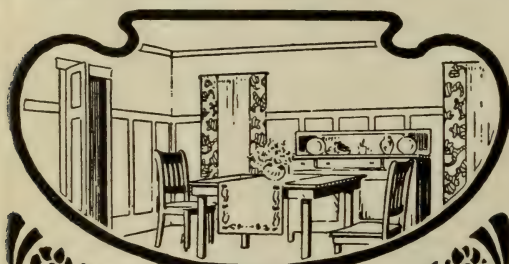
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## Rice to Garnish Pig

Blanch one cup of rice; add three  
cups of broth, one cup of tomato purée,  
one-fourth a cup of chicken fat and a  
teaspoonful of salt. Let cook until the  
liquid is absorbed and the rice tender;  
sprinkle over one-fourth to one-half a  
cup of grated cheese, mix with two sil-  
ver forks and serve around the pig.

## Pig with Macaroni and Mint Sauce

A pig, cooked without stuffing, may  
be served with a dish of macaroni and  
mint sauce such as is used for roast  
lamb. A stuffed pig requires cooking  
half an hour longer than one unstuffed.

## Glazed Chestnuts

Cook a pint (generous measure) of  
blanched chestnuts in boiling water  
(with a stalk of celery) until nearly ten-  
der. Drain and dispose in an agate fry-  
ing pan in one layer, turn in veal broth  
barely to cover; let simmer, shaking the  
pan and turning the chestnuts until they  
are all completely glazed. The chest-  
nuts are now ready to use in garnishing  
a roast fowl or to fill the space in the  
center of a crown roast of lamb or pork.

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He was walking on the street in San  
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ing on now?" "Well, it's secret," re-  
plied the expert; "but I don't mind telling you.  
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plant!" "Yes—yes? What do you ex-  
pect to produce?" "Custard."—*Satur-  
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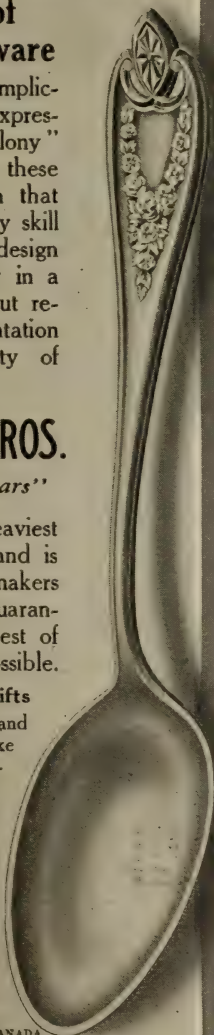
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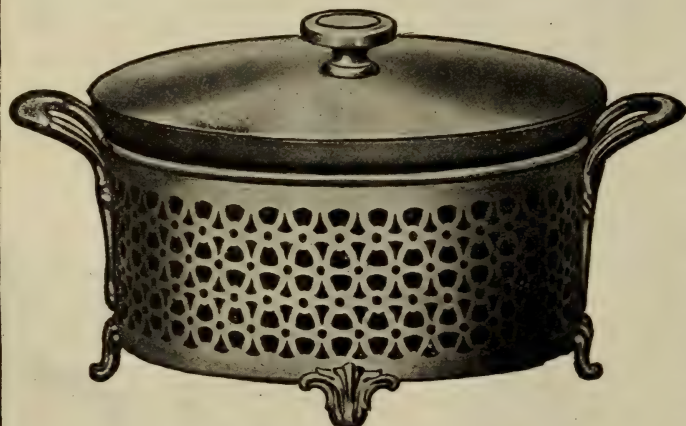
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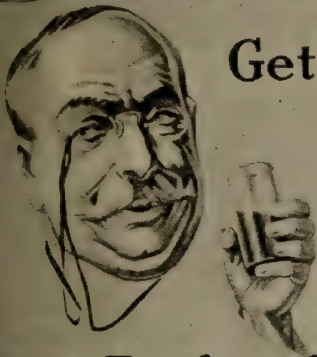
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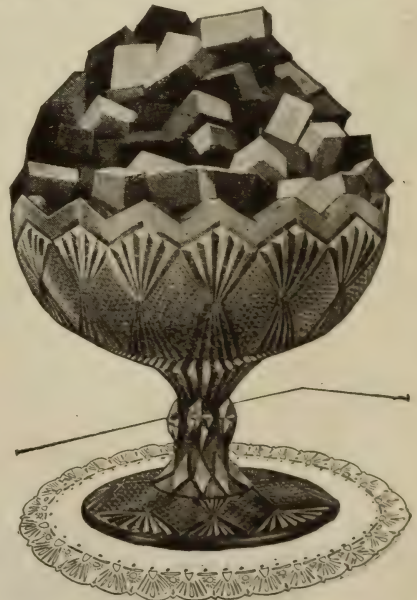
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Soak 1 box KNOX ACIDULATED GELATINE in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups boiling water and when dissolved add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil 25 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to 1 part  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of the pure fruit acid dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful extract of cloves and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand until quite firm; cut into squares with a knife dipped in hot water. Roll in coarse granulated sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavorings and colorings.

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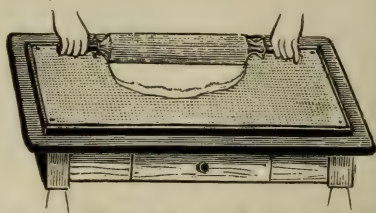
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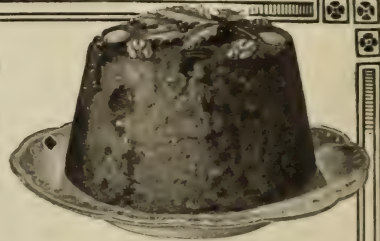
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### RECIPE

1 grated nutmeg  
Pinch of salt  
8 eggs  
1 lb. crumbled crackers

1 lb. suet  
1 teaspoon cloves  
2 lbs. raisins

Dilute milk with water. Beat eggs very light; add to them half the milk and beat both together; stir in gradually crackers, suet (chopped fine), nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, salt, raisins (weighed after stoning and cutting them); lastly add the remainder of the milk. Pour into a pudding mould and steam six hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.

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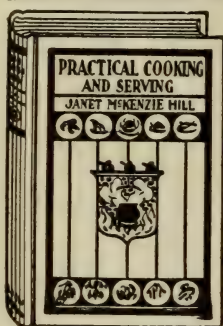
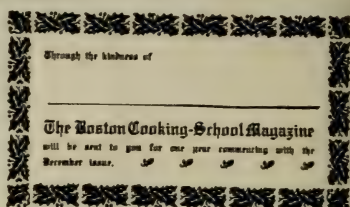
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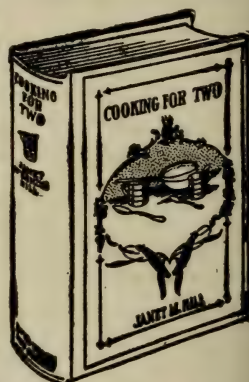
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# Menus for Winter Breakfasts

## I

Grape Fruit                  Bacon Rolls  
Salt Codfish Balls (Cooked in Deep Fat)  
Tomato Catsup  
Corn Meal Muffins  
Buttered Toast  
Coffee

## II

Cereal with Dates, Thin Cream  
Broiled Ham  
Delmonico Potatoes  
Doughnuts  
Coffee

## III

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Sausage, Mashed Potato Cakes, Baked  
Apple Sauce  
Buckwheat Cakes, Honey Syrup  
Coffee                  Cocoa

## IV

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Salt Pork, Floured, Fried, Cream Sauce  
Fried Apples  
Waffles, Caramel Syrup  
Coffee                  Cocoa

## V

Grape Fruit  
Chicken Croquettes, Tomato Sauce  
(made ready night-before)  
Parker House Rolls  
(reheated)  
Coffee                  Cocoa

## VI

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Hashed Meat on Toast  
Grilled Sweet Potatoes or Yams  
Baked Apples  
(reheated)  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Coffee                  Cocoa

## VII

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Broiled Bacon  
Fried Bananas  
Yeast Doughnuts  
Coffee                  Cocoa



FRONT STREET, HAMILTON, ON STEAMER DAY



# The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

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## The Isles of Bermuda

By Grace Agnes Thompson

OUT in the open Atlantic, six hundred and twenty-five miles from Cape Hatteras, and seven hundred miles from New York City, coral insects reared, on the slender peaks of a submarine mountain, that cluster of wonderfully enchanting little islands known as Bermuda.

Sailing from New York in a southeasterly direction, you traverse the warm and restless Gulf Stream, and in two days reach that tiny oasis in a waste of shimmering water, where

"The remote Bermudas ride  
On Ocean's bosom unespied."

If it be February or March, you will be greeted, as you approach the islands, by the exquisite fragrance of great fields of Easter lilies in full bloom.

There are only two openings in the great coral reefs that surround Bermuda through which ships can enter. Steamship lines find their port at the little capital city of Hamilton, safe within a broad arm of the largest of the islands. The protected lagoon is called Great Sound and is several miles wide. To sail up the Sound into the harbor at Hamilton for the first time is to feel that, at last, fairyland has come true. You

behold an archipelago of some three hundred islands and rocks that cover less than twenty square miles in all, rising out of water of exquisite hues, where fair skies and flowers are never troubled by fog or frost or fever. There are no mountains, lofty cliffs, or other exhibitions of grandeur or sublimity, to overwhelm and awe the senses. Everything in Bermuda is built on a scale that the mind grasps easily and comfortably, and that for charm and unexpected beauty and picturesque novelty is entirely entrancing. There is not one mile of regular shore-line. Here an abrupt coral headland sentinels some quiet lagoon, there a dark spot on the face of some gleaming white crag shows where the water has worn grotesque grottoes in the rock; every available inch of soil is bright with foliage; Spanish-looking houses, dazzling white amidst sub-tropical verdure, and ribbons of white road, extending up the hillsides between avenues of cedar trees and palms, delineate the shores.

One of the first trips from your hotel should be to the top of some height whose wide outlook will help form an intelligent conception of the topography. There are several fine hills, the highest of them, Sears Hill, rises two hundred



A FIELD OF EASTER LILIES

and sixty feet above sea-level. In whatever direction you look is the sea. From extreme point to point, the greatest length of this group of islands is scarcely twenty-five miles, and their breadth varies from almost nothing to barely three miles. So it is seascapes, not landscapes, that claim attention in Bermuda. And in that one fact you discover the only element in Bermudan surroundings that thrills you with anything like awe,—the coral foundations are so perforated with watery caverns, and so narrow is the land, beyond which, encircling all, you see the heaving swell of the open Atlantic, ten thousand feet deep, rolling its waves far and free, it seems any great storm might topple such slender pinnacles over, and sweep eighteen thousand people and their tiny world into dreadful green depths.

Having slept your first night in Bermuda, you look from your hotel window upon roofs so white it seems they must have been carved from ivory or sifted over with snow, in a setting of brilliant vegetation, and lighted by morning sun-

light of dazzling splendor. But you remember joyfully that snow and squalls and ice are hundreds of miles away, that your eyes will not be injured by the splendor, even though you wear no blue or smoked glasses, and that you have heard how the Bermudans construct their dwellings from slabs of coral limestone and keep them cleanly white-washed. Later you may observe that there are not more than a dozen wooden buildings in the colony, except a few military structures. These are not allowed within town limits, so there are few fires in Bermuda. Mark Twain declared that a Bermuda house is "exactly the white of the icing of a cake with the same scarcely perceptible polish." To build a house there one merely removes the soil from the building site, and saws into slabs and blocks the coral limestone that lies underneath. Pick and shovel are not needed; the limestone cuts like cheese. After it has been exposed to the sunshine and air, it hardens into a solid stone. A limestone house lasts for many generations. Excavating



the cellar provides enough blocks for a cottage, but most of the more pretentious houses have, each, its little quarry hidden away among tangled vines and dark cedars. The builder mixes a little lime and cement with the shavings from the slabs, and this holds the slabs firmly together in the walls. The interior of the house he fashions from native cedar, a hard and well-grained wood. Simplicity, comfort, strength, is the Bermudan architect's motto. Repairs are hardly ever necessary. Even the workingman's cottage is clean and attractive, and has a pretty garden. No dirt or squalor exist on the islands. The water supply is drawn from the occasional rains caught in limestone tanks on the spotless roofs and in stone reservoirs built against the bared and whitewashed limestone of a hillside.

Hamilton is full of hotels, boarding-houses, and shops, for the number of tourists increases each year. They come chiefly from the United States. In fact, one old philosopher declared that Bermudan merchants look to the American visitors to keep the islands in pocket money, now that England no longer keeps a large military force there. American

coin passes just as well as the shillings and pence of the realm, though the population is very loyal to Great Britain. The shops are queer, low, dark structures, with porticoes in front and shaded by Venetian blinds. They extend along one side of Front Street beneath beautiful pride-of-India trees. Opposite are the big iron warehouses and a row of quays, or wharves, as we say in the United States. On "steamer day" Front Street is a lively place, and you see dozens of carriages lined up to meet the arriving passengers.

The only other town is the quaint little community of St. George, on St. George's Island at the northeastern extremity of the group. From Hamilton thither by land is about twelve miles over a wild and picturesque road. The main island is connected with St. George's by bridges to smaller islands and a causeway two miles long leading from Longbird Island past lagoons, on one side, and the ocean waves, on the other, where sometimes during a storm the surf washes clear across the roadbed. Vehicles with careful drivers are always available, and the mail coach makes the journey twice each day. St. George's town is delightfully



WASHER-WOMEN COLLECTING THE WEEK'S LAUNDRY



EVEN THE WORKMAN'S COTTAGE IS ATTRACTIVE

situated, rising up in steep acclivities from the sea, and crowned by Fort George. Out of this harbor in 1610 sailed the expedition that carried relief to the struggling colony at Jamestown, Virginia. The water is quite deep, and the harbor so broad that all the ships of the British navy might ride there together. But the entrance through the coral reefs is so narrow that a small schooner can hardly make its way safely past the dangerous barriers, so that the harbor has been useless heretofore. Now, however, when the Panama Canal promises to make "England's half-way house" an important port of call and coaling station for passing American ship routes, as well as for transatlantic craft, plans are already in progress for blasting out a broad channel that will admit the largest liners and battleships direct from the sea into St. George's harbor.

When the site of St. George's Town was cleared of cedars three hundred years ago, men built their houses anywhere on the opened space that pleased their fancy. So now the town is a maze of narrow streets and crooked alleys. It reminds you of Tangiers; though the constant white stone does not dazzle your

eyes so greatly, because the sun's rays fall less directly in this more northerly clime. The picturesque lanes are bordered by high-walled gardens, which shut in the broad, low houses. Over the garden walls hang different species of cacti, paw-paw trees, bananas, plantains, oleander, and the graceful fronds of the palmetto, all intertwined with flowering vines. One is surprised to find so many blossoms of red hues; it seems Bermuda has a partiality for them. Like Hamilton, St. George has a public garden where one may sit under date palms that are nearly two centuries old. Here, in the ivy-covered wall, is the white marble memorial tablet, which informs you that

"Near this spot  
Was interred in the year 1610 the Heart of the  
HEROIC ADMIRAL,  
SIR GEORGE SOMERS, K. T.,  
Who nobly sacrificed his life  
to carry Succor  
To the infant and suffering Plantation  
now  
THE STATE OF VIRGINIA,  
To preserve his Name to Future Ages  
Near the Scene of his Memorable Shipwreck of  
1609,  
the Governor and Commander-in-chief  
of this Colony for the Time Being  
Caused this Tablet to be Erected,  
1876."

Only his heart lies buried here; the



body of this intrepid man, "whose noble mind ever regarded the general good more than his own ends," was carried to Dorsetshire, England, by his companion voyagers.

Military display is one of the picturesque features of the islands. Because they lie near the United States, England for more than two hundred years kept them fairly bristling with guns and battleships. John Bright declared in Parliament that England had spent enough money on Bermuda to cover the entire islands with sovereigns. Of course she had to keep her sons of war alive and in good order. It was fine for the residents, who just sat at home and prospered. Then in the Boer war she sent several thousand Boer prisoners to Bermuda with another army to look after them, and easy coin multiplied. After that, however, it apparently occurred to the British powers that Uncle Sam meant no harm to little Bermuda and that, therefore, they were wasting a lot of good money; so, to the great grief of the colony, they recalled most of the ships and soldiers to attend to other matters. Yet there are quite a number of Tommy Atkinses still to be seen lounging in the quaint market-place of St. George, or at target practise near Warwick Camp, or chatting jovially with the

visitors at the forts. The officers mingle in the best social life of Bermuda and add a good deal of zest to the gayety of the younger element. There are deserted garrisons and interesting old barracks galore, though only King's Castle ever had any chance to show its prowess—by frightening away two poor Spanish ships with the only shot the garrison had, way back in 1613, and thus preserving certain treasure said to have been buried in Bermuda by pirates. I understand that no one has ever found the treasure.

The hospitality of Bermuda people is quite wonderful. They are very English in their customs and manners, but if you are furnished with proper credentials, you find their society most enjoyable. The islands are a land of friendly hearts and of lovely villas with dreamy names. No man, white or black, passes a lady without lifting his hat, and an hour on shore is sufficient for you to learn that it is correct form to pass the time o' day with every person you meet. Also that you should pass by people in the road by turning to the left rather than to the right. Even the barefoot negro boy knows how to be truly polite, and any native, rich or otherwise, will obligingly do an errand for you, if you ask him when he is going to town. The mail coach driver often draws up before



ROYAL PALMS

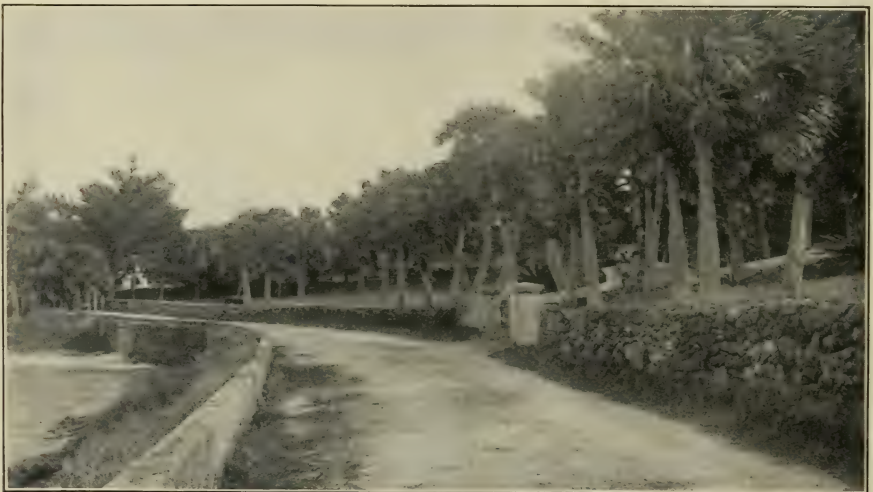
a house to leave the roast for dinner or to deliver Bobby's shoes which he took to the cobbler yesterday at Hamilton. The children are very interesting. You like them whether black or white. Every one you meet pauses to make you a grave little salutation, and perhaps shyly offers you fruit or flowers.

In your rambles about the islands you discover that there is little wild land; it is all like a landscape garden, though the farms are small. Even orchards that spring up wild are pruned and cared for. The only industry is agriculture. You see no factories belching soot, hear no noisy engines. Onions, potatoes, and Easter lily bulbs are the chief products, in spite of competition with Texas. Up to the past few months, little attention was given to truck farming, except for hungry tourists, but now that three good steamship lines to Hamilton have created a wholesome reduction in price of fares and freight charges, it is expected that an income may be derived from sending asparagus, tomatoes, and other green vegetables to the New York markets in winter. Until recently, too, Americans were prohibited from buying real estate on the islands; now they may buy land for personal homes. The Bermudans really need a few Yankees to liven them up and show them how to get immensely

rich. The working farmers are all negro and Portuguese—thrifty, good folk, often well educated.

Bringing packed onions to the steamers at Hamilton is the event of the week in harvest, and the two local newspapers discuss the price of this vegetable as seriously as we do our stock market. Four crops each year is a running record of the rich soil, farmers often making a profit of more than a thousand dollars per acre. But fruits are of much importance. The Bermuda banana is considered of a finer variety than that grown anywhere else, except in the Canary Islands—much better than the West Indies product. So just now many Bermuda fields are being devoted to the cultivation of this fruit. Such fields, divided into attractive sections by protecting wind-breaks of oleander, are very attractive as well as interesting to the eye. Thus beauty and utility are combined everywhere throughout these fortunate islands. The happy citizens have no taxes to pay, not even on the superb roads. England pays all public expenses. The only tax is the annual assessment for support of the parish church of which you are a member, if indeed you *are* a member. How can people help being good in such a land?

Crimes and misdemeanors are so little



A LEVEL STRETCH BY THE SEA



known that the two jails at St. George and Hamilton look like summer-board-ing-houses. Perhaps some of this remarkable goodness is inspired by the fact that the islands are so isolated that any wrong-doer is sure to be caught.

In Bermuda there are no goggle-eyed chauffeurs and mounted policemen—because there aren't any automobiles. The use of motor cars was prohibited in 1908, after a short trial. There are too many sharp turns and steep grades in the roads. But you can hire a fine saddle horse or a pony and phaeton any day for a few dollars. The islands are called a bicyclist's paradise. Can one imagine a more delightful place for a spin than one hundred miles of roadbed, smooth as a floor, cut out of the solid coral rock, and so rounded that a shower drains off immediately? Nor are these roads attractive only for perfection of construction. There are few places on the islands where one can gaze ahead along the roadway for five hundred yards, so that one is constantly meeting unexpected and charming vistas—a level stretch by the sea, a deep pass through some hillside with cedars and juniper meeting overhead in a bower, and luxurious ferns clinging to damp crevices of the rock, strange grottoes high up on the face of the cliffs, where dainty Tropic-birds make their nests, thickets a-tilt with bird songs, viaducts from island to island, bridges that overlook salt pools, edged by white sand and disturbed only by the fins of many queer fish.

There is so much to see, and so much friendliness and gayety to enjoy, that it is easy to have a good time. The lack of motor-cars is supplied by exciting yacht races, boating parties, and every kind of water sport. The tinted depths of the lagoons and harbors furnish wonderful visions for those who study them through glass-bottomed boats. Indeed these water-gardens are considered the

most wonderful in the world. Many of the caves and grottoes are very beautiful and weird, studded with slender stalactites and stalagmites whose polished surfaces shimmer like jewels; while from branching lower caverns come echoing the softest, wildest, most exquisite notes of music imaginable, where streamlets fed by Ocean itself traverse devious channels to unknown depths of the coral foundations. Some caves contain subterranean lakes, over which bridges have been built by industrious Bermudans,—somber in the light of gas lamps, deep and limpid. The surface of the islands is a riot of flowers. In whatever month you plan your visit, you find blossoms,—roses, magnolia, clematis, wistaria, jasmine, trumpet-flowers, orchids, violets, morning-glory, purple bells greeting you over every wayside hedge.

Famous poets, from Shakespeare to Waller, have loved Bermuda: literary folk make quite a shrine of the calabash tree at Walsingham, under which Tom Moore wrote his most beautiful poems about the islands, as well as of the house in St. George which was the home of Nea, the fair Hesther Louise Tucker, whose merchant father regarded poetry and a clerkship in the Court of Vice-admiralty too tiny a pittance for the husband of his daughter.

A tiny world of eighteen thousand souls, who administer their affairs with economy, justice, and success! A land of ideal climate and exquisite scenery! So charming and romantic that the regretful visitor, as these shores fade from view of his homeward-bound steamer, agrees with Nea's sweet-voiced Irish bard,

"These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown  
Like studs of emerald o'er silvery zone"

must be a place of fairy enchantment, a dream almost too good to be true.



# Prosit Neu Yahr

By Helen V. Frost

**P**ROSIT *Neu Yahr!*" (Here's to the New Year), the words were shining in gilt letters on the gingerbread hearts in the baker's windows; they were blazoned on cards in every shop; they confronted me on newspaper headings and magazine covers, when I entered Dresden on the last day of the old year.

The Deinstmann, a species of responsible house-servant, met my train, put my trunk into his handcart, a sort of box on wheels, which he trundled in the middle of the road, while I walked delightedly in the familiar way to Fraulein von O's Pension.

Dear Fräulein von O., erect, spare, and yellow-braided; stately among the portraits of her ancestors, and with her coronet-embroidered linen, had filled the old town house of her forbears with an ever-changing crowd of outlanders, whose money alone made it possible to keep the ancestral roof over her head. Her brother had gambled away her patrimony, and with it her matrimonial prospects. "For how," she once exclaimed with a pathetic gesture of empty arms, "may a girl marry without a dot?"

She welcomed me warmly; I felt myself a guest, and we entered the long, brown wainscotted room where hung the portrait of a laughing little girl in a white dress and yellow curls, Fraulein von O. as a child in the prosperous, happy days of which she had told me.

Great was my joy at the sight of the Christmas tree, and she said to me in her pretty, precise English:

"To-night shall again the candles be lighted—always remains the tree throughout the Christmas week."

She led me to my chintz-hung room, where the white porcelain stove gave out a gentle heat. "My apartment," I called my familiar room, with its bed and washstand discreetly hidden by a large screen,

and the rest of the room glorified with the heavily carved furniture of the von O's. Some conversational formalities were rendered to Fraulein, and no less to the high-bred, knock-kneed dachshund, who was her inseparable companion, then I answered the lure of the Dresden streets, and sallied forth.

"*Die Sachsen sind gemuthlich*", one hears it everywhere—oh, vague, untranslatable little phrase, one feels it in the very air.

"Tell me, Herr Professor," I begged of my table neighbor at Fraulein von O's on a previous stay, "what does one say so often of the people of Saxony?"

"*Die Sachsen sind gemuthlich*", he answered smilingly.

"Yes," I urged, "but please translate into my language."

He wrinkled his broad brows, his merry blue eyes twinkled. "Why, mein Fraulein, 'The Saxons are jolly comfortable'."

I am as helpless as was the Professor in his translating, when I try to describe the atmosphere of Dresden. It is home-like, though people of every nation mingle in its streets; stately, as befits the city of a reigning sovereign; hopeful, happy—oh, altogether desirable, *gemuthlich*.

Only half way to the Opera Platz, and I had been gone an hour—"Prosit Neu Yahr!" everywhere. I stopped to buy the honey-sweetened Lebkuchen, richly spiced, gingery, large flat cakes, delicious beyond expression. Not only in Nurnberg, where they were first made, but all over Germany, one hears the pretty tradition: on New Year morning the waking child is fed a piece of Lebkuchen, to insure health and happiness for the coming year. Gay little Hans and Gretchen, no doubt of your happiness, at least for that part of the year which is employed in eating your bit of Lebkuchen.

I was caught in a temporary standstill



of the crowd; in leisurely Dresden this sort of happening is no crush. A policeman, one of the accomplished linguists whom Dresden employs to direct her cosmopolitan throng, told me in good English, that the King's carriage was approaching. Hats were lifted, but small enthusiasm was shown as a stern-looking, rather sad-faced man in a simple uniform passed by in an open carriage; with him the crown prince and two of the younger princes. The king bowed stiffly and unsmilingly; the princes very enthusiastically, and the youngest of them waved his hat as some one in the crowd ventured a "*Prosit Neu Yahr*." The Kronprinz, a nice looking blond boy of eighteen, wore a light blue uniform; he seemed in fine spirits and, I heard, was just home from Berlin where the Kaiser had invested him with the order of the Black Eagle, or something equally impressive.

From the busy streets I sought the quiet of the Konigliche Garten, whose great park, once a royal enclosure, has been given over to the people, its royal palace now a museum. Great groups of statuary guarded the entrance; the sculptured marble everywhere must have been the pride of some king. Smooth lawns stretched in every direction and with a hint of green, even in this last day of the year. Beautiful trees and ornamental shrubs bordered walks and driveways, and, scattered along, I saw the winter provision for the birds—tiny, shed-like shelters a few inches tall, under which are freely scattered the protected seeds.

A rustic building like a glorified forester's hut proved to be a Café, and I heard a merry party at its doors arranging for an early Coffee Drinking the following morning, evidently a sort of informal Kaffee Klatsch in honor of the new year.

I hurried back to the Pension for an early supper, since Fraulein von O. and I were to go to the Opera, to hear Tristram and Isolde, and the performance began at seven. My companion was a

joy to me in her heavy, yellowed white silk, a necklace of brilliant garnets set in curious stars and squares, a treasure of an heirloom, and long white cotton gloves.

The German audience thrilled, and wept openly over the Wagnerian music; I have even seen their ready tears flow over good orchestral work. Tristram, a burly figure staggering to his feet, dying in a home-made cotton night shirt, was apparently to them a god-like creature, and their moist appreciation rebuked my momentary amusement.

The holiday audience was a brilliant one, the gowns of Paris jostling the impossible costumes of English visitors and German residents. The royal box, at the left of the stage, was empty, for the King is not musical and seldom visits the opera, though he supports it financially. Without this royal patronage, Dresden's visitors could not enjoy opera at the low figure that now delights them.

It was still early when the last wailing notes of the music died away, and the curtain sank on Isolde's woes and on her dead hero. We claimed our wraps from the Garderobe, where European custom required us to leave them, and were soon at home.

"And now," said Fraulein von O., throwing aside her red cloak, "for our New Year formalities."

Many of the familiar spirits of the Pension were gathered together when we entered the house, and with them was Baron von L. from across the street; his fat, black French poodle lying at his feet. A vivacious Mlle. M., a Parisian resident in the Pension, was then called, and came carrying, with much light laughter, her pug dog. Generated by Fraulein von O., we returned to the room of the Christmas tree to find near its base a tiny tree in a large flower pot, its gilt-wound branches bearing strange burdens, three lamb chops, above which hung some small cakes. Wachtel, Fraulein von O's dachshund, was led first to the tree.

"The New Year tree of Wachtel and

his friends!" announced Fraulein von O. with dignity, and the French poodle and the pug were led to the charmed circle, the Baron and M'lle M. hovering in the rear. We looked on, charmed, while each impatient guest was given a chop; then we hastily started back, for the floor had become an arena with three canine contestants in a free fight. Quickly they were separated, each dog with his bone was led away, and we humans returned with subdued laughter to the drawing room for our own celebration, which, by the way, had to be delayed until Fraulein von O. had escorted Wachtel to her room, where he occupied a padded basket.

On the drawing room table was a collection of leaden toys, a mystifying quantity of which had met me at every turn of my afternoon walk, and which had appeared both in the shop windows and on the vendors' carts. Here were leaden steins, perfect in shape, trumpets, drums, English walnuts, chests, hats—the humble metal appeared in all sorts of attractive forms, and from this varied assortment each guest was asked to choose an article. The elderly widow of some German army officer was apparently the high priestess of the occasion, and sat stately beside a brightly burning grate fire. She called upon Fraulein von O., first, to test fate.

Our hostess heated a small shovel and into it dropped her leaden apple, holding the shovel for an instant over the hot fire. The lead quickly spread over the heated surface in a silvery blot, disclosing a mite of a soldier's cap and a slip of paper containing a motto, all of which had been hidden in the hollow toy. The presiding genius picked out the motto and the cap for future reference, and poured the melted lead into a cup of cold water, where it hardened into a long-shaped mass bristling with some upright points. With much dignity the officer's lady removed the nameless shape from the cup to the table, studied it intently, examined the tin military cap, and announced that

Fraulein von O. was to receive a visit from a soldier riding in a coach and four.

"*Gott in Himmel!*" said Fraulein von O. a little drearily—"he is then grown too old to walk!"

A pretty English girl looked somewhat dubious when her promising looking stein melted into a prophecy of a Herr Professor with glasses. My trumpet resolved itself into a ship, and I was promised joy dating from my return voyage. So on with happy fortunes for all of our gay little company, when suddenly Fraulein von O. glanced at her watch.

"*Du lieber Gott!*" she ejaculated, "*Es wird spät!*"

Late indeed; only fifteen minutes left of the old year. We hurried to the balcony—up and down the street, everywhere, windows were flung wide open to the night air; crowds of people were passing. As one who fulfils a sacred rite, Fraulein von O. brought to each one of us a delicate glass of spiced wine:—

"But at the hour!" she warned us solemnly, and we held it untasted. Silence on our little group; through the open door of the brown wainscotted room the freshly-lighted Christmas tree glowed. Gay voices still sounded below us, but as midnight approached they grew hushed. We waited, hardly daring to break the big silence that had now fallen upon the city, until high above us from a church tower came the notes of a sweet, shrill trumpet, the voices—it seemed—of the New Year.

Then broke forth a joyous babel of voices—greetings everywhere. We drank our toast, shook hands, and called to each other joyfully:—

"*Prosit Neu Yahr! Prosit Neu Yahr!*"

Passers by hailed us from the street, and we answered the gay greeting; a rose fell at our feet from the hands of a merry-maker—"Prosit Neu Yahr!" the words seemed suddenly to stick in my throat. I was the only American among them—even the English girl, who at least spoke my tongue, had gone out with some



friends.

"Happy New Year!" I called out bravely the familiar words—I was far from home; it was a greeting to mine ain country.

"Hello up there!" came a vigorous call from the street. Isn't that a good American voice up there? Happy New Year to

you, whoever you are—I'm glad you're here."

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" we called together, and the cheerful voice died away in the night; but I was strangely comforted—there was a warm glow at my heart.

"*Prosit Neu Yahr!*" indeed.

## On New Year's Day

What pledge shall I make, what vow shall I speak,

On New Year's Day?

For my hopes are high but my faith is weak  
And long the way.

Pleasant were it, if all days were sunny,  
And out in the fields the bees made honey  
And men made hay.

But clouds will gather and rain-drops fall  
And what does a dream count, after all.

What pledge shall I give, what vow shall I breathe,

On New Year's Night?

For cypress boughs in my crown I wreath,  
And shade with light.

Pleasant were it, if all weeds were posies,  
And never a thorn grew round my roses,  
Or rose showed blight.

But loss will follow and foes appall,  
And what does a wish count, after all.

What pledge shall I write, what vow shall I voice,

At New Year's Time?

Freeborn of soul, I may make my choice

My will sublime.

And always after the storm is over  
There's store of honey hid in the clover;

And feet may climb

To things of worth from things that are small,  
So a good resolve counts, after all.

L. M. THORNTON.

## How to Reduce Household Accounts

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

Hey diddle diddle!  
The cook has a riddle,  
With prices as high as the moon,  
When her purse keeps small  
And hungry folks all  
Still eat at night, morning and noon.

**T**HE problem is indeed puzzling and the solving requires study, time, unwavering attention, and, like everything else where satisfactory results are obtained, there must be method in the undertaking.

Being a firm believer in the fact that no one can either live or work efficiently without being well nourished, I started out on the assumption that my growing

family must have an abundance of good food, for I had learned from observation that it is safer and saner to pay the provision man than the doctor. Secondly, I decided it must be a balanced ration, and thirdly, that it must be economical.

The problem, therefore, resolved itself into "plainer living", and if not "higher thinking" into a little harder thinking.

### Judicious Buying

First and foremost, I have learned that the economical housewife must learn the art of judicious buying. She must buy

only what she absolutely needs and can utilize to the veriest fragment.

She must keep her eye on the fluctuations of the market with the keenness of a stock gambler. For instance, when new potatoes come in, if the old potatoes are in good condition, she must decide on the cheaper; she must know when poultry is less expensive than beef; and when the prices of meats are doing aviating stunts she must learn how to make a delicious stew out of shin beef, and appetizing pot-roast from bottom round, a toothsome meat loaf out of some cheaper cut, all of which call for slow and careful cooking and savory seasoning. She should not forget either the many acceptable dishes to be made from the animal's various organs,—kidney sauté, liver with bacon, stuffed heart, etc., that can be made most palatable under proper treatment.

She must also learn the advisability of substitution, varying the meat diet with fish, pork and beans, and by introducing the various nuts more liberally in her cookery.

She must train her family and herself to look for omelets when eggs are low; to serve only such vegetables as are in season, and to do her canning and preserving when fruits are at their lowest ebb.

Her desserts, perforce, must be less elaborate and she must supplement her market knowledge by a rigid study of the best cook-books and experimentations of her own.

I have found a partial solution by adopting many of the simpler, old-time recipes.

I have, also, found it a decided advantage to buy in large quantities at certain seasons. In cold weather, for example, it is profitable to lay in a generous supply of canned goods, to buy dried fruits such as apricots and prunes by the box, to buy bacon by the strip, a whole ham at a time, and beef and lamb in corresponding proportions. It is also cheaper to buy apples and potatoes by the barrel.

Right here I would like to call attention to the advantage the suburbanite holds over the city dweller, provided he owns a sizable piece of land, and can lessen expenditures with products of his own raising. And also to mention one other of the fast-growing solutions of high prices, namely, that of co-operative buying. It is proving a success in many localities.

The next step in economy is found in utilizing left-overs.

### The Art of Using Left-Overs

Instead of throwing away the bits of stale bread and crackers, they should be dried in the oven, rolled, and saved for breading chops, cutlets, and making various scalloped dishes. A jar of these kept on hand is a great convenience.

The less stale pieces may be used in puddings, baking tomatoes, etc. It is no economy to use real stale bread in puddings, it requires so much extra milk.

Bits of left-over meats and fish, when combined with small pieces of potatoes, cream sauce, covered with bread crumbs, dotted with butter and baked till a delicate brown on top, develop into a most appetizing dish. And meat pies, hashes, *cecils* with tomato sauce, croquettes, minced meat on toast, offer further variety for made over dishes.

Many a savory soup is concocted out of a few bones, remainders of meats and vegetables properly prepared and seasoned.

The cup of cold rolled oats left from breakfast is a valuable addition to the luncheon muffins. The remaining coffee may be used in coffee jelly, or a small quantity will give a piquant flavoring to a mocha frosting.

The half-can of tomatoes, with the addition of salt, pepper, sugar, covered with bread crumbs and bits of butter and baked, will be readily eaten.

The scarcely touched can of corn left from dinner may be served as a delicious chowder at the next day's luncheon.

Cold potatoes may be used in almost



infinite varieties,—in hashed brown, Lyonnaise, Delmonico, etc. Various other vegetables may be converted into toothsome salads.

Stale cake may return to the table in the guise of a pudding.

Even sour milk has untold possibilities. It is unexcelled for making doughnuts, various cookies and small cakes, brown bread, nut bread, griddle cakes, and even finds its way into pies, to say nothing of the much prized old-fashioned cottage cheese.

The really thrifty housewife has long ago learned the saving of using beef drippings and chicken fat as shortening. When combined with an equal quantity of butter its presence cannot be detected.

In trying out any fat, it is always preferable to use a double boiler, as there is no danger of burning it and the odor is less noticeable.

The tried out fat of mutton, the fat from boiled ham and fried bacon may be saved and, with the addition of potash, in the proportion of one small can to six pounds of grease, rendered into a satisfactory soap for laundry and household purposes.

Salt pork fat, used as a frying medium for fish, potatoes, parsnips, etc., is a great saving in the butter bill.

The truly successful housewife must be Argus-eyed in her watchfulness.

Not only should she know how to buy wisely and to use what she purchases, she must also be swift to detect the countless small drains which creep into otherwise careful management.

### Some Leaks in the Household Purse

There would be a vast saving in expenses, if each housekeeper thoroughly understood the proper manipulation of her kitchen range. But, alas, too often it is only the coal man and the man who pays the bills who realize the careless use of fuel and the heedless regard of all damper regulations.

I have demonstrated to my own satis-

faction that I can run my own range on over a third less coal than the average servant.

Another prolific source of waste is in buying bakery products. The household dependent on the baker's loaf is not on the road to thrift. Neither are they who buy in minute quantities and frequently—a jar of jam today, a pot of marmalade tomorrow, olive oil in small bottles, etc.

The strictly pure jams and marmalades on the market today are unquestionably costly when compared with the home product. And if one uses much olive oil in the course of a year, and continues to buy it in three and one-half ounce bottles, she is indeed indulging in a poor man's luxury.

Much might be added about the indifferent waste of water and the unnecessary expenditure for lighting purposes in many homes, both of which might be curtailed without being either niggardly or stingy.

Above all else, the economical housewife must be up-to-date. She must keep in the van of progress, seizing with avidity all modern appliances that make for true saving.

The electric iron is not only a time and work saver, it is a fuel saver. Those that come with the rack attachment, giving the added privilege of being turned upside down and cooked upon, are most desirable. The portable electric stove is simply a boon, especially in hot weather, while the gas range is steadily gaining favor with far-seeing women.

Experience teaches us that real economy in household management does not mean penuriousness. It means, rather, the provision of a necessary abundance with the utter elimination of all waste.

It involves, moreover, a desire on the part of the housekeeper to keep apace with the upward trend of modern inventions and to profit accordingly.

Domestic Science is a fine art. And it calls daily for English thoroughness, French ingenuity and American alertness.

# Aminta's Housekeeping

By Harriet Whitney Symonds

**W**HEN Aminta Vine made a dismal failure of the Cranberry Creek school, the sympathies of Avoca Valley were strongly with Aminta's elder sister, Miss Dorinda.

It was an Avoca Valley habit to point out Miss Dorinda Vine as something of a paragon; her housekeeping was a matter of record; her energy and management had kept the old home place at the edge of town in thrifty condition; the small mortgage which old Adam Vine had put upon it was still there, but had been held in check, and even begun, under Miss Dorinda's administration, to shrink materially. If Aminta had but equalled Dorinda, said everybody, the mortgage would even now be a thing of the past.

Avoca Valley was not given to wasting sympathy upon Aminta in her defeats and failures, because, it was the universal opinion, Aminta never put her mind upon anything worth while. Thrift and self-denial had been required on Miss Dorinda's part, to educate her sister for a teacher, and the girl had rebelled against it from the start; she had a turn for fancy work, and she wanted to have a little store and sell her own work and other knick-knacks, and hotly had she pleaded with her sister to let her make the venture. Such a scheme appearing altogether empty and vain in Miss Dorinda's eyes, it was abandoned, and the school project pressed forward with dispatch. Aminta took her school course, received her diploma, and, through Squire Loveday's influence, was provided with school after school, only to lose them, the cause being placed by her employers upon the broad ground of "general incompetence."

Even Squire Loveday's kindly faith in Aminta's ultimate success was frosted, when word of her latest defeat reached him.

"It's no use, Evan," his mother told him, "for you to stew your brains and wear holes in your shoes hunting up any more situations for the girl; there is absolutely nothing to her."

"Why, I don't like to think that, Mother," the Squire protested. "She certainly does make a mess of the teaching business, but maybe she might be good at something else; she was always a bright appearing girl."

"A glass bead is bright appearing," returned his mother, sagely, "but 'tisn't of much value. She isn't a money-earner, and she isn't even a help to Dorinda with the housework; why, if she starts to sweep a room, Dorinda says, and the cat's asleep on the hearth, Aminta'll sweep around her, rather than rout her up."

Squire Evan laughed like a boy. "Well—I suppose that isn't good housekeeping, but it shows she has a kind heart."

"Oh, yes, Minta always was a tender-hearted little thing," Mrs. Loveday admitted, justly, "and as affectionate as a lamb. I haven't any doubt she let the children run over her—that's why she couldn't manage any of the schools she's had; but it comes hard on Dorinda. I tell you, Evan, there's a manager, and she'll contrive to pay off that mortgage yet, single handed; I never felt uneasy about it, myself."

"Nor I," Evan returned, carelessly, "and shouldn't, if she were not to pay it at all. I'd gladly hand her over the papers tomorrow, or burn them; but she wouldn't agree to that."

"No, indeed; she'd insist on paying it, sooner or later. But Evan," the old lady, who had been tranquilly darning stockings, began to ply her needle more rapidly, to hide a bit of embarrassment, "I've thought often of a fine way you could get rid of that whole business of



the mortgage, and it'd be a benefit all around. You're getting on a bit, my boy; I'm reckoning you'll be forty your next birthday, and it's fourteen years since Effie died. I'm not saying but that I'm plenty able to keep house for you for years to come; still, it looks to me like it wouldn't be more than wise for you to be picking out some one to step in, somebody that would know how to keep house and take care of things. Hannah's a tip-top hand to turn out work, but she can't plan worth a cent; and every time she has to go over the ridge to look after her mother I find it harder to get on with the work. It would be a comfort to have some one here, and I don't know who'd fit into the space as well as Dorinda Vine."

Notwithstanding the menacing approach of his fortieth birthday, Squire Loveday was a good deal of a boy, and at his mother's last words he colored boyishly. "I'll think it over, Mother," he said, with a slight laugh, as he walked out to the shady side yard of his comfortable country home. His mother's advice had fallen into soil prepared for it by some half-recognized consciousness in his own mind. He respected Miss Dorinda Vine as a woman of fine character; she was handsome, too, in a mature way, for Dorinda was as close to thirty-eight as Evan Loveday was to forty. So far, the Squire had escaped any fervor of romantic attraction, but, he said to himself, that was doubtless because he was not a young man, and the romance of his nature had been lavished upon the young wife he had lost fourteen years ago. That, however, need not prevent his offering his hand and loyal affection to another woman; he needed a wife, and Orchard Hill needed a mistress younger than his mother. "Perhaps I'll step over, one of these days, and have a talk with her," Squire Evan decided, looking thoughtfully at the tall rosebush that swayed heavily with its great knots of dark crimson bloom.

Aminta Vine's latest home-coming was

not made a festive occasion. Miss Dorinda felt that it was her duty to impress her sister with some wholesome though unattractive truths; she considerably deferred her lecture, however, until the close of the noon luncheon.

"Indeed, I did try," Aminta protested, earnestly, "but the scholars were all so big and strong and noisy, and one of the directors happened to drop in when they were behaving worse than usual, and he reported that I didn't keep order. Then the Board wanted a class started in Geometry, and you know I never was very strong in that—"

"I know all about it," Dorinda interrupted her sister's weak explanations. "There's no use going into the whys and wherefores; you're simply a failure—that's all there is about it. It's worse this time, because I was depending on your salary to pay the interest on the mortgage note, which is due, and this is the first time I haven't had it on hand; you know why—"

"Y—yes, I know," Aminta began to gather up the dishes with tremulous hands and very red cheeks; she recollected guiltily well, that the interest money had gone to pay the doctor for setting the ankle she had dislocated by jumping out of the hay loft, and for attending her during the fever that followed. Aminta Vine was all of thirty years of age, yet she still retained the youthful instinct to romp, greatly to Dorinda's annoyance; and the younger sister had good cause to feel sensitive over the hay-loft accident. "Do you think," she asked, piling the plates and saucers together rather unsteadily, "that Squire Loveday will mind waiting for the interest a little longer, this time?"

"I wish you would leave the dishes alone," Miss Dorinda quickly undid her sister's work; "you get everything wrong. Of course Squire Loveday will never say a word about the interest, but that is not the point. I do wish you were able to do anything. If you had been capable of attending to the place and the

housekeeping, *I* should have gone out to teach, and I can assure you there would have been no such absurd faults found with my management. But you couldn't even do the work in the house properly—take care, you're setting that sprigged bowl on the edge of the table. Mercy-me, do stop fussing around with the dishes; you make me nervous."

As Miss Dorinda's exhortations seasoned the daily meals of her younger sister through the lapse of weeks, life became something of a wilderness to the latter. One morning, however, she returned from an orchard stroll with the light of hope in her soft grayish-blue eyes. "I've thought of something I can do," she announced, cheerfully, "that will help out the interest on the note. You know we heard Hannah's mother was sick and she has had to go and nurse her. Well, I'll go and do her work for Mrs. Loveday, and let it go on the mortgage."

Dorinda was taking a loaf of fresh-baked bread from the pan; when she had placed it evenly upon the wire tray to cool, she looked at her sister with a sarcastic smile. "Mrs. Loveday being one of the best housekeepers in Avoca Valley," she observed, dryly, "I presume your messy little dabs at housekeeping would amply satisfy her!"

Aminta turned away in disappointment. "I can do some things," she defended her position; "I can make tea; and I know how to make cake, if you would ever let me have the eggs and stuff."

Dorinda waved the flimsy boast aside. "Mrs. Loveday would not wish to live entirely upon cake and tea, to say nothing of the Squire. You don't know any more about the real work of a house than a cat does, so don't try to scratch up impossible schemes. You'd better set to work now, darning the stockings; that is one of your scarce accomplishments."

At two o'clock on a hot afternoon Mrs. Loveday sat in her big rocker beside the dining room window, in that uncomfortable condition when one can neither fall

asleep nor keep briskly awake. Her son was absent in town, and a drowsy atmosphere lay about the pleasant old house. Through it presently came a sound of lightly-falling feet in the path, and then a slim little person stood tapping at the screen door leading into the cool entry.

"Come right in, my dear," invited Mrs. Loveday, recognizing Aminta. "I can't get up, for I managed to sprain my ankle this morning going down cellar; I find I'm not as spry as a grasshopper nowadays. It isn't serious, though; sit down, my dear, and take your hat off; you're all of a flush."

"Thank you," gasped Aminta, who was, indeed, red with embarrassment. "I—I'm sorry your ankle is hurt, Mrs. Loveday, but maybe you'll need some one now—I heard Hannah was gone, and I thought—maybe—you'd take me to help with the work for a while."

"Why, for the land-sakes!" Mrs. Loveday sent a sharp glance at Aminta, but instantly toned it down. "What's the trouble, my child—tell me," she urged kindly. "There must be something unusual afoot to send you out looking for housework."

"It's only—I want to help Dorinda some way," fluttered Aminta; "and it seems I can't do anything else. I could work for you to pay the interest we owe Squire Loveday on the mortgage-note."

"Why, bless you, child," Mrs. Loveday looked amused, "Evan isn't worrying a smidge about that interest; there's no need of your fretting about it, or working to pay for it."

"But, indeed, you don't know how much I want to," pleaded Aminta. "Dorinda is forever telling me of all the trouble I've made by my failures; but I'm not lazy, and I want to prove it some way."

"Did Dorinda suggest your coming to work for me?"

"Oh, no, indeed; when I spoke of it she laughed at me, and said that such a good housekeeper as you wouldn't want me. She wouldn't have let me come at



all, but I—I just took and came away when she was out, and left a note to tell her what I had done. She nags me so I don't have any comfort. Dear Mrs. Loveday, let me stay—please do; now, how could you get along with your sprained ankle and no help?"

"I'm afraid you're not very used to housework," Mrs. Loveday demurred, in secret dismay, recalling Aminta's reputation in domestic affairs.

"Dorinda doesn't think I'm any account," confessed Aminta, "but, indeed, I can do some things; I could do more if she would let me undertake them, but she thinks I only mess them up. I can dust and darn, and I can make tea—"

"Tea!" Mrs. Loveday caught hopefully at the word. "It's the thing I want most, and this very minute. Evan tried to make me some toast and tea for dinner—dear boy, he boiled the tea till it tasted like old shoes, and the toast was charred to a cinder. If you think you could make me a cup—"

"Oh, yes, indeed I can." Aminta was all of a sparkle as she sprang up, laid off her hat and untied the bundle she had brought. "See, I have a house gown along," she chirped, shaking out a pretty pink gingham dress, "for I was determined to stay if I could possibly get you to let me. Now I'll run out and light the alcohol stove and put on fresh water, and you see if I don't get you up a cup of tea that'll taste like ambrosia."

Squire Evan was astonished, upon his return home, to find a little pink-clad person flying about with a dust-rag and chatting cheerfully to his mother, who, with a white-draped stand beside her, was just finishing her second cup of tea.

"She certainly can make tea," the old lady told Evan, explaining the situation while Aminta was whisking the tray of dishes to the kitchen. "A better cup than that I never tasted; and the toast was excellent. I don't suppose she could do a great deal at the work, but she picks up and dusts neatly, and she's going to do the darning, if she stays; she is so

anxious to stay—"

"Let her stay a while, Mother," counseled Evan. "She'll be company for you in the times I'm away, and she can wait on you."

A week later another consultation was held. Mrs. Loveday was inclined to keep Aminta until Hannah's return. "It's very hard to get satisfactory help," she averred, "and any way, Minta's such a good little thing to coddle a body up, and so handy at making tea. I'd be willing to have her stay, if you could put up with the meals."

"Why, sure," agreed Evan heartily; "she suits me all right. Her coffee is first rate, and her flapjacks, too."

"She's a fine darner and sewer," admitted Mrs. Loveday. "She isn't over strong, and she's never learned to make light bread—"

"But her cookies are slap-up," finished Evan; "beat any I ever tasted, except yours, Mammy. Let's keep her; we can buy bread of Mrs. Benbow, and I'll help a bit with the work."

"Well," agreed Mrs. Loveday, "we will; she cheers a body up, somehow; I know I'd miss her."

When the full import of Aminta's mutinous act forced its way to Miss Dorinda Vine's brain, she set her lips in a severe line, which, however, took a slight curve of grim amusement. "If Mrs. Loveday lets her stay at all, I give Minta about two days to get things into a beautiful mess and come home in disgrace."

Several days passed on, however, and Miss Vine's prediction was not verified; and then one morning Squire Evan came over to explain matters. "We should not for a minute wish Aminta to work out that trifling bit of interest," he assured Dorinda, "but she is so anxious to stay a while, and mother finds it a convenience, since she is laid up, so if you can spare her a week or so—"

"Oh, spare her! You must know, Squire, I could manage the work of this house with one hand." Dorinda's tone

held more tartness than she was aware. "Minta is very little use about the house, except to darn and mess with fancy work. I don't see how your mother puts up with her slipshod ways at all."

"Why, you see, mother likes her ways," smiled Squire Evan. "She is so willing and so good-tempered; and she's learning lots of kinks about cooking; she made an apple cobbler yesterday that was simply a wonder—two-story, Miss Dorinda, and lots of the cutest little frills on it!"

Miss Vine hooked her screen door with a sharp snap after the Squire's departure. "Likes her ways!" she recalled Evan's words with scorn. "I suppose she's sugary enough over there, but if Madam Loveday can be fooled by a babyish pretense of work and some giddy hopping around with a duster, she's an old goose—that's all."

It appeared that Mrs. Loveday was well content with Minta's ministrations, for, as several weeks went on and Hannah was detained by the illness of her mother, the younger Miss Vine remained on at the Squire's, until one unhappy morning near the close of summer, when Miss Dorinda descended upon Orchard Hill with disquieting news of a prospective school for Aminta. It was in an adjoining county, some miles away, she explained, and it would be necessary for Aminta to make her application without delay, and, to that end, to journey at once to Pin Oak township, the home of the potent committee.

"But—but—I'd rather stay here and do housework, than try to teach any more schools," faltered Aminta, almost upsetting her pan of yellow peaches in her dismay.

"It isn't a matter of choice," Miss Dorinda reminded her, with determination. "You were educated—at great expense to me—for a teacher, and I do not propose to have it all go for nothing. You owe it to me, if not to yourself, to make good use of the money that was spent on your education, and you must

make up your mind to it."

The cheery light faded from the small face bent above the yellow fruit, and a tear splashed upon the rim of the pan. Mrs. Loveday's kind heart moved her to intercede: "I hardly see how I can spare your sister, Dorinda; Hannah's mother is having a regular siege of low fever, so Hannah can't leave her, and my ankle is still weak—"

"I thought of that, Mrs. Loveday," Dorinda assured her, promptly. "I should not think of leaving you without help, and I have arranged things at home so that I can come, myself, and stay with you. Lucinda Greene is going to look after my house, as she lives so close to me. And I don't think you need the assurance that I can attend to your comfort and the housekeeping rather better than my inexperienced little sister could do."

"I've been getting on first rate," Aminta hastily informed Dorinda. "Why can't you let me alone? I like to work around the house, and I hate to teach school."

"Please don't make it necessary for me to go over the ground any more," urged Dorinda, unmoved by the plea. "You will have to start this morning in order to get to Pin Oak before night, and you would better run right home and pack your grip."

Bravely Aminta continued to fight for liberty, but the battle was too unequal. Against Dorinda's long established dominance, the younger sister's blind rebellion beat like ripples against a rock; nerve-shaken, weary and utterly routed, she left the elder in possession of the field, and sadly prepared for her trip to Pin Oak township. Mrs. Loveday gave her a kindly kiss and word of comfort at parting, feeling slightly dazed, herself, by the sudden revolution in her household. Her amazement had gathered something of discomposure by the time her son reached home, late in the afternoon.

"She's just hustled Minta off like a



cyclone," she told him, in their brief talk on the porch, "and she's gone slap-dab at the work like a house afire. She's a tearing good housekeeper—there's no doubt about that, but her energy is upsetting to a body's nerves. She's been digging into every corner from attic to cellar, and she's just naturally spied out every thin place there is anywhere."

"Whee-u!" whistled Squire Evan. "So we're having an epidemic of housekeepers, are we? And little Aminta's gone!"

Mrs. Loveday's maid, Hannah, upon her return to Orchard Hill found the house in the highest state of order, and the pantry well provisioned with substantial and dainties. Mrs. Loveday, nevertheless, watched the retirement of her late aid-de-camp with a spice of satisfaction. "I feel tired," she confided to Hannah, "trying to live up to Miss Dorinda's perfection. She has domestic science down to a mighty fine point, but some how, I can't consider fine housekeeping the end of everything—seems to me it ought to be more a means to other things."

A shadow fell upon her motherly face, as she sat pondering in her rocker by the window. "I hope Evan has forgotten that advice I gave him once," she rambled on, to herself. "I'm sort of uneasy; Dorinda took lots of pains to please him, and she's a top-notch cook; and I don't believe he saw the hard seams in her disposition as plainly as I did. Aminta would be much the more agreeable as a daughter-in-law, in my opinion."

Aminta secured her school in Pin Oak township, and, as weeks passed on with no report of failure, Dorinda's satisfaction waxed great. "All she needs is some one to keep her at it," she complacently reflected, "and she'll do very well." It was, therefore, a trifle disconcerting when the younger sister appeared at her home one russet-hued day in late October, without previous notice of her coming. Dorinda did not attempt to conceal her dissatisfaction. "I suppose it was too much to hope for that you could keep a school a whole term," she said, with some tartness, "but I was counting on your keeping it until Thanksgiving, any way. What was the trouble, this time?"

"I didn't fail, this time," Minta assured her, cheerily, tossing off her little brown hat. "I—I—resigned."

"Resigned! And for goodness' sake, what did you do that for? I suppose you haven't forgotten that there is a mortgage on this place—"

"Oh, that'll be all right—Squire Evan said so," Aminta assured her, glowing all of a sudden like a rose. "In fact, he's the one who advised me to resign my school now. He—wants me to marry him, and, of course, I will; he's the splendidest man! And Mrs. Loveday is as dear as she can be; you don't know how I did love to make tea for her. And, Dorinda, you'll never have to worry any more about the interest money, nor anything—"

Aminta stopped suddenly; Dorinda had walked into the kitchen and shut the door with a bang.

## Praise Is Not Love

She won the praises of mankind  
And wore fame's golden crown,  
Yet o'er her heart sometimes it seemed  
She wore a mourning gown;  
For oft such loneliness she felt,  
Praise is not love, she said;  
Fame's realms so cold and lonely are,  
I would have love instead.

A cosy little home and fire,  
With loved ones all around,  
Will bring the soul more happiness  
Than e'er in fame is found.  
Praise is not love, the hungry heart  
Forever seems to cry,  
While hoping love's sweet blissfulness  
Will find it by and by.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

# THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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## CONDITIONS OF WHOLESOME LIVING

IN all his writings, Dr. Woods Hutchinson emphasizes the conditions essential to wholesome living. These are an abundance of simple, nutritious food, well-heated and well-ventilated quarters in home, school and shop, and daily exercise in the open air. "And the best way", he says, "to ventilate your house is to turn yourself out-of-doors frequently. No system of ventilation that has yet been devised, however ideal and perfect in every respect, has ever been able to make it wholesome for a child to remain indoors for more than an hour at a stretch, or an adult for more than three hours, except when asleep. And it is sincerely to be hoped that no such system ever will be devised."

There are intelligent and progressive housekeepers everywhere who know the conditions that make for wholesome living; the crying need is that the numbers of such be greatly increased. No longer should our physical well-being be relegated to the realms of luck and chance; it rests upon the knowledge and observance of natural laws, in the keeping of which there is great reward.

## HOME ECONOMICS

HOME Economics is not a new subject, but, in late years, it has become invested with new importance; the interest in the subject is rapidly growing. Witness the departments of home science in our state agricultural colleges and other institutions, also what the U. S. Government is doing for the home through its department of agriculture. The cost of living concerns everybody, and a satisfactory solution of this baffling problem can be made only through widespread interest and educational reform. The adulteration of food-products, the sanitary home and its environments are matters of vital interest both to individual and social well-being. These are fundamental factors in the betterment of life's conditions.

The one big subject before the world today is that of sociology—how we can better the condition of men and women now and here. Happiness is the first thing desired, not goodness. Happy people are those at work. Also, the folks engaged in useful work are good people. There is no contentment without congenial and useful occupation.

There is no greater blessing in this world than a steady job, with increasing efficiency and hence increasing wages as time goes on; and the only way to insure that happy state for each individual is to give him the training for some skilled vocation in life, whether it be in business, in a trade, or in a profession.—*Paul H. Hanus.*



To most people the term Home Economics seems to have a very vague and uncertain meaning, if it has any meaning at all. The Greek, Xenophon, is called the first economist; and Xenophon said, would you choose for master or pilot of your ship one who knew how to pilot, or one who did not know? Would you take to build your house or manage your affairs one who knew how to build or manage, or one who did not know? These questions suggest exactly what is meant by home economics. Would you choose to manage your home one who knows how to manage or one who does not know? In the conduct of affairs of every kind, economics means intelligent, skilful management.

#### PRICE AND STYLE

**W**HILE the present prices of many a necessity of life are manifestly abnormal, unjust and should be reduced, what people really want is not so much to reduce their expenses as to increase their incomes. This country has come to be very rich, perhaps the richest in the world, and people are living on an entirely different scale than was once the case. The present style of living costs a great deal more money than did that of not many years ago; at the same time, no doubt, the enjoyments and comforts of life are far greater.

It is estimated that no less than half a million dollars, a million is thought not to be improbable, were expended recently to witness a single football game. For support both football and baseball depend on public patronage. A private steam yacht was once a rare bird of the sea, now magnificent floating palaces frequent the known harbors of the world. It is said that in large cities individuals, not a few in number, are wont to give banquets and entertainments that cost from ten to twenty thousand dollars and upwards, each. The amount of money invested in automobiles, alone, in the past ten years, is simply enormous. The actual figures are almost fabulous.

Fifty years ago these things, and things like these, were impossible and unheard of. Always and everywhere the style of living is adapted to existing conditions and resources. Does it not seem very plain on every hand that people are not so anxious to cut down their expenses as to enlarge their resources? As the latter are provided, wants multiply and standards of living are raised.

In the mean time that the comforts of life have steadily increased the evidences are common. For instance, sickness is less frequent and less fatal than in primitive times, and the average period of lifetime has been prolonged. Today a patient may be taken to a hospital, undergo the most severe operation and scarcely be aware of pain and suffering at all. The increase of scientific and hygienic knowledge has transformed the ways of living. "The doctors now know and admit that most people who are ailing would recover without medicine."

However, it must not be inferred from all this that industry and thrift are less needful now than in the past. Quite the reverse is true. "Expansion without system spells failure." No matter what the standards of living may be, unless people live, daily and yearly, strictly within their means, spending a little less than they earn, an evil day will surely come.

**T**ODAY, all, or nearly all, lines of activity are carried on by laborers more or less skilled in the things they do. Formerly these things were done by men living under circumstances which made skill in many lines a practical impossibility. The outcome of all this is that the world's work was never so well done as it is now, and that the world's service to the individual was never so great as at the present day. And there never has been a time in this country when each individual was so dependent upon those about him for so many of the necessities and luxuries of life as today. Because I do but one thing, I

am dependent upon my fellows for all things else. This, in a very brief way, hints at the complexity of our modern social life and the mutual dependence of people upon one another. E. B. B.

#### EDITOR AND SUBSCRIBER

WITHOUT good and sufficient reason we trust you will not discontinue your subscription to the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE at this time. The times are prosperous; your home life is the one thing of greatest consequence to you. We want to keep your name on our list of subscribers. A lady has just written us that the bound volumes of the magazine have become very valuable and useful to her in housekeeping. Rarely does she fail to find in them just what she needs on any occasion. Each volume, in itself, is an illustrated cookbook of reliability and authority, and a great deal more. To keep up an interest and make progress in any occupation or calling, one must give it thought and attention. Also, know what others are doing in the same line of effort. As the new year begins, will you not continue to co-operate with us in making this household publication of still greater value and worth than it has been in the past? Our mutual object is to provoke interest in everything that makes for improved health and happiness, larger satisfaction and contentment in home life.

IN all schools, children should be taught to work in wood and iron, to understand the construction and use of machinery, to become acquainted with the great forces that man is using to do his work. In this way boys would learn their aptitudes—would ascertain what they are fitted for—what they could do. It would not be a guess, or an experiment, but a demonstration. Education should increase a boy's chance for getting a living. The real good of it is to get food and roof and raiment, opportunity to develop the mind and body,

and live a full and ample life. The more real education, the less crime—and the more homes the fewer prisons.

R. G. I.

A good anecdote is told of the two celebrated barristers, Balfour and Erskine. Balfour's style was gorgeously verbose: Erskine's was crisp and vigorous. One day Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged. "Why, what is the matter?" asked Erskine. "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden," Balfour said; "and, on coming to a gate, I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you would have broken your neck."—*Exchange*.

#### Ballade of the Unemployed

Ashamed the prosperous to meet,  
None with his misery to commune,  
He struggles through the staring street,  
All heedless of the blooming June  
And songs free Nature's minstrels croon;—  
Eyes darkened by the spirit's murk,  
And jangled nerves jarred out of tune,  
In wageless toil he begs for work.

While aching pulses madly beat  
The burden of life's tragic rune,  
The bitter questions of defeat;  
While worn and sick his senses swoon  
Beneath the heavy heat of noon;  
While so each thought and feeling irk  
God's justice, even, his wrongs impugn,  
In wageless toil he begs for work!

The right to earn he must entreat!  
The idler, thief, and meanest loon  
Who will consent to beg, may eat—  
Their tables are with plenty strewn!  
But he, unmanned in ragged shoon,  
Craves hardest tasks the lowliest shirk,—  
In vain implores the poor man's boon,—  
In wageless toil he begs for work!

#### Envoy

Friend, whose the crime when, late or soon,  
To vilest shape, by wrongs that lurk  
Within his heart, the man is hewn?  
In wageless toil he begs for work.

STOKELY S. FISHER.





SLICED AMERICAN SAUSAGE, STRING BEAN SALAD

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Ox-Tail Soup

**M**ELT two tablespoonfuls of dripping in a frying pan; add a slice of ham, cut in small pieces, and an oxtail, separated into pieces at the joints; stir and cook until well-browned, then remove to a soup kettle; add more fat if needed, and in it cook an onion and a small carrot, cut in slices; let the vegetables cook until softened and yellowed, but not browned; add them to the soup kettle; add a quart of water to the frying pan, and stir and cook until all glaze is dissolved in the water; then add this to the soup with two quarts of cold water; heat the whole to the boiling point, skim, then let simmer about four hours, or until the meat is tender. Remove the best joints to serve in the soup. Skim off all fat, strain, season as needed with salt and pepper, reheat and serve. Vegetables, as onions, celery and carrots, cut in fancy shapes and cooked tender in water or broth, may be served in the soup. If desired, the soup may be thickened with flour smoothed in water. Cooked barley or rice may be added with

the vegetables. Worcestershire sauce is often added to this soup at serving.

### Cream of Watercress Soup

Either garden or watercress may be used for this soup. Chop coarse a bunch of cress; let cook in two tablespoonfuls of butter or dripping, very slowly, about ten minutes. Do not color the butter or cress. Add three cups of water and let cook ten minutes, then pass through a very fine sieve. Cook two tablespoonfuls of flour in two of melted butter; add one cup and a half of milk and stir until boiling; add the hot purée, salt and pepper, as needed, and half a cup of cream.

### Potage à la Aurore

Simmer half a cup of oatmeal, three cups of water and one quart of broth about an hour and a half; add half an onion and a stalk of celery, cut fine, also two or three sprigs of parsley and let cook half an hour; add a teaspoonful or more of salt and half a cup of thick tomato purée with half a teaspoonful of paprika, let simmer a few minutes, then

pass through a very fine sieve. If desired, half a cup of sliced celery, cooked separately in broth, may be added after the soup is strained. The soup, if too thick, may be diluted with water or broth.

### Shrimp Canapés

Pound half a cup of shrimps with the shells; add half a cup of butter and pound again, then press through a fine sieve. Have ready rounds or diamonds of hot toast. These should not be more than an inch and a half in diameter. Spread these lightly with butter, while hot, to keep them soft. A short time before serving, season the prepared butter with salt and pepper, and with it

salt and of pepper, and one cup and a half of liquid. Add also the yolks of two eggs, beaten light, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Lastly, add the scallops. Dispose in buttered shells, individual casseroles or ramekins, cover with buttered crumbs and let bake until the crumbs are browned.

### Scallops à la Brestoise (Ranhofer)

Put a quart of scallops over the fire with four tablespoonfuls of white wine or mushroom liquor or half of each. Let heat quickly to the boiling point. Drain, and chop the scallops. Cut fine half a mild onion and let cook in two tablespoonfuls of butter until softened and



FOR TEA ROOM SERVICE, ROLLED FILLETS OF FISH, BECHAMEL BUNS, PICCALILLI, BUTTER

spread the cold pieces of toast. Pipe a little of the butter on the edge. Use a fluted tube and form stars a little distance apart. Set capers between the stars and a shelled shrimp, marinated in French dressing and drained, in the center of the toast.

### Scallops Baked in Shells, Etc.

For one quart of scallops make one cup and a half of sauce. Put the scallops over a quick fire with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, shake the saucepan and let heat quickly to the boiling point; drain in a colander. Use the broth with chicken or veal broth, and a little cream, in making the sauce. Three tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour will be needed, also a scant half-teaspoonful of

yellowed, *not browned*; add the scallop broth and let simmer ten minutes; add soft bread crumbs, chopped fresh mushrooms, salt and pepper, as needed, and the scallops to make a mixture that may be rounded in the shells. Have the shells well-buttered. Cover with a cup of soft bread crumbs, mixed with one-fourth a cup of melted butter. Let brown in the oven. Set a sprig of parsley in the center of each. Set on plates with a folded napkin.

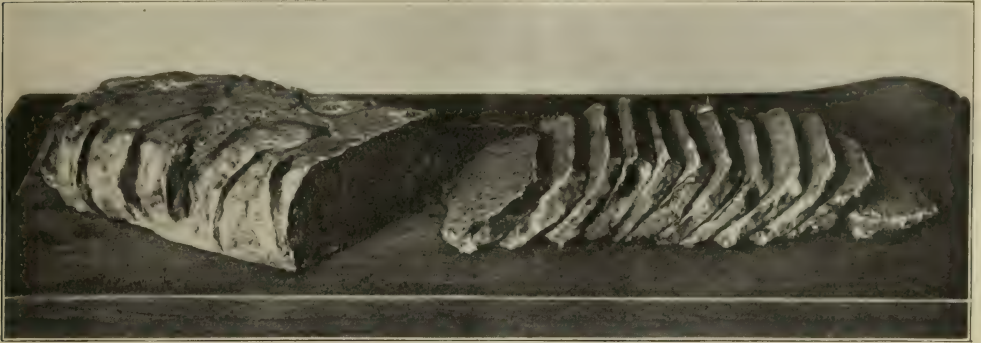
### Rolled Fillets of Fish, Bechamel

Use any white fish from which fillets (strips of fish without skin and bone) may be taken. Half a slice of halibut was used for the dish shown in the illustration. Put the bones and trimmings of



the fish over the fire with a slice of onion, a few leaves of sweet basil, a sprig of parsley and water just to cover;

the fish. Potato balls (cut with French cutter) cooked in boiling, salted water, are served with the fish.



AMERICAN SAUSAGE, SLICED

let simmer twenty minutes, then strain off the broth. While the broth is cooking, let the fillets stand in a little lemon juice, a scraping of onion and some chopped parsley. Dip the fillets in olive oil or melted butter before squeezing the lemon juice over them. Roll the fillets, run a wooden toothpick, dipped in melted butter (to expedite its removal after the fish is cooked), through each fillet, to hold it in shape. Set in an agate or earthen dish, pour over a little of the fish broth and let bake about fifteen minutes, basting two or three times. Make a thick sauce, using butter, flour and some of the fish broth. When the fish is cooked, add the liquid to the sauce, let boil once, then serve around

### Fried Flounders, Cheese Sauce

Remove skin and bones from two large flounders, to secure eight fillets from each. Over the fillets squeeze the juice of half a lemon, scrape over a little onion juice and pulp, and sprinkle with salt and pepper; coat with fine, soft, bread crumbs (sifted), dip in beaten egg, diluted with two tablespoonfuls of milk, then again coat with crumbs. Fry about five minutes in deep, hot fat and drain on soft paper. Serve cheese sauce in a separate dish.

### Cheese Sauce

Cover the bones and trimmings of the fish with cold water; add an onion, cut



PLANKED STEAK, PARKER HOUSE STYLE

in halves, a clove in each half, two or three sprigs of parsley, two or three leaves of sweet basil (dried or fresh), three or four slices of carrot, and a bit of red pepper pod; let simmer twenty minutes, then drain off the broth. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; add one-fourth a cup of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt and let cook until frothy, then add one cup, each, of the fish broth and thin cream, and stir until boiling; gradually beat in half a cup, each, of grated Gruyère and Parmesan cheese and two tablespoonfuls of butter.

### Planked Steak, Parker House Style

The steak should be cut about an inch and a quarter thick. Wipe carefully with a damp cloth. Have ready a hot

### Chestnut Purée for Peppers

Blanch the chestnuts; cook until tender in boiling water; drain and press through a ricer; to a cup and a half of purée, add three tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of chopped pimento, a tablespoonful of grated onion, half a teaspoonful of salt and hot milk or cream as needed (the yolk and milk left after brushing over the potato, etc, may be used); beat thoroughly and use to fill the peppers. The stem, seeds and veins should be removed from the peppers before the peppers are parboiled. Set the open end of the peppers upon the steak.

### American Sausage

Pass two pounds, each, of ham and



CABBAGE SALAD, LENTEN STYLE

broiler, well-oiled or rubbed over with a bit of fat. Cook the steak over the coals about eight minutes, turning four or five times. Set the steak on a hot plank. Pipe hot, mashed potato around the edge of the plank. Set four cooked onions on the steak. Brush over the edges of the potato and the onions with the yolk of an egg, beaten and diluted with a little milk, and set the plank into a hot oven, to brown and reheat the potato, brown the edges of the onions, and finish cooking the steak. Remove from the oven. Set four parboiled, green peppers, stuffed with chestnut purée, at one end of the Steak, pour over a brown mushroom sauce. Serve at once.

fresh pork through a meat chopper; chop one small onion, one green pepper, one red pepper and four branches of parsley, exceedingly fine. To the meat add the chopped vegetables, one teaspoonful of sweet basil (powdered), half a teaspoonful, each, of curry powder and paprika, two teaspoonfuls of salt (more may be needed), and two eggs, beaten and mixed with one cup of rich milk. Mix all the ingredients together thoroughly, adding more onion or other seasoning according to taste. Spread half a yard of cheese cloth on a meat board; on this lay strips of thin, sliced bacon, to make a place, at least, twice as long as wide. The width should be the length



of two slices of bacon. On the bacon dispose the sausage mixture in cylindri-

fine, and a smaller measure of purple cabbage in the same manner. Mix each,



GERMAN ALMOND BUNS

cal form; over it spread the ends of the bacon slices, letting them cover it as much as possible, then roll in the cloth. Tie the roll at the ends and in two other places, equally distant from each other and the ends. Let cook in boiling, salted water, to which half a cup of vinegar is added, about three hours. Let cool under a weight. Serve cold, sliced thin, with potato, cabbage or string bean salad—or, dip in beaten egg and then in sifted crumbs and sauté in hot fat.

### String Bean Salad for Sausage

For a can of string beans, mix four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of black pepper, a scant half-teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of grated onion; pour over the beans and toss thoroughly.

### Cabbage Salad, Lenten Style

Shave crisp, white cabbage exceedingly

separately, with French dressing. Dispose the white cabbage in a salad bowl, with a wreath of the purple cabbage above. Serve at once. Other dressings, as genuine mayonnaise or a cooked dressing may be used in place of the French dressing.

### Chilli con Carne (J. D. C.)

Let one pound of small red chilli beans boil until tender. Just before the beans are tender add one onion and one clove of garlic, chopped fine; at this time there should be about three pints of water in the dish with the beans; add a can of chilli powder (less, if a strong flavor of pepper is undesirable) and a teaspoonful of salt. Chop a pound of suet; let cook to draw out the fat; pick out the small solid bits, and to the hot fat add one pound and a half of raw Hamburg steak; stir constantly for a few minutes, then add the whole to the beans (in an earthen dish) and let cook several hours.



CHOCOLATE CUSTARD, FUDGE SAUCE

## German Almond Buns

Soften one cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water; mix and add to one cup of scalded milk, cooled to a lukewarm temperature; stir in about one cup and a half of flour; beat thoroughly, cover and let stand out of drafts to become light and foamy. Add the yolks of two eggs, one-fourth a cup, each, of sugar and melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and part of an eighth of a pound of chopped almonds, with flour, as needed, for a soft dough. Knead until smooth and elastic, and set aside to become light. Divide into small pieces of the same size; shape into ovals and let become light. Flatten each a little on top, and again let rise ten or fif-

of egg, beaten dry, then add the chocolate mixture and one cup of milk and mix thoroughly. Butter the four cups and dredge the butter with granulated sugar. Set on many folds of cloth, or paper, in a baking dish; surround with boiling water; let bake until firm in the center. The water should not boil during the cooking. Unmold at time of serving. The dish is good when hot or cold. At serving, pour over a hot fudge sauce. If the custard be loosened at the edge, it may be unmolded in perfect shape.

## Chocolate Fudge Sauce

Melt two squares of chocolate; add one-fourth a cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of boiling water, and stir



TREE CAKE, WITH TUBES FOR PIPING THE FROSTING

teen minutes. Brush over with the beaten yolk of an egg, diluted with a tablespoonful of milk; sprinkle on the rest of the chopped almonds. Bake about twenty-five minutes. The heat must be moderate or the almonds will be browned too much.

## Chocolate Custard, with Fudge Sauce

For four cups of custard, melt one square and a half of chocolate; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one-fourth a cup of water, and stir until smooth and boiling. Beat three yolks of eggs and one white; add one-third a cup of sugar and beat again; fold in one white

and cook until smooth and boiling. Sift, together, three-fourths a cup of sugar and one level teaspoonful of cornstarch; add half a cup of boiling water to the chocolate; then the sugar and cornstarch, and stir and boil five minutes. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla, and it is ready to serve.

## Tree Cake

Bake sponge cake in a thin sheet. Prepare three long strips, about three-eighths of an inch thick, and nearly two inches wide. Lay one strip flat on a board; dispose a thread of whipped cream (sweetened and flavored before whipping) or of marshmallow cream



down through the center. Set the other two squares of chocolate, grated, the two strips to meet over the filling, form yolks of two eggs, beaten light, one cup



CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

ing a triangular-shaped strip of cake. Pipe mocha frosting lengthwise over the cake, to simulate the bark of a tree trunk. Pipe plain butter and sugar, flavored with vanilla, in places, with mocha cream around to simulate "knots" in the tree trunk. Sprinkle the "knots" with chopped pistachio nuts.

### Mocha Cream

Beat one cup (half a pound) of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two cups and a half of sifted confectioner's sugar and coffee extract, to tint and flavor as desired.

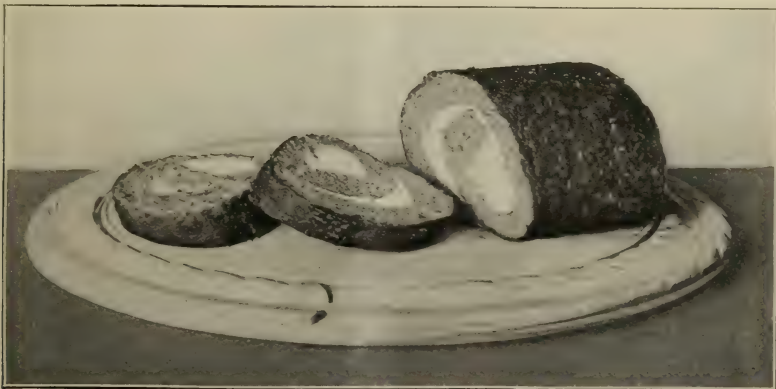
### Chocolate Fudge Cake (A. E. K.)

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, then

of sifted flour less two tablespoonfuls, one teaspoonful of vanilla, the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, and one cup of pecan nut meats. Bake in a pan lined with a buttered paper. The pan should be  $9\frac{1}{2}$  by  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches, or its equivalent. Cut the cake in cubes. The cubes should be the size of caramels. The cake may be cut when hot or cold.

### Chocolate Cream Roll

Beat three large eggs very light without separating the whites and yolks. Gradually beat in one cup and a half of granulated sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, three ounces of melted chocolate, and, then, half a cup of lukewarm water. Lastly, beat in one cup of sifted pastry flour, one-fourth a cup of



CHOCOLATE CREAM ROLL

potato flour (half a cup of ordinary flour may replace the smaller quantity of pota-

water, or with a confectioner's frosting, made of a square of melted chocolate,



FIG CHARLOTTE RUSSE, FOR RECIPE SEE  
PAGE 482

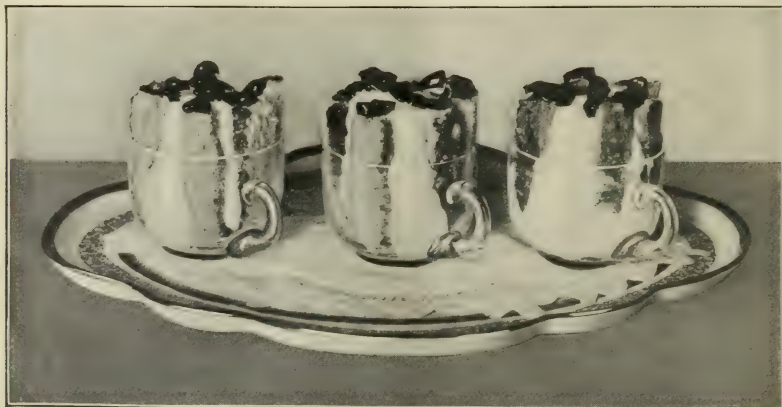
to flour) half a level teaspoonful of soda and a slightly rounding teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar, sifted together. A teaspoonful of vanilla may also be added. Bake in thin sheet. The cake should be less than three-fourths an inch thick when baked. Trim off the crisp edges. Spread at once with marshmallow cream filling and roll up like a jelly roll. Roll in waxed paper and set aside a short time. Then spread the outside with "Dot" chocolate, melted over warm

three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, half a teaspoonful of vanilla and confectioner's sugar (sifted) as needed.

### Marshmallow Cream Filling

Set one-fourth a package of gelatine to soften in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and dissolve in one-fourth a cup of boiling water; add one-fourth a cup of corn syrup, one cup and a fourth of sugar and let boil to 242°F. on the sugar

Continued on page 482



SIMPLE CHARLOTTE RUSSE WITH JELLY, SEE PAGE 482



# Menus for a Week in January

(FAMILY OF TWO)

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
(top of milk in bottle)  
German Almond Buns  
Stewed Prunes      Coffee

## Dinner

Pottage à la Aurore  
Lamb Chops (loin) Broiled  
Baked Sweet Potatoes  
Lettuce, French Dressing  
Simple Charlotte Russe  
( $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream)  
Oatmeal Macaroons      Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Sardines      Potato Salad  
Bread-and-Butter      Stewed Figs  
Fudge      Tea

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Grape Fruit  
Slice of Ham, Broiled  
Mashed Potato Cakes, Fried or Baked  
Corn Meal Muffins  
Cocoa

## Dinner

Round Steak en Casserole  
(onions, carrots, potatoes)  
Tomato Jelly, French Dressing  
Apple Pie      Cheese  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Kornlet Oysters (fritters)  
Bread (entire wheat) and Butter  
Canned Fruit  
Tea

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Fried Bananas      Broiled Bacon  
Grilled Sweet Potatoes  
Toast      Coffee

## Dinner

Pottage à la Aurore (left over)  
Steamed Lamb, Caper Sauce  
(2 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. fore quarter)  
Potatoes Steamed in Jackets  
Turnips, Steamed  
Fig Charlotte Russe (half recipe)  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Creamed (whole) Sardines on Toast  
Philadelphia Relish      Cream Cheese  
Baked Apples      Toasted Crackers

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Sausage, Stewed Potatoes  
Apple Sauce  
Buckwheat Griddle Cakes  
Coffee

## Dinner

Hamburger Steak  
French Fried Potatoes  
Celery  
Baked Indian Pudding, Cream  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Welsh Rabbit  
Apple Sauce  
Chocolate Fudge Cake  
Tea

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

French Hash (lamb and potato)  
Fried Rice, Honey Syrup  
Toast  
Coffee

## Dinner

Tomato Soup  
(lamb broth)  
Slice of Halibut, Sauté  
Mashed Potatoes      Creamed Turnips  
Home-Made Sour Pickles  
Apple Pie  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Hot Cheese Sandwiches  
Apple Sauce  
Cookies  
Tea

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Creamed Salt Codfish  
Baked Potatoes  
Home-Made Pickles  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Coffee

## Dinner

Turbans of Fresh Fish, Baked,  
Fish Bechamel Sauce  
Lettuce, French Dressing  
Mashed Potatoes  
Blushing Apples, Orange Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Oyster Stew  
Olives  
Celery-and-Apple Salad  
Bread and Butter

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Dried Beef, Broiled,  
Maitre d'Hotel  
Creamed Potatoes  
Rye Meal Muffins  
Cocoa

## Dinner

Slice of Beef, Tenderloin, Broiled  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Half Can String Beans  
Prune Whip, Boiled Custard  
Oatmeal Macaroons  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Mock Bisque Soup,  
Croutons  
German Apple Cake  
Tea

## Novel Menus for January Teas

### I

Small English Muffins, Toasted, Buttered  
Frozen Cream Cheese, Bar-le-duc  
Tea

### II

Tiny E'clairs filled with Welsh Rabbit  
Coffee

### III

Sandwiches  
Cheese-and-Pimento Filling  
Tea, with Lime Drops

### IV

Wafers, with Stars of Cream Cheese  
(Cheese mixed with cream and piped)  
Sandwiches of  
Bread and Mayonnaise or Sauce Tartars  
Tea

### V

Bread-and-Green-Salad Sandwiches  
Hot Chicken Bouillon

### VI

Celery Stuffed with Cheese  
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches  
Tea

### VII

German Crisps  
Jelly Macaroons  
Preserved Ginger  
Candied Grape Fruit Peel  
Cocoa with Marshmallows

### VIII

Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches  
Tea  
Napoleons  
Cocoa, Whipped Cream



## Menus for Chafing Dish Suppers

### I

Shrimp Canapés  
Lamb, Creole Style  
Rolls      Olives  
Meringues with Whipped Cream  
Grape Juice

### II

Tomato Bouillon  
Chicken Bechamel, in Swedish Cases  
Celery  
Lord Baltimore Cake  
Cocoa, Whipped Cream

### III

Oysters Scalloped in Chafing Dish  
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches  
Olives      Salted Nuts  
Little Mocha Cakes or Tree Cake  
Grape Juice

### IV

Fresh Mushroom Cocktail  
Curried Macaroni, in Chafing Dish  
Individual Baba, Wine Sauce

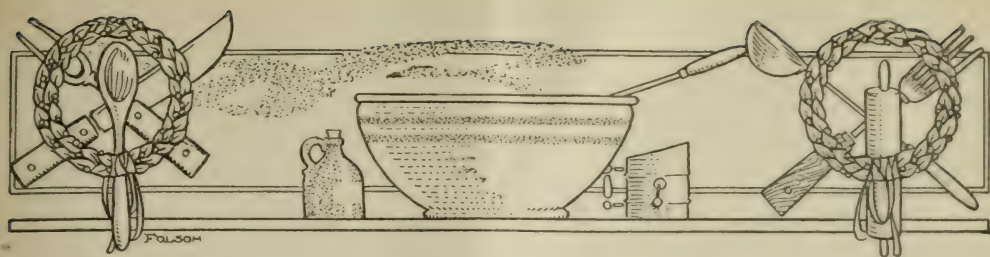
### V

Bread-and-Cheese Croutons  
Creamed Oysters  
Pineapple Sherbet

### VI

Olives      Salted Nuts  
Welsh Rabbit-on-Toast with Sardines  
Sliced Pineapple





## Demonstrations In Cooking

By Janet M. Hill

**I**T is often desirable to give instruction in cooking, at small expense, to a large group of women. Without doubt, beginners in cooking will get much more from a lesson in which the actual work, from start to finish, is done by each individual, but the cost of materials and equipment for such work is often prohibitive and the "demonstration" is decided on as the next best procedure. A certain number of dishes are prepared in the presence of a group of women, who are thus enabled to go home and prepare these and similar dishes intelligently. If more demonstrations in cooking were given at any one place, the classes could be graded and the subjects be presented in a more scientific and philosophical manner than is usually done.

As it is, young girls without any experience in cooking, women who have no knowledge of food values, graduates of domestic science schools, and women with no incentive but to get something new in fancy cooking, are gathered before the demonstrator, who must try and adapt her work to the needs of each. The demonstrator, having everything in readiness beforehand, must combine the ingredients in the several dishes accurately; she must watch carefully over the cooking, while her talk, explanatory of the various processes, must be constant and of sufficient interest to hold the attention of the audience. No one who is not quick of hand and alert in mind can expect to succeed as a demonstrator. Even when everything has been

prepared, as far as possible, beforehand, if more than one dish is to be presented to the audience, an assistant is an imperative necessity for a finished effort.

### The Platform and Accessories

For demonstration work the platform should not be raised very much above the floor. The arrangement best suited for giving a view to the greatest number of people is where the table and stove of the demonstrator are on the floor and the seats are raised, one above the other, around the front and sides.

The table behind which the demonstrator stands should be small; and it should hold nothing but the articles needed for the dish that is being prepared. At the right of the demonstrator, and well forward, should stand the stove with oven opening directly in front of the audience.

A second table at the back of the demonstrator is desirable; upon this should be disposed the utensils and materials needed for the dishes to be prepared later in the demonstration. These should be disposed in groups, all the articles belonging to any one dish being grouped together, and in such manner that they may be set before the demonstrator with the fewest possible trips between the tables.

When possible, especially if demonstrations are to be given daily for a week or more, a refrigerator in the background, near the table of supplies, will be found most helpful in facilitating the work. Ice is needed to chill gelatine

mixtures, and chilled cream and eggs may be beaten most expeditiously.

### Subjects for Demonstrations

Have a subject; then let the dishes prepared be such as will illustrate some phase of the subject. An introduction might be in the nature of an embellished definition, perhaps; then illustrate the subject by preparing the dishes. In the first dish keep close to the ideas set forth in the definition, then illustrate by giving variations from the main idea. When all the dishes are prepared, give a short resumé of the main points or principles taught or illustrated, and emphasize the points in each dish, upon which a successful result depends. Close with a pleasant thought or suggestion that may be kept in mind while the class are at work during the interim before the next lesson. This suggestion might be an interesting quotation or aphorism, such as may be found in the works of Savarin or Reynière.

Such subjects as Bread, Soups, Salads, Desserts, etc., are each more than amply sufficient for a complete demonstration, but sometimes the attention of a mixed or ungraded audience can be held more closely, if the subject chosen be such as will include the presentation of dishes of a more diversified character. For instance, with "A Company Luncheon" as the subject, a soup, an entrée, rolls, cake and a dessert or sweet dish might be included in the dishes presented. It can readily be seen that with the latter subject the main idea is the proper menu for a company luncheon, and that the secondary subjects—soup, yeast mixtures, cake, etc., can be entered into—on account of lack of time—but in the most casual manner. This subject might be selected where a single demonstration is to be given, or following a series on such subjects as "Soup," "Bread, Rolls and Yeast Mixtures," "Cake," etc.

As a rule, emphasize principles, not recipes; teach in such a manner that as large a proportion of the audience as

possible may be able to formulate other recipes of the same class, with different ingredients from those you have used.

Though you do not "teach recipes," you must know the list of ingredients and the quantity of each to be used in any dish. If you are properly trained, the proportions to be used will never trouble you. How much salt and pepper are needed to season one cup, one pint, one quart, four quarts? Knowing the proportions for one cup, a knowledge of primary-grade arithmetic is all that is needed. The proportions of liquid and thickening for a sauce, a batter, or a dough, once learned, can not be forgotten; being conversant with the above and other similar fundamentals, the giving of the several ingredients of the recipes is a simple matter; the proportions follow the rule, but if there be exceptions to the rule, your business is to emphasize the exceptions. Be able to suggest alternatives for the main items in the dish and know from personal experience which article will give the best result, in any particular case. It is not wise to attempt the preparation of a dish that you have not previously made. The demonstrator should be able to prepare the dish without giving too close attention to the process; be able from much experience to do the work almost automatically, for you must be able to talk while the hands are occupied. Also as demonstrator you must have studied the main subject and the various secondary subjects from every side. You must be filled with the subject, and have so trained the memory that the sight of certain articles of food, certain dishes and methods of procedure will stimulate the mind to recall interesting and helpful suggestions in regard to each.

### Preparation of Materials Before-hand

To insure rapid completion of the work, make ready in advance, as far as possible, the various ingredients to be



used. It takes a much shorter time to show how to chop an article, or how to prepare bread crumbs for breading croquettes or ch6ps, than it does to actually prepare the quantity of such articles needed. Have all tedious processes completed in advance; show how each is done and have some of the finished product passed around the class, while you go on and complete the dish.

### Order of Work and Number of Dishes

Begin the lesson with the preparation of the dish that takes the longest time to cook, or, as in the case of some ices and

gelatine desserts, the longest time before it can be presented for inspection. The number of dishes that may be prepared in a demonstration depends on the time required for each, and the length of time to be given to the demonstration. It is vastly better to have the demonstration too short than too long. The demonstrator must keep up her enthusiasm until the last word has been said, and zeal will surely melt away with the swish of skirts of a departing audience.

*Note.*—In the February number Mrs. Hill will give the outlines of the first of a series of demonstrations in Cooking.

## What the Average Housekeeper Should Know About Balancing Meals

By Jessamine Chapman

**M**OST housekeepers hold up their hands in despair when a suggestion concerning *food values* is mentioned to them. Many seem to feel it is a subject too scientific for the untrained to grasp, requiring the chemist, biologist, or physiologist to interpret. And, again, they feel they have satisfied the appetites of the family heretofore and received their blessings for the good things set on the table, and why bother further about the question of feeding. But the progressive and inquisitively-minded sort of housekeeper will wish to know if she can do better by understanding the fundamental principles governing the proper selection and combination of foods.

Activity necessarily makes two demands;—*material* to build up and repair the wear and tear caused by this activity, and *fuel* to burn, making activity possible by the transformation of heat into energy or power to do work. A distinct, repairing material, namely, *protein*, found abundantly in meat, eggs, cheese, nuts, etc. and two distinct groups, namely, *carbohydrates* (starches and sugars) and

*fats* furnishing *fuel* for our activities, are needed. These last named groups, since both are fuels, are interchangeable, but we economically draw from both sources.

A properly balanced meal must, therefore, furnish *protein* (building material) and carbohydrates and fats (fuel material).

As a guide, a table giving foods rich in each of these groups might hang in the kitchen near the recipe books, or better yet, be stored away in the brain of the housekeeper, and made use of three times a day in planning her menus:—

FOODS	RICH IN	VALUE
Meat Fish Eggs Cheese Milk Almonds Pine nuts	Protein and fat	Furnish (1) Tissue-building material (2) Fuel
Peas Beans Lentils Oatmeal Wheat Peanuts	Protein and carbohydrate	(1) Tissue-building material (2) Fuel

FOODS	RICH IN	VALUE
Butter Cream Meat fats Egg yolks Olives Vegetable oils	Fats	Fuel
Sugar Candy Honey Molasses Ripe fruits Starchy vegetables as Potatoes Corn Cereal grains	Carbohydrates	Fuel

But the problem of a properly balanced dietary is not solved yet, and it is here that the failure is often made. A diet containing pure protein, fat, and carbohydrate would cause starvation even more quickly than if all food were withheld. A balanced diet must contain *mineral salts*, or ash, yielding an abundant supply of iron, phosphorus, calcium, magnesium, and potassium. What foods supply these salts? Here, again, a tabulated list may be made use of, that the housekeeper may be sure she is including these essentials in her menus:—

### FOODS SUPPLYING

Iron	Calcium	Magnesium	Phosphorus	Potassium
Spinach Dried Beans Dried Peas Whole wheat Meat Egg yolks Prunes Raisins	Milk Dried Peas Dried beans Celery Cabbage Parsnips Citrous fruits	Meat Peas Beans Milk Prunes	Meat Milk Egg yolk Whole wheat Dried peas Dried beans	Potatoes Parsnips Cabbage Turnips Apples

A third consideration for the housekeeper, in planning her menus, is to see that she is supplying *bulk*, a ballast or a certain amount of "wadding." While there is little or no real food value in this, its function is important in regulating the digestion, and the eliminating processes of the body. Fresh fruits and green vegetables are the chief sources for this filling material.

At first, it may seem bewildering to attempt a selection of food for a meal that will supply protein, fat, carbohydrate, and all the mineral salts, and bulk, but this can be done even with the simplest of menus. Some simple menus will serve to show how this may be done:—

#### MENU I (BREAKFAST)

Oatmeal with whole milk  
Prunes

Here the oatmeal furnishes the necessary protein and carbohydrate. The milk adds fat and is also rich in protein and carbohydrate. Iron is supplied by the

prunes; calcium and phosphorus by the milk; magnesium by the oatmeal, and potassium by the prunes. The proper amount of bulk as well is furnished by this menu.

#### MENU II (LUNCHEON)

Baked Beans Brown Bread  
Baked Apple

In this menu all the requirements are satisfied also, yet note the simplicity of it.

#### MENU III (DINNER)

Old Fashioned Boiled Dinner  
Meat Potatoes Cabbage

This one dish alone gives the balance required and is a meal in itself.

In contrast to these most simple yet balanced meals, examples might be given of meals which seem to have much more food value, but are poorly balanced.

#### MENU I (BREAKFAST)

Buttered Toast (White bread)  
Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup  
Coffee



The lack of protein, of iron and other minerals can be noted at once. The menu is also too concentrated. The addition of a fresh fruit would supply both mineral salts and bulk.

#### MENU II (LUNCHEON)

Cream of Corn Soup with Croutons  
Macaroni, Tomato Sauce  
Rice Croquettes  
Cake and Preserves Tea

There is an over-abundance of carbohydrate in this menu, both sugars and starches, a lack of mineral matter, and with all a combination of rather indigestible foods; yet at first glance this seems a satisfying meal.

#### MENU III (DINNER)

Lima Bean Soup  
Roast Lamb, Peas

Cheese Custard  
Egg-and-Sardine Salad  
Mince Pie Cheese  
Coffee

Here is an example of a menu too rich in protein, found in abundance in the bean soup, meat, peas, custard, salad, pie, and cheese. It is also too concentrated. A light salad and a light dessert would help to balance this menu.

A properly balanced meal need not be a complicated, difficult-to-prepare one, but may be of the greatest simplicity. Simple menus can be enlarged easily, and as great a variety given as desired, provided they contain the proper combination of foods, some protein, some carbohydrates and fat, some mineral salts, and in addition the necessary bulk.

## Seattle's Market Place

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

**F**EW markets have such ideal surroundings as that of Seattle. To the West, where one can look leisurely down upon it from the market, shimmers Elliott Bay, with West Seattle fringing its shores on the opposite side, and a range of mountain peaks limned against a sky, rivalling, in summer, Italy's azure dome. Eastward from the entrance stretches Pike street, intersected by broad, business avenues, while North and South is First Avenue, busy always with the whirr and hum of traffic. Rows of stalls on either side of the market, offer a tempting array of fruit and vegetables, and it would seem as though the high cost of living were a myth, when one learns that, native strawberries may be purchased for twenty cents per box, or three for a half dollar, huckleberries, two pounds for fifteen cents, apples, from five cents per basket to one dollar and a quarter per box, and tomatoes, three pounds for a dime; while peaches, pears, bananas,

oranges, grapefruit, melons, lemons, figs, grapes, limes, etc., are offered proportionately low. Stall, after stall, with Japanese vendors in the majority, and an occasional Greek, or Italian, present a variety of vegetables, such as water-cress, two bunches for five cents, cauliflower from five to twenty-five cents, crisp chicory or head lettuce, two for a nickel, parsnips, turnips, carrots or beets, four bunches for five cents, fine cabbages, two for five cents, squash and pumpkins, from five cents upward, rutabagas and cucumbers, three for a nickel, celery five and ten cents per bunch, radishes and green onions, three bunches for five cents, sweet corn from ten cents per dozen upward. Then there are sweet and white potatoes, dry onions, peppers, string beans, and scarlet runners, parsley, japanese turnips, egg-plant, and garlic, all offered at wonderfully low prices. "Horseradish Jim" is the sign over a small stand, while further along is another,—"Horseradish Jerry,"

either will grind to order a generous package of the genuine hot stuff for ten cents. All the stalls, mentioned, are on the outer edge of a covered walk, and business is here conducted daily (Sundays excepted) summer and winter, in the open air. On the wall side are stores, such as eggs and butter, fruit, florists, grocers, tea and coffee, fish and meat. Passing along this avenue, one comes to the new extension, where a magnificent view of harbor, mountains, and adjacent towns, is unfolded. Here at the right of the walk, vegetable stalls continue, while on the left farmers, men, and women, vend poultry, eggs, cheese, butter, hominy, home-made preserves and pickles, cut flowers, shrubs, plants, apples, quinces, live chickens, ducks, and rabbits, with sometimes live puppies. Downstairs are to be found fruit stalls, meat, fish, canned goods, eggs, butter and cheese, groceries, relishes, and condiments, bakery products, lunch counters, and confections. Across the street, the city side, is a repetition of booths, stalls, and stores, where poultry may be purchased alive and dressed to order. Here is located the Sanitary Market building, which extends through to First Avenue. The outdoor stalls and those within this building, are free to farmers, a nominal rental being paid by vendors of fruit, groceries, etc.

Pike Place Market was made possible through the efforts of a public-spirited citizen, about six years ago, when the system of the middle-man robbed farmer and consumer, so the experiment was tried of giving opportunity to the producer to sell direct to the consumer,—a plan found so feasible that today this market is an institution patronized by rich and poor, alike. Here my lady of wealth, rubs elbows with her of meagre

pocketbook. Automobiles await many of the purchasers, and so much of a fad has it become for the mistress of the household to market personally, that no one makes comment, when women board cars, carrying shopping baskets or bags, stuffed to their utmost capacity. For the market is a great temptation to the home provider. At this season, salmon is very plentiful, and, at any of the fish stalls, may be bought for seven and a half cents per pound, or twenty-five cents for a whole one, weighing about six or seven pounds. Turbot or red snapper sells at two pounds for a quarter, halibut, three pounds for twenty-five cents; sole, smelts, bass, halibut cheeks, catfish, flounder, or fresh herrings, are offered at ten cents per pound, while deep sea crabs may be bought from fifteen to twenty-five cents; shrimps, ten cents per pound, and clams, ten cents for a heaping measure. In Seattle, one may feast on a fish or vegetable diet, at an exceedingly small cost, and the wonder is that fish has not been found as good to serve other days in the week as well as on Friday. It is declared to be a far healthier meat food than animal flesh, and is certainly beneficent in reducing the high cost of living. The day may not be far distant, when a fish diet will become a necessity, if the meat supply continues, as now seems imminent, to grow less yearly.

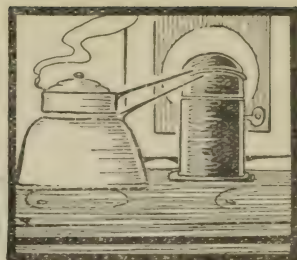
With earth's plentiful harvest of highly nutritious vegetables, and the waters' generous yield of fish, Seattle's conditions for providing palatable food-stuffs, are certainly favorable, while, added to these, is the delight of marketing where a panorama of nature's gorgeous scenery unfolds to the view, and God's free air is breathed, under a dome as fair as any in the wide, wide world.







# HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

## Random Talkers

WHAT a relief it is to meet people who have not cultivated artificial animation, and whose nerves do not drive the talking like a race horse!

Generally speaking, women have a distaste for silence; though many times "it is golden"; she seldom permits herself to consider what she says, but just rushes on, scattering words broadcast. How many know that "by our words we are justified"? also that "thoughts are things"?

Girls, yes, boys, too, should be taught while young the art of being silent, but interestingly silent. A "good listener is better than a good talker," is an old though true saying, for such are rare.

Learn to talk connectedly, intelligently, and not restlessly; it is so tiresome to be obliged to hear and see restless, nervous, animated people. The woman who can enter a room leisurely and start a conversation with dignity, who is calm and poised, and does not flutter like a caged bird, will find herself welcomed everywhere and has the social position in her hands. To meet a woman of this kind is like coming across an oasis in a desert, or a spring of clear, cool water on a hot day; she is so refreshing, and, may I add, rare! Others will unconsciously respond to and imitate her soothing manner.

Those who desire to be attractive must bear in mind a warning against breathless, mag-pie, idle chattering; it is unsatisfactory in the extreme; it never draws people, on the contrary it repels!

Natural vivacity is charming, so is simplicity, but gush is abominable. L. N.

## Oatmeal for Thee and Thine

THOUGH neither a business woman, nor a public woman, I have had much experience, a large family, and a small income.

Seeking the strongest muscles, soundest flesh, rosiest cheeks, and the most active brains, I have sifted all varieties of food products to the bottom, and the result is,—OATMEAL.

My small baby eats or almost drinks the gruel. My children and husband eat the porridge in the morning. For supper I cut the oatmeal, left from breakfast, in slices, dip in an egg, well beaten, and fry it brown. This is improved by using the drippings from the breakfast bacon for fat.

Sometimes I serve it cold with milk and sugar. For company, it is very attractive, poured in molds. I use little cups. This makes it quiver like jelly, when it is turned out in glass saucers. Use whipped cream, powdered sugar and a maraschino cherry on top. My favorite recipe is for nut cakes.

- 1 cup of sugar.
- 1 cup of shortening. I prefer butter.
- 4 teaspoonfuls of sour milk.
- 4 even teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in the milk.
- 2 eggs.
- Spice to taste. I prefer cinnamon and cloves.
- 1 cup of raisins.
- 1 cup of nuts, chopped or cut up.
- Drop on buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

These bring a ready sale at church teas.

For ten years I have been on the board of managers of The Children's

Home. Oatmeal is used continuously and plentifully. The matron is Scotch, and insists on boiling it four or five hours. This I do not deem necessary, but admit it is most delicious. She always keeps the porridge pot boiling, and it has to boil, with a sputter, to feed fifty children.

It is excellent when prepared with a fireless cooker. You may use a steamer, a double kettle, or an ordinary sauce pan, with boiling water.

It may be used all the time, by all the people. We all like to feel our oats. The National oats, the Quaker Oats, and Mother's Oats, agree with me.

L. M.

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### Much for Little Money

**A**LTHOUGH food is high, yet in certain markets one may save something. For instance, cranberries and nuts from a store paying small rent can be bought cheaper and are just as good as those from a more fashionable house. Speaking of cranberries, at ten cents per quart, a pint is but five cents. That much, with sugar, makes several good helpings. An apple with cranberries makes a nice jelly, if such be desired. Apples, at eight cents a quarter peck, for greenings, give good sauce, or make nice fried apples with some olive oil, which replaces meat for many.

A large loaf of rye bread costs only five cents, dried apricots, seventeen cents per pound, and less for smaller-sized fruit. These properly soaked and cooked and extended with tapioca, for a pudding, are delicious.

Mushrooms are fifty cents a pound, sometimes forty. That is dear, of course, but if one hungers for them and may not seek them in the fields, why, get ten cents' worth and make a mushroom sauce for anything suitable, or cook them with some red kidney beans, at eight cents per pound,—using, of course, less than a pound for a pound of mushrooms.

For a vegetable chowder get the dealer to mix you a bag of vegetables; a parsnip or two, carrots, onion, parsley, potatoes, celery; this with milk, (the unsweetened canned milk will answer at five cents per can or ten for large size) will make a delicious dish, provided you have some knowledge how to make it appetizing and savory.

Cabbages the writer found at three cents apiece, or two for five, a lot of small hearts, solid and nice for slaw and pickle, and looser heads fit for cooking with cream sauce like cauliflower.

Large plain cream cakes, at "two for five," at neat German bakeries, are fresh and nice and "fill up the small boy," while better ones, with "egg-custard filling," at three for ten cents, at more fashionable bakers, are fit for serving at nice tables.

Raisins are now sold, already seeded; these as well as the currants, put up in cleanly fashion fit for use, may be added to bread freely for nourishment as well as pleasure to the palate. Raisins may be stewed with lemon or orange peel for a sauce, or cooked with vinegar and spices, like any sweet pickle, for an appetizer.

Rice, the broken rice, is cheap; use this for creamed puddings, soups, waffles, etc. Use the perfect sized rice as a vegetable, with chopped onion and melted butter over it.

Peanut butter, bought in bulk, not in fancy glasses, but by the pound from the keg or bucket, answers for many purposes. It replaces butter and cold meat in large degree for children, hungry and hearty. Honey, and cream cheese may also replace butter at the present high prices, and at dinner, with rich brown gravies, butter need not be served at all. Accustom the family to bread sticks, and croutons, with soup, and plain bread throughout the meal.

Oatmeal, what is left from breakfast, may be made into scones, with white flour and baking powder, no eggs. Cut in rounds or diamonds and spread with



jam. This will replace cake, to a large degree, and costs less.

Gingerbread may be made from canned milk, or sour milk or cream. Save orange peel, dry and pound and add to the bread, or cook in sugar and water like any preserve. Slice the peel and add to puddings, cake, or fancy breads, with spices and other dried fruits, such as are on hand, prunes, figs, dates, apricots, raisins and currants.

Or use any of these, stewed in a simple sauce of sugar and water and a little butter and thickening, for pouring over bread puddings or cup puddings made from left-over cakes and bread mixed.

Food is high, but farmers and gardeners will take courage, when the new postal arrangements for parcels go into effect and producers and consumers come to know each other and deal more directly. Go into the suburbs of any large city and you will soon see fruit and vegetables going to waste for lack of labor; go farther back into the country and you may see over-abundance;—cherries rotting on the trees and no men or boys to harvest them for shipment to the cities. Near Philadelphia a wealthy banker paid three dollars and a half a day to men to harvest a corn crop; and pears lay rotting on the highway. Nearby a hundred-acre farm stands unused for lack of honorable tenants or trusty laborers to take care of stock, were such put upon it. Unused land is plentiful; the country is not yet over-crowded; the fault is with mankind, its unwillingness to work in the country.

J. D. C.

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### Cooking vs. Circumstances

**M**Y dear, will it be possible to give Dr. Johnson a bite of something to eat tonight at six o'clock?"

"Dr. Johnson, our Superintendent of Missions, supper!" And Mrs. Clarke looked at her husband as if he had suddenly gone mad.

"I said—," meekly replied the

Reverend Mr. Clarke." There is no help for it. I have just had a letter. He will be here between trains and I cannot take him to that so-called hotel. Let's see, it's one o'clock now. Make up some sandwiches and a cup of tea. Anything, that's a dear." That finished it, and the wife immediately began an inventory of present stock.

Reverend and Mrs. Clarke had been missionaries in the Canadian Northwest about two weeks, at a tiny place called Rising Sun, but their household effects were still en route. As the only hotel was out of the question as a residence, they, with the kindly assistance of neighbors, were camping in the Manse.

"Let me see, a coffee pot large enough to hold two cups, a stove, a small meat pan and not a bit of fresh meat to be had. Bob Clarke, help me to collect my scattered wits and I will make use of my boasted ingenuity. We can't give our superintendent plain bread and butter. Oh, for a table! I have our good silver in the trunk," and Mrs. Clarke audibly sighed.

"Hurrah for you," and Mr. Clarke jumped to his feet. "I will run over to Mr. Detlaff and get an empty packing box and tack on some legs. Think again, little woman, while I am gone."

Fortunately the baby was not awakened by lively thoughts, and by the time her husband was back, she had a few plans made. He came in with triumph in his eye. "See, the conquering hero comes. I will soon have a table made, though the poor man will have to fold up his legs or put them into the empty box he uses for a chair; but guess"—and he drew from the box and held before her wondering eyes, a plump prairie chicken. "Mr. Detlaff was out this morning, and he sent this, and his wife sent this table cloth and says you can have cups and plates."

"Good, good, we'll do, the poor man won't starve, anyway." And Mrs. Clarke began to make things fly. As she had so little to keep in order, her house was

ready without further effort. While her husband picked the chicken, she beat up some eggs in the coffee pot, added some sugar, creamed some butter, with her fingers, and added, a little at a time, and, contrary to all cook books, made a cake, hind side foremost. But it was good. The meat pan and the coffee pot were then washed and the chicken was put in the oven to roast. An icing was beaten up in the coffee pot, which graced the cake as if it had come from a silver bowl. After another washing, water was put in the coffee pot to boil for the potatoes. By the time they were done and put on the back of the stove to keep warm, the chicken was sending forth odors sufficient to make everyone think only of hunger. Mrs. Clarke once more washed (this time scrubbed) the indispensable coffee pot, and, again boiling water, put the tea in between two teaspoons. Then she put on the table a dish of yesterday's left-over (this is a true story) cranberries and announced "tea is served."

Dr. Johnson did not know all the mechanisms of that supper, but he ate as we all love to see men eat. Though there was no chicken left over for salad for the next day, Mrs. Clark dropped to sleep that night with a smile on her face and the words of her husband ringing in her ears: "Circumstances often alter the efforts of the cook, but mine alters the circumstances."

E. H. A.

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### Fingers Out of the Cooking!

The old-fashioned cook regarded her fingers as the most useful tool of her collection. She used them with curious dexterity in all sorts of culinary tricks. From the kneading of bread and the shaping of cookies, to wiping the last drop of the egg or batter from the bowl, her fingers were in the processes. The invention of every imaginable tool for every imaginable and unimaginable culinary feat has put fingers out of commission. The scientific theories of germs, and the fear of communicating

disease have made us all more careful. The finger nails cannot be immaculate, and the pores of the skin can hold all sorts of microbes, which ordinary washing cannot reach. Cleanliness is now regarded as a necessity of sanitary living, not a fastidious notion of the over fussy. It behooves every good housekeeper to keep her fingers out of the cooking!

E. M. H.

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WHEN serving hot cakes for breakfast, I heat the molasses and butter together, using a generous tablespoonful of butter to a cup of syrup, and serve it hot. This is delicious and is economical also, as less butter is used than when it is spread on the cakes and allowed to melt.

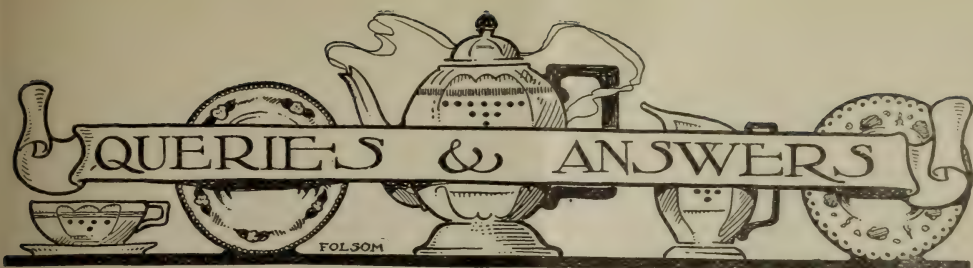
Use a nutmeg grater to grate off the burnt crust from bread or cakes. For delicate cake this is much easier than cutting off the crust with a knife.

Tomato sauce is an appetizing addition to hot, meat loaf. This is quickly made from canned tomato soup. For a family of six persons use a half-pint can, which sells for ten cents. The soup is simply heated without adding water, and poured over the meat loaf.

In cooking for an invalid, I prepared meat croquettes in the ordinary way and then placed them in the oven and baked them. Since then I prefer this method to frying. The croquettes stay in shape, brown evenly, and are more digestible.

A Southern cook recommends that a little sugar be added to the water in which certain vegetables are cooked. For six or eight sweet potatoes, add a heaping teaspoonful of sugar to the water in which they are boiled, or sprinkle it over them if baked. A level teaspoonful of sugar added to a quart of new peas imparts a delicate flavor. A similar amount may be used with young cabbage, beans, turnips, or beets.





**T**HIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. **BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.**

**QUERY 1925.**—“How many eggs are required in the recipe for ‘Chocolate Nougat Cake’ given on page 375 of the December, 1912, copy of the magazine?”

### Eggs in Chocolate Nougat Cake

Three eggs are the number needed for this cake; the word “the” in the recipe, as given, should read “three.”

**QUERY 1926.**—“Recipes for Orange and Mint Paste.”

### Orange Turkish Paste

3 level tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine	Grated rind of 2 or 3 oranges
$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of orange juice	2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
2 cups of granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of candied cherries, chopped fine
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of cold water	

Let the gelatine stand in the orange juice until it has absorbed the most of it. Stir the sugar and water over a slack fire until the sugar is dissolved, add the gelatine and grated rind, heat to the boiling point; let boil 20 minutes after boiling begins; remove from the fire, add the lemon juice and fruit and turn into an unbuttered pan. Let stand in a cool place overnight. To unmold sift confectioner’s sugar over the top of the paste; lift one edge with a pointed knife, then slowly and gently pull the paste in a compact sheet, from the pan and dispose on a board dredged with sugar. Cut the paste into cubes, roll the cubes in the sugar to coat well.

**QUERY 1927.**—“Which is the proper way of serving Bouillon—in cups on a small plate set on the dinner plate, or in cups on simply the small plate? Is anything served with bouillon? Is the bouillon, when served in cups, sipped from the cup or taken from a spoon?”

### Serving Bouillon

Bouillon is served at luncheon and suppers. It is served in cups and may be taken directly from the cup, or, a bouillon spoon may be used. The proper bouillon spoon is short-handled and, being the only spoon that can be safely left in the cup, is the only one that should be offered with the bouillon. At buffet suppers bouillon is universally taken directly from the cup, and there is no objection to the same procedure at luncheon. Bread sticks or a roll may be provided with bouillon, but quite generally these are dispensed with. If service plates mark the “covers”, and the custom of the family is to have a plate in front of each guest, consecutively, until the table is cleared for the dessert, set the small plate holding the bouillon cup upon the service plate.

**QUERY 1928.**—“What is the proper way of taking Tea and Coffee, directly from the cup or by means of a spoon?”

### Taking Tea and Coffee

If there be any good reason why it is not equally proper to take beverages from the cup or from the spoon, we fail to grasp it. If any one can suggest why one method is preferable to the other,

we will be pleased to give the matter publicity.

QUERY 1929.—“When Salad is served on individual plates, should it be eaten at once, or, a little at a time, with the meat course?”

### When Salad Should Be Eaten

A green salad; served with a meat or fish course, is supposed to be eaten with that course; if one prefers to eat the fish or meat first and then the salad, it is perfectly proper to do so.

QUERY 1930.—“When (hot) Rolls are served, one at each plate on the napkin, how should the napkin be folded?”

### Napkin for Rolls

At a formal dinner, the rolls are not “hot”, but have been from the oven half an hour or longer. The napkins are folded square, with the corner upon which the monogram is, or would be, embroidered, uppermost. The roll, or thick square of bread is laid between the folds, emerging enough to be in plain sight.

QUERY 1931.—“When Nuts or Olives are served individually, what kind of small dish should hold them? Are paper cases suitable for this purpose?”

### Individual Dishes for Nuts

Individual dishes for serving nuts may be found in china, glass and silver. Paper cases might be used for serving salted nuts, but we see no reason for serving olives individually.

QUERY 1932.—“Recipe for Frozen Pudding (with cherries and other fruit in it).”

### Frozen Pudding

To a chocolate cream ice, that made with eggs preferred, add when frozen a generous half pound of fruit—sultana raisins, cleaned currants, slices of citron and French candied fruit, cut small. Cook the fruit until very tender in a heavy syrup, or let stand over night in

Jamaica rum to cover, then drain and chill. When well-mixed with the ice, put into a melon mold, lined with lady-fingers, and pack in three parts of ice to one of salt. Let stand an hour. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened or with a sauce. The lining of lady-fingers may be omitted.

### Chocolate Cream Ice

2 to 4 ozs. of chocolate	1 level tablespoonful of cornstarch or arrowroot
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	1 pint of cream
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of boiling water	Yolks of three or more eggs
1 pint of rich milk	1 tablespoonful of vanilla
1 cup of sugar	

Melt the chocolate; add the sugar and boiling water and stir constantly until smooth and boiling, then add to the milk, scalded over hot water. Into this mixture stir the cornstarch or arrowroot, mixed with half of the sugar; stir constantly until thickened slightly; then, occasionally, for about fifteen minutes; beat the yolks of eggs, add the other half of the sugar and beat again; then mix with a little of the hot mixture, and when well blended stir into the hot mixture; add the cream and strain. When cold add the flavor and freeze.

### Sauce for Frozen Pudding, Nesselrode Pudding, Etc.

Beat the yolks of three eggs until thick; add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and beat again. Stir over the fire in a double-boiler until the mixture thickens a little. Then pour into a cold dish and beat until it is cold, light and creamy. Flavor to suit the taste, and then mix in, lightly, a cup and a half of cream, whipped to a dry, stiff froth.

QUERY 1933.—“What is a Spice Bag? What constitutes a Kitchen Bouquet (not the liquid preparation)? What is meant by Savory Herbs?”

### Spice Bag

A “spice bag” is a mixture of seeds, powdered sweet herbs and spices, tied in



a bit of cheesecloth. The bag is used for flavoring soups and meat dishes.

### Faggot or Kitchen Bouquet

For flavoring soups and sauces what is known as a faggot, or kitchen bouquet, is used. This commonly consists of a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, or sweet marjoram, and two or three cloves, wrapped and tied within two or three small sprigs of parsley. Yellow rind of lemon may be added. When seeds, as celery and pepper-corns, are used, the whole may be tied in a bit of cheesecloth. The object is to secure easy removal from the hot liquid.

### Savory Herbs

Savory herbs are such as are well-tasted; they are to be distinguished from aromatic herbs, which are simply sweet-scented. Some herbs, as sweet basil, may be both aromatic and savory.

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QUERY 1934.—“Why should salt be omitted from Kohl-Rabi when it is set to cook? Give recipes for Kohl-Rabi. Are Kohl-Rabi and Celery-root the same plant? Is Celery-root the same as the French *celeri-rave*?”

### Salt in Cooking Kohl-Rabi

Kohl-rabi, like turnips, parsnips and carrots, contains much cellulose, which we wish to make tender. Salt tends to harden the water to which it is added, and also the cellulose; thus it is not used until the vegetable is about cooked.

### Recipes for Cooking Kohl-Rabi

Kohl-rabi may be cooked by any of the recipes commonly used for turnips. It is good in cream sauce, either with or without cheese and buttered cracker crumbs. The upper and more tender half of the globes may be served in any of the ways in which artichoke bottoms are used. The boiled slices are particularly good with Hollandaise sauce.

### Kohl-Rabi, Stuffed

Pare six or eight medium kohl-rabi; let cook in unsalted water until tender;

drain and cut out the center, to leave a hollow shell or cup. Season the inside with salt. To a cup of chopped (cooked) meat, chicken or veal, add a tablespoonful of fine-chopped green or red pepper pod, a tablespoonful of grated onion, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a cup of soft bread crumbs, moistened with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and enough cream sauce to bind the whole together. Use this in filling the shells. Cover the mixture with three-fourths a cup of cracker crumbs, mixed with one-fourth a cup of melted butter, and set into the oven to become very hot and to brown the cracker crumbs. Serve with a cup and a half of cream or Bechamel sauce, poured around the shells on the serving dish. Fresh mushrooms, broken in small bits and cooked in butter, may be used in place of the chicken or with the chicken. For a change add two tablespoonfuls of chopped ham (cooked) to the chicken.

### Kohl-Rabi and Celery Root

Kohl-rabi and celery root are not the same plant. The part of kohl-rabi that is eaten grows just above the ground. It is globular in shape, shading from white to purple in color, and the leaves grow out from the sphere in rows and at regular intervals.

### Celeriac and Celeri-Rave

Celeriac, celery root and the French *celeri-rave* are undoubtedly one and the same vegetable.

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QUERY 1935.—“Sometimes, in recipes for Boston Baked Beans, directions are given to refrain from throwing the water in which the beans are cooked into the sink. Why is this practice objectionable?”

### Care of Bean Water

The water in which beans are par-boiled smells rather strong. It seems to us better to throw it into the sink than upon the ground. A generous use of sal soda (.02 per pound), and water

from the faucet, would, at once, render the sink sweet and clean.

QUERY 1936.—“Is it advisable to cook Fruit Jellies by the thermometer? A friend tells me that she has perfect jelly, by cooking the juice and sugar to 224° for plum and 226° for berry jelly.”

### Fruit Jelly-and-Sugar Thermometer

Any one making jelly often would find no trouble in determining when the syrup had cooked to the proper point for removal from the fire. For a beginner in the art, a thermometer would be of great help. We are unable to verify the degrees given above. Apple juice and sugar, cooked to 220° F., by the sugar thermometer, on one occasion, gave a jelly rather too firm. The juice was cooked twenty minutes, then hot sugar was added. Three-fourths a cup of sugar was taken for each cup of juice.

QUERY 1937.—“Recipe for English Mustard.”

### English Mustard

An English authority, under “Mixing of Mustard,” says, “add a little salt and make with boiling water—for French mustard moisten with shallot, tarragon, garlic or any spiced vinegar, instead of boiling water.”

QUERY 1938.—“Recipe for White Mayonnaise.”

### White Mayonnaise

A recipe for mayonnaise dressing may be found on page 396 of the December number of the magazine. Use this recipe, but take lemon juice rather than vinegar. When ready to serve, beat in one cup of dry whipped cream. The cream is measured after beating. About one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper should also be added.

QUERY 1939.—“Should Caviare Canapés be eaten from the hand or with a fork?”

### Eating Caviare Canapés

It is perfectly proper to eat canapés

from the hand. If the foundation toast be at all crisp, they can be eaten with comfort in no other way.

QUERY 1940.—“Recipe for Orange Cake.”

### Orange Cake

$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of orange juice
1 cup of sugar	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour
Grated rind of 1 orange	1 teaspoonful of baking powder
2 yolks of eggs	2 whites of eggs

The measure of butter is half a cup, less one tablespoonful. The ingredients are enumerated in the order of use. Bake in a sheet. Cover with a frosting made of the grated rind of an orange, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, the juice of half an orange, and enough sifted confectioner's sugar to make a frosting that will not run from the cake.

### Orange Cake

The yolks of five eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of soda
The whites of four eggs	1 rounding teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar
2 cups of flour	
2 cups of powdered sugar	

Beat the yolks until light colored and thick; add the sugar gradually, then the whites of the eggs and the flour, sifted with the soda and cream-of-tartar. Bake in two pans  $11\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Finish with icing made with orange juice as given above.

QUERY 1941.—“Recipes for Mint Jelly, and a Pickle containing red and green peppers, cabbage and whole allspice, called Pepper Hash.”

### Apple Mint Jelly

Cut the apples in quarters, removing imperfections. Barely cover with boiling water, put on a cover and let cook, undisturbed, until soft throughout. Turn into a bag to drain. For a quart of this apple juice set three cups of sugar on shallow dishes in the oven to heat. Set the juice over the fire with the leaves from a bunch of mint; let cook twenty minutes, then strain into a clean saucepan. Heat to the boiling point, add the hot sugar and let boil till the syrup, when





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tested, jellies slightly on a cold dish. Tint with green color-paste very delicately. Have ready three to five jelly glasses on a cloth in a pan of boiling water. Let the glasses be filled with the water; pour out the water and turn in the jelly. When cooled a little remove to a board or table. This jelly keeps indefinitely.

### Mint Jelly with Gelatine

- |                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ a package of gelatine | $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of salt    |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of cold water   | $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of paprika |
| 1 cup of granulated sugar           | $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of mint leaves     |
| 1 cup of vinegar                    | Green color paste                      |

Soften the gelatine in the cold water. Boil the sugar and vinegar five or six minutes, add the softened gelatine, the salt, paprika, mint leaves, chopped fine, and color paste to tint as desired. Stir in ice and water until the mixture begins to thicken (that the mint may not settle); turn into small molds and set aside to become firm. When turned from the molds, garnish with the tips from fresh stalks of mint. This jelly is for immediate use.

### Pepper Hash (Marion Harland)

- |  |                          |
|--|--------------------------|
| 5 large green peppers                  | 3 tablespoonfuls of salt |
| 1 red pepper                           | 1 tablespoonful of sugar |
| 1 head of cabbage                      | Cider vinegar            |
| 2 tablespoonfuls of brown mustard seed |                          |

Remove the stem, seeds and veins from the peppers and the coarse, imperfect outer leaves from the cabbage. Chop the prepared vegetables very fine; add the other ingredients, using vinegar enough to cover the whole. Store in bottles or an earthen jar.

QUERY 1942.—"Recipes for Mince Meat and Dark Fruit Cake that is as light and spongy as it is possible to have a fruit cake."

### Mixture for Mince Pies

- |                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 4 pounds of cooked beef, chopped fine | 2 pounds of suet, chopped fine                          |
| 1 pound of sugar                      | By measure, twice the quantity of meat in chopped apple |
| 1 quart of molasses                   | 3 pints of boiled cider                                 |
| 4 quinces, chopped fine, or           |   |

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 glasses of quince jelly                          | $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of citron, cut fine |
| 3 pounds of large seedless raisins                 | 2 pounds of currants                    |
| 6 oranges, juice and grated rind                   | 2 lemons, juice and grated rind         |
| 1 tablespoonful, each, of ground cinnamon and mace | 1 grated nutmeg                         |
|  | 1 teaspoonful of ground cloves          |
|  | About two tablespoonfuls of salt        |

### Wedding Cake (10 Pounds)

- |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| 1 pound of butter                   | 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon                     |
| 1 pound of sugar                    | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of mace             |
| 1 pound of flour                    | $\frac{1}{2}$ pound candied peel, chopped     |
| 12 eggs                             | $\frac{1}{2}$ pound blanched almonds, chopped |
| 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of currants  | 1 nutmeg                                      |
| 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of raisins   |   |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of citron       |   |
| 1 teaspoonful of soda               |   |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of cloves |   |

Bake, in two loaves, two and a half hours.

### Imperial Cake

- |   |                                   |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of butter (1 cup)     | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of citron       |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of sugar (1 cup)      | $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of raisins    |
| The grated rind and juice of half a lemon | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of walnut meats |
|   | $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of flour      |
|   | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of soda |
|   | 5 eggs                            |

Add the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff, before the flour, on account of the absence of liquid to moisten. Reserve a little of the flour for dredging the fruit. Seed the raisins, cut the citron fine, and chop the nuts, and add the soda with the flour. Bake in a tube pan nearly an hour and a half. This cake is not as dark in color nor as rich as the one given above, but it is more spongy. A recipe for a very rich black cake will be sent on request.

QUERY 1943.—"Recipe for 'Mock Crab,' published in this magazine about twelve years ago, and, also, a recipe published about two years ago, for Christmas Cake, containing, besides other fruit, dates and candied cherries, also jelly or grape juice."

### Mock Crab

Cook a teaspoonful of fine-chopped onion in two tablespoonfuls and one-half of butter (in the blazer of a chafing dish) five minutes; add four tablespoonfuls of



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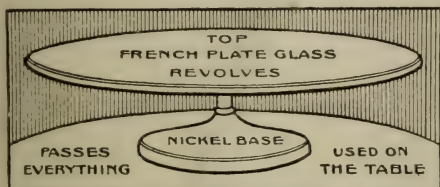
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flour and when blended with the butter stir in three-fourths a cup of milk; when the mixture boils, add one cup of kornlet, one teaspoonful and a fourth of Worcestershire sauce, one-third a teaspoonful of mustard, one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika and a few grains of cayenne. When again boiling set over hot water and stir in one beaten egg. Serve on thin crackers.

### Christmas Fruit Cake

Cream one cup of butter; beat into it one cup of sugar, two whole eggs, beaten light, one cup of sour milk, one cup of molasses, half a cup of grape juice or jelly, four cups of flour, sifted with one level teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of cloves and two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon. Lastly, mix in from one pound and a half to two pounds and three-fourths of fruit. In the illustration a mixture of figs, cut in bits, raisins, currants and candied orange peel were used. Dates are particularly good in this cake. Bake in two sponge cake or two bread pans in a very moderate oven about one hour and a half. Cover with boiled frosting and decorate with slices of figs or other fruit. Or cut in squares, two-thirds of an inch thick, cover with frosting and decorate with whole nut meats.

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QUERY 1944.—“Kindly give recipes for Jelly Pressed Tongue, flavored with tomatoes, onions and celery; Juicy Chicken Loaf, Mock Turtle Soup, Chop Suey containing celery, onions, and sweetbreads instead of mushrooms.”

### Jellied Pressed Tongue

Have a pickled tongue cooked very tender. It may be boiled or braised on a bed of vegetables, sliced tomatoes, onions and celery, with the same vegetables above. Remove the skin and uneatable portions from the tongue and set it to press overnight in a cool place, under a board bearing a weight. The next day cut the chilled tongue in very thin

slices and trim them as needed. Have ready five cups of chicken broth or of consommé, flavored with the desired vegetables. (See also clearing of stock in an up-to-date cook book). Have also two truffles, cut in slices or figures, some olives, sliced lengthwise, and two hard-cooked eggs, cut in quarters lengthwise, and the quarters in halves crosswise. Gelatine also is needed and the broth may be flavored with wine if desired. If the broth of itself jellies when cold, the quantity of gelatine may be lessened. For a broth that does not jelly one package of gelatine will be required. Let this soak in a cup of cold water, then dissolve in the five cups of hot broth. Set an oval Charlotte mold that holds five cups in a pan of ice and water and pour in a little of the prepared broth; when this is firm, set the pieces of egg upon it, the edge of the yolk against the sides of the mold and the pieces entirely around the mold. Set pieces of olive, capers, figures of truffle, etc., on the jelly in some regular pattern; put a few drops of aspic on each article to hold it in place, then cover with aspic; also fill the spaces between the pieces of egg and the mold with half-set aspic. Dip slices of tongue, cut to fit the mold, in aspic and press them against the sides of the mold to surround it. Add other decorations in same manner. Then fill the mold with the tongue and the aspic. Set the slices of tongue in the mold endwise rather than flat, that in serving whole slices may be taken from the end. Serve with fresh vegetable salad and French or Mayonnaise dressing.

### Chicken Loaf

Press the flesh of two chickens, weighing about four pounds, each, one-fourth a pound of fat salt pork and one cup of blanched almonds through a meat chopper; add, if convenient, one-fourth a pound of fresh mushrooms, chopped fine and cooked in two or three tablespoonfuls of butter, five minutes, one



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tablespoonful of salt, three eggs, well beaten, three tablespoonfuls of thick cream, one teaspoonful of pepper and, if desired, half a teaspoonful of mace or nutmeg, and half a cup of sifted, soft bread crumbs; mix all together thoroughly, then shape into a long narrow roll. Lay thin slices of fat pork in a baking pan and roll the loaf into the pan on the pork. Put slices of pork above. Bake about two hours, basting with the fat in the pan and additional fat, if needed. The oven must be hot for half an hour, and after that the heat should be very moderate.

### Mock Turtle Soup

$\frac{1}{2}$ a calf's head	1 onion with 3 cloves
2 tablespoonfuls of butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ a carrot
4 oz. of raw ham	2 stalks of celery
$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. knuckle of veal	Parsley, thyme and sweet basil
2 quarts of veal or chicken broth	2 tablespoonfuls of flour
3 quarts of cold water	$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of sherry
Mushroom trimmings or liquid from a bottle of mushrooms	1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
	Salt and cayenne pepper

Bone the carefully cleaned half-head, and separate the knuckle into pieces. Melt the butter in the soup kettle; add the pieces of veal knuckle and the ham in bits, also the broth, and let cook very slowly until the broth is very much reduced; then add the cold water and the bones and flesh of the head, and let heat to the boiling point; then skim and let simmer until the meat is nearly done. Then add all the ingredients, save the last four, and let simmer until the meat is tender. Remove the meat to be cut in neat squares and served in the soup. Strain off the broth, remove all fat, and thicken with the flour, smoothed in water; let boil on one side twenty minutes, skimming often; then add the sherry, lemon juice, salt and pepper and the pieces of meat.

Chop Suey with Sweetbreads

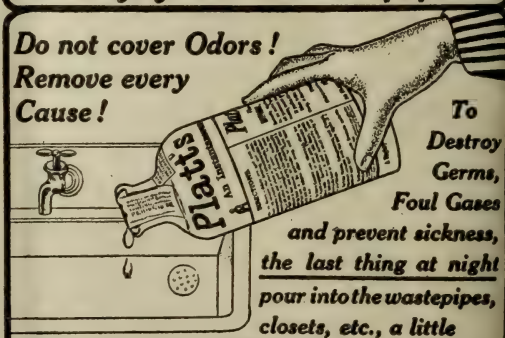
Cut tender fresh pork (lean) and

chicken, one or both, into very thin pieces an inch and a half in length and half an inch wide. Sauté these in fat tried out of fresh pork. Have ready half as much (in bulk), or more, of celery, cut transversely in inch lengths, and an onion, cut in small pieces. To the browned meat add the celery and onion, cover the whole with boiling water, chicken, or veal broth, and let simmer until nearly tender. Then add a pair of blanched sweetbreads cut in thin slices, sautéd in the fat from which the meat was taken. For about a quart of material stir a level tablespoonful of cornstarch with cold water to make a liquid paste, then stir it into the hot mixture. Continue stirring until the mixture boils, then add one or two tablespoonfuls of West India molasses, a teaspoonful or more of salt, and a tablespoonful or more of China soy. Enough soy should be added to make the dish of dark color. The molasses should give a slightly sweet taste. There should not be too large a quantity of sauce. Let stand, covered, over boiling water fifteen minutes or longer.



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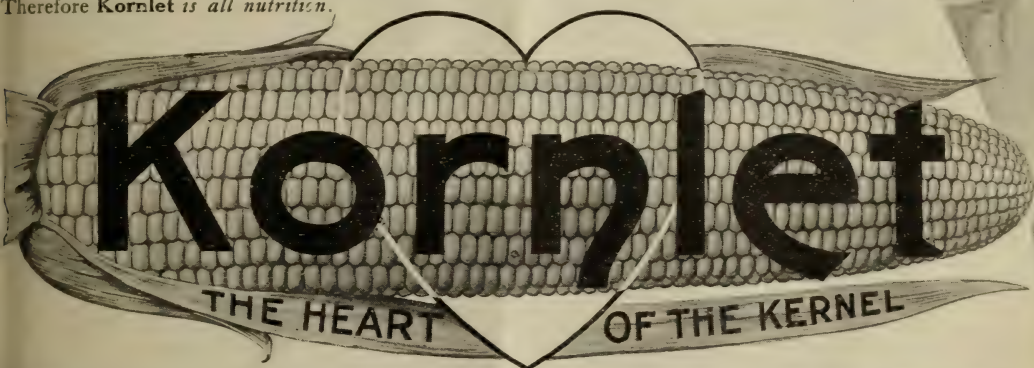
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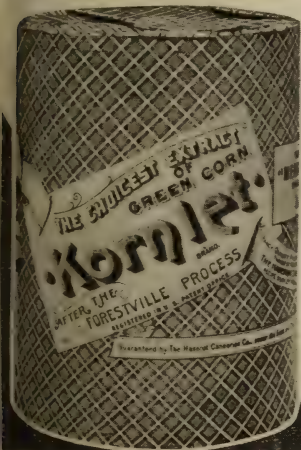
Book. "Maize (corn) is not only a highly nutritive meal, from the chemist's point of view, but has the further advantage of being very well digested in the body. It is also an economical food," says Robert Hutchison, M. D., the world's accepted authority on foods and their values. Kornlet contains a half more nourishment than ordinary canned corn.

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## New Books

*Dorothy Brooke at Ridgemore.* By FRANCES CAMPBELL SPARHAWK. Ill. Cloth, 8vo. \$1.50. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

This is the fourth volume in a series of pleasing stories, in which Dorothy Brooke is the charming heroine. Some mention of the other volumes of this series has appeared in these pages. Many of the same characters figure in this as in the preceding volumes. The narrative is equally full of happy incident and adventure, and in every respect is just as interesting and pleasing as the others.

Miss Sparhawk is to be congratulated for writing such a delightful series of stories for young girls,—yes, for young men and some elders, too. The character of Dorothy Brooke is sure to win favor

with the readers of these books. Her companions are quite as interesting, only different and less charming. There are those of whom much is expected, a few of whom all things are required. Dorothy Brooke belongs to the latter class, and she comes up in full measure to the requirements.

*A New Book of Cookery.* By FANNIE M. FARMER. Ill. Cloth. Price \$1.60 net. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Of this book the author in her preface says, "The results of the labors and experiments of the last seven years have, I believe, justified the publication of an entirely new work. It will be understood that this new work is in no sense a substitute for my earlier one, but rather a sequel. It is, then, a comprehensive survey of the progress of the last few years, and contains recipes economical and simple, as well as expensive and elaborate, covering the whole range of cookery." Perhaps no better description of this new piece of work can be given. The volume contains 440 pages of recipes, with illustrations, more than two hundred, and a complete index. It is a generous and fitting supplement to the author's well-known Boston Cooking-School Cook Book.

*A Laboratory Hand-book for Dietetics.* By MARY SWARTZ ROSE. Cloth. Price, \$1.10 net. New York: The MacMillan Company.

The purpose of this little book is to explain the problem involved in the calculations of food values and food requirement, and the construction of dietaries, and to furnish reference tables that will minimize the labor involved in such work, without limiting dietary study to a few food materials.

This purpose has been carried out carefully in detail. Hence the book is of especial value to teachers and stu-

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dents of dietetics. Investigations into the quantitative requirements of the human body have progressed so far, it is said, as to make dietetics, to a certain extent, an exact science, hence the importance of a quantitative study of food materials. Food values are estimated in terms of percentage composition, or calories; thus data is provided in determining the amount of food for any normal individual under varying conditions of age and activity.

Our indebtedness to science is very great; in the average home, however, we are reaping constantly the benefits of scientific study, without any very definite knowledge of chemical processes, just as we are enjoying the modern applications of electricity, with a vague idea of the meaning of volt, watt, ohm or ampere in electrical nomenclature. As a laboratory handbook, this little work must be useful, helpful and a great time-saver.

The United States Department of Agriculture have issued an illustrated pamphlet descriptive of the new Respiration Calorimeter, designed by Professor Langworthy for use in the study of problems of vegetable physiology, with an introduction concerning the processes in the natural and artificial ripening of fruits. Among other recent publications of this Department is an extremely valuable paper by Professor Langworthy upon "Green Vegetables and Their Uses in the Diet."

## Seasonable Recipes

*Continued from page 456*

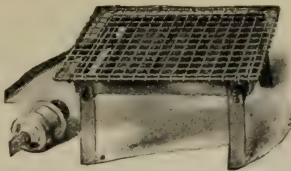
thermometer. Move the thermometer and stir under it, often at first, and almost constantly at the last, to avoid discoloring the syrup. Pour in a fine stream on the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Let cool somewhat before using.

### Simple Charlotte Russe with Jelly

To serve five, take one cup of double cream, one-fourth a cup of rich milk, a scant fourth a cup of sugar, and half a



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*Date Waffles*—Sift 2 cupfuls flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1-2 teaspoonful salt and 1 teaspoonful sugar into a basin, then add 1-4 pound Dromedary Dates chopped fine. Beat up the yolks of two eggs, add 1 cupful milk to them, add gradually to the flour mixture, then lightly mix in 1 tablespoonful melted butter and stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Fry on a hot, well greased waffle iron. Decorate with whole stoned dates. Serve hot with syrup.



HERE are no desserts more easily prepared, and more likely to please, than those made with dates. As an example, try the recipe above.

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teaspoonful of vanilla extract, or two  
tablespoonfuls of sherry wine. Beat un-  
til firm throughout. Line sherbet or  
other glass cups or paper cases with thin  
strips of sponge cake, or of lady fingers;  
let the strips of cake be of the same  
length and extend half an inch or more  
above the glass. Fill to the height of the  
cake with the prepared cream; decorate  
with bits of currant, quince or other  
jelly.

## Fig Charlotte Russe

Have ready six or eight figs, cooked  
tender in boiling water, sweetened with  
two or three tablespoonfuls of sugar, at  
the last of the cooking, and flavored with  
two tablespoonfuls of claret, sherry or  
lemon juice. Soften one-fourth a pack-  
age of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of  
milk, and dissolve in three-fourths a cup  
of hot milk; add one-fourth a cup of  
sugar, three or four of the figs, cut in  
small pieces, and the syrup in which they  
were cooked; set into a pan of ice and  
water and stir while the mixture chills;  
when beginning to set fold in one cup  
of cream, beaten firm. Turn into glass  
cups, lined with strips of sponge cake  
or of lady fingers, filling to the top of  
the strips of cake. Decorate with strips  
of cooked fig.

## Good Table Manners

Parents cannot be too careful in teach-  
ing their children all the small details  
which help to form refinement of char-  
acter. Children who are left too much  
to others are almost sure to acquire bad  
habits, for children are very quick to ob-  
serve and to imitate those with whom  
they associate.

If one has been brought up to have  
careful manners at home, one has them  
unconsciously elsewhere. All the little  
details of good breeding are then as fa-  
miliar as the alphabet to one who has  
been taught that attention to small  
things is always the effort of intelligent  
minds toward success. This applies to  
culture as much as to work, or the study  
and practice of any accomplishment.



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of flavor.

Prepared by

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LITTLE FALLS  
N. Y.



Manners, refinement, rules of good breeding are much discussed in these days, and we judge people severely by the breach of traditionary laws, and choose our society and even our friends by the touchstone of courtesy.

The first rule in social customs is to do nothing that may be disagreeable to others; therefore, at the table, a well-bred person is careful to avoid fidgeting about in his chair, or crumbling his bread, or playing with the silver or other articles; he is careful to eat slowly and with mouth closed, and not to talk with food in his mouth, nor does he make any sounds when eating or drinking.

Good manners require that one should be punctual at meals, and that one should not read at the table. In these days of haste this may seem an arbitrary rule at the breakfast hour, when one is tempted to glance at the news of the day, but true courtesy can never mean hearty or self-absorbed indifference to others.

And now to turn to practical suggestions. At home one may fold one's napkin, but the use of a napkin ring is not now general. When visiting one may fold the napkin, if the hostess does so.

One speaks of "eating" soup, not drinking it. Soup is taken from the side of the spoon, and sticklers on etiquette claim that when taking up the soup in the spoon the spoon should have a movement away from one, not toward one. It is bad form to try to take up the last drop of soup in the soup plate or to tilt the plate. Bread or crackers are not crumbled into the soup, but are eaten from the hand.

When one has finished, the fork and knife are placed close together in the middle of the plate. Never must a fork or knife rest on the side of the plate or with the handle on the table or tossed together in a slovenly fashion on the plate at the conclusion of a meal.

When a plate is passed for a second serving, the rule is to leave the knife and fork on it close together.



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The feature of the blade is the round end which prevents cutting through the outer skin. A grape fruit knife is a necessity as grape fruit are growing so rapidly in popularity as a breakfast fruit.

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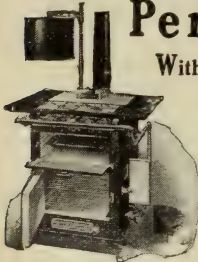
## Service of Lemons

One-fourth of a lemon per person is about the right proportion, whether it is for oysters, or any of the many fish and meat services, but the cutting of the lemon is the main point. Many absolutely spoil the lemon service by slicing lemons for every conceivable purpose. Now in the name of "things as they should be" how can anyone squeeze a slice of lemon without detriment to themselves? There is only one scientific way to do anything and that needs to be studied and reasoned out.

The guests, clad in the things that gladden the eye, will and must do their own lemon squeezing, because it is a fine art to judge just right for each one's taste, and it is less bother to squeeze than to direct. Consequently the preparation for the squeezing must be right. Now the help must cut the lemon and instructions must be given as to how to begin and why. First the ends must be cut off so that the lemon will rest securely between the thumb and index finger, and then it should always be cut lengthwise and never crosswise, for that spoils it for its proper function of being squeezed. If you are liberal with lemons, cut into four pieces lengthwise, but there are many who must be economical and careful in the use of this foreign fruit, and it may be cut into six pieces, each piece sufficient for six oysters. Cut in this way the guest gets the juice, there is no spattering on the clothes or anywhere else, and the juice goes on the food, and it is all because the lemon is cut scientifically.—*The Steward.*

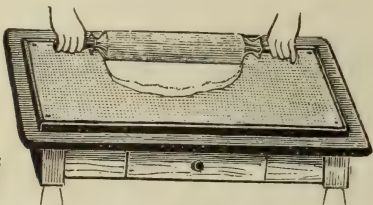
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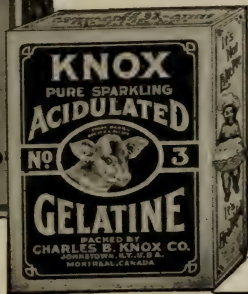
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Sometimes there is doubt about how much to provide for a given number of people. It is well to remember that a quart of ice cream may be made to serve six people, and that one pound of coffee will make about eight quarts of coffee, or enough to serve 30 people. However, the coffee must be made with care to get the most strength from it without loss of flavor. It is customary to tie the ground coffee in small muslin bags, and it is best to take not more than one-half pound for each bag, no matter how much coffee is to be made at one time. The amounts of chicken to allow for salad vary somewhat, even with those who make it well. One estimate is three chickens and nine heads of celery for 20 people. Another gives five chickens and 15 heads of celery for 50 people. One authority allows one quart of chicken salad for each 10 persons. The "chickens" in all cases are fowls averaging to weigh four pounds.

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—THROUGH—

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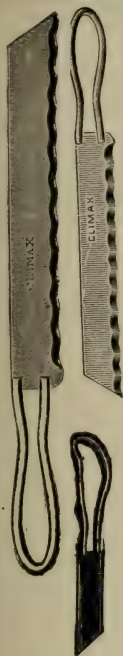
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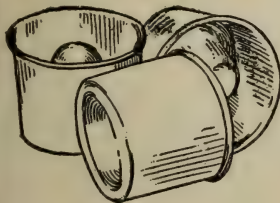
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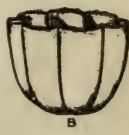
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Dissolve a quarter of a small cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine, in a pint of boiling water. When lukewarm apply with a soft sponge. Rinse with cold water, using another soft sponge. Dry with a damp chamois. Wash a small section at a time. Do not allow water to dry on the surface.

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Dip a clean, soft cloth, in tepid water and wring almost dry. Rub on a cake of Ivory Soap and wipe off the keys. Polish at once with a damp chamois.

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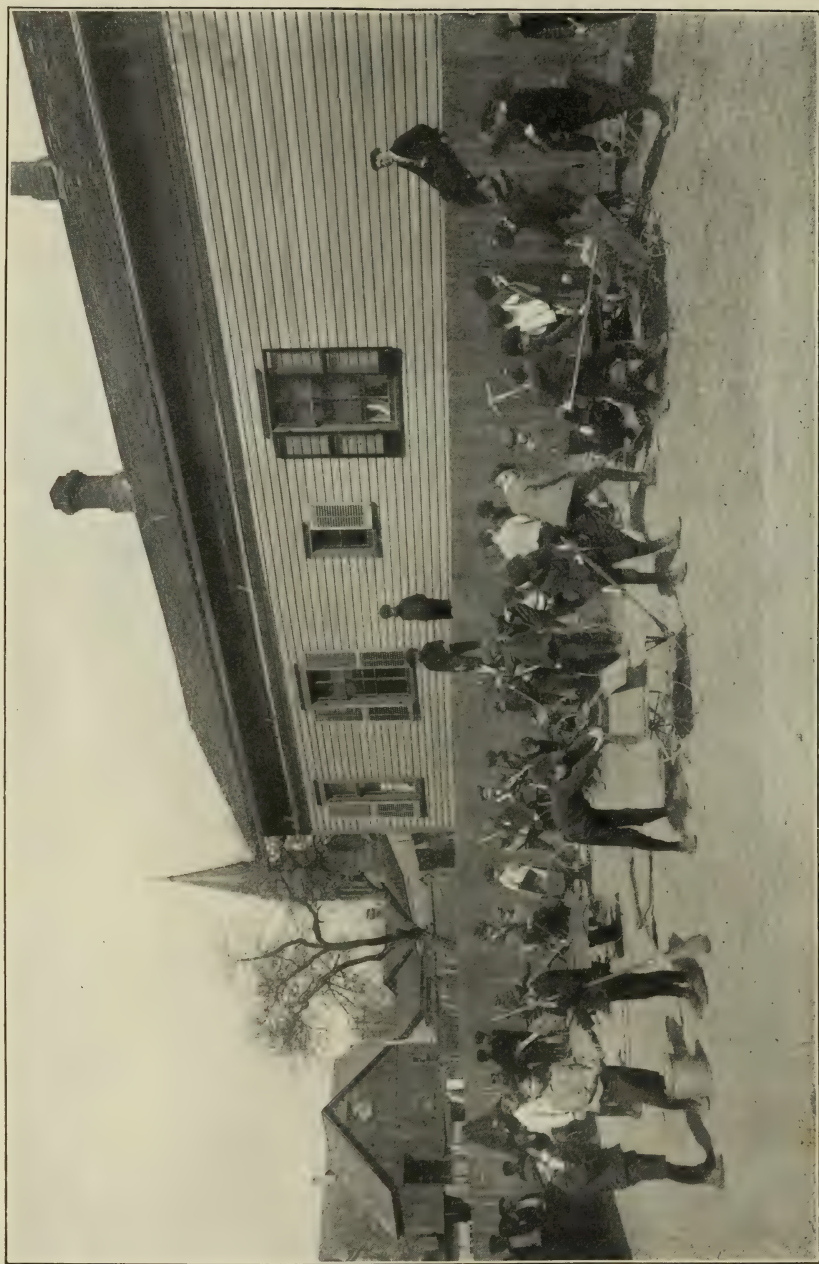
### ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

- Consommé à la Royal (heart-shaped, royal)
- Mock Bisque Soup, Chantilly
- Brown and White Bread Sandwiches  
(heart-shaped)
- White Bread-and-Pimento Sandwiches
- Fillings for Heart-shaped Sandwiches
- Creem Cheese and Pimentos
- " " " candied cherries
- " " " bar-le-duc
- " " " preserved ginger
- Anchovy Butter
- Chicken-and-Asparagus Paste
- Valentine Salad (see Seasonable Recipes)
- Slices of Egg molded in Chicken Aspic  
(heart-shaped)
- Jellied Chopped Chicken, heart-shapes
- Jellied Philadelphia Relish
- Heart-shaped molds with pimento hearts
- Heart-Shaped Pastry or Swedish Timbale  
Cases
- Filling: Creamed Chicken, Oysters, Lobster,  
Peas or Fruit preserved in Syrup
- Maltese Sherbet in Cups
- Strawberry Sherbet molded in Baking Powder  
Boxes
- (Slices cut heart-shape with cutter dipped in  
hot water)
- Raspberry Parfait
- Blitzen kuchen (heart-shaped) Little Cakes  
(frosted or decorated)



### WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

- Grapefruit Cocktail, with Cherries
- Hatchet-Shaped Sandwiches
- Fillings:—Mayonnaise of Chopped Ham
- Mayonnaise of Chopped Chicken and Olives
- Sardines, yolks of egg and olives
- Little Squash Pies
- Apple Tarts, cherry decoration
- Pineapple Bavarirose, Pompadour Style
- Frozen Egg-Nogg, Cherry Decoration
- Coupe St. Jacques, Cherry Decoration
- Little Cakes, Cherries with Stems on White  
Icing
- Tea with Candied Cherries



PUPILS BREAKING GROUND FOR FLOWER BEDS AND VEGETABLE GARDEN



# The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVII

FEBRUARY, 1913

No. 7

## A Unique Woman's Club

By Duane Mowry

THE Woman's School Alliance of Wisconsin was started as a voluntary organization by a few earnest, thoughtful, intelligent and practical women of Milwaukee. These women were much interested in the public schools of the city. It was their aims and desires to contribute definitely to the uplift and the improvement of the conditions existing in the public schools, conditions which they believed were not ideal. They felt that much substantial good might be accomplished, if teachers and parents were brought together, and were interested in what should be a common cause; that if an effort was made and was successful to bring women, especially mothers, in active touch with school work, to bring teachers and mothers together for the purposes of social intercourse and for a better mutual understanding, the resulting benefit to the schools and the children in attendance would be incalculable. It was with this thought uppermost that induced a number of the ladies of the Mothers' Club of Milwaukee to meet and form the society which is now known far beyond the boundaries of the state as THE WOMAN'S SCHOOL ALLIANCE OF WISCONSIN.

The work, which the women who in-

spired the movement set themselves to accomplish, has been continued and enlarged, with unabated zeal and interest, by them and their successors up to the present time. That work has had an important bearing upon the public schools of the city, a bearing which it is not too much to say has tended to make them more efficient.

Some of the first work undertaken by this coterie of women was to inaugurate a careful and systematic visiting of the schools; to investigate the conditions of school buildings and school grounds; to make detailed inquiries as to the sanitary and moral conditions there existing; to hold frequent conferences with the teachers in a spirit of helpfulness.

The method of school visitation might be briefly given. The president of the Alliance appointed school visitors in groups of two members. These visitors were provided with a list of questions, as follows: First, What are the number of pupils in the school? Second, What are the number of truants? Third, Sanitary conditions: (a) How is basement floored? (b) How is school building ventilated? (c) How are playgrounds used? Fourth, Are there libraries in the school? Fifth, Are there school associations? There were other questions of a similar



SIXTH GRADE PUPILS IN WOODWORKING CLASS

nature enabling the visitors to ascertain, if they deemed it advisable, some specific defect in a particular school. These last-named questions were sometimes proposed after a complaint had been made to the Alliance of the presence of some objectionable condition in a particular school. The school visitors were expected to make a full report, including in it definite answers to the questions above enumerated. This report was always in writing. If the substance of the report appeared to warrant it, a copy of it, or the important part of it, was made and sent to the school board for its consideration. The school board, if it thought the facts and circumstances justified it, would at once take action upon the report. The consensus of opinion, in the school board and out of it, is, that these school visits by the ladies of the Alliance, and the reports to the school board that followed as a result of them, were of very great practical value to the school system.

As illustrative of some of the work which the Alliance did through its system of school visiting, the following is taken from one of its reports: "The ——— District is badly overcrowded, especially in the kindergarten department. The floors are washed so seldom that many of the games cannot be played.

We would earnestly urge that the school rooms have one additional scrubbing yearly. We have reason to believe that the janitors will willingly do it, if the school board so directs. There are about fourteen hundred children in this school and but two places where they can get a drink of water, causing much inconvenience to teachers and pupils..... The ——— District is in need of repair, but is otherwise well reported..... The ——— District No. 1 is reported in good condition. It is a model of neatness and cleanliness. The Alliance would suggest that the public school grounds be used as a playground for the children after school hours and on Saturdays, under the supervision of a suitable person. This would be the first step towards large and well-equipped playgrounds, such as are seen in other large cities. These have proved beneficial to the children, both mentally and physically, and help to make out of neglected children, good and useful men and women."

This report, signed by the secretary of the Alliance, was courteously received by the school board, printed in its proceedings, and appropriate action taken upon many of its recommendations. It should be stated, however, that much valuable information transmitted to the



school board could not always be immediately considered or acted upon. Lack of funds for the purpose would often render this course impossible. Nevertheless, the system of school visiting was continued from year to year, with the result that much good invariably flowed therefrom. Moreover, a most healthy public opinion was created as a result of these carefully made investigations and reports. Much of the sentiment created has been of incalculable service in aiding to get needed legislation at Madison, and an increased tax levy for school purposes.

The chairman of the committee on sanitation, in the Alliance, bases her reports and recommendations on the reports of the committee on school visiting. These reports are sometimes sent to the school board, and at other times they are forwarded to the city board of health, as the needs of the particular case seems to require. Usually, they ask that some definite and prompt action be taken in regard to existing unsanitary conditions in the schools. Instances have been known to occur where the school buildings have been reported as utterly unfit for school purposes. Defi-

nite evidence of the undermining of the health of teachers and pupils has been submitted with the report. The reports of this committee have had a uniformly good effect, leading always to an investigation by the appropriate committee or board, and sometimes resulting in prompt and efficient, even drastic action. It should not be forgotten that no report is made that is not amply justified by the facts. And nothing is ever submitted for the purposes of a sensation.

Latterly, the work of the committee on school visiting has been enlarged and extended. In addition to the work hereinbefore mentioned, it has been asked to be more specific in its reports. It is asked, for instance, how many rooms there are in the basement, and how they are used, what is the condition of the closets, is the school crowded, is there an overflow, the number of incorrigibles, the number of girls in the cooking schools, the number of pupils taking manual training, the actual condition of the playgrounds, both inside and outside, number of books in the school library, what persons in the district are interested in the schools, are the seats and desks of proper height and construction?



FOURTH GRADE PUPILS AT WORK IN BASKETRY



PUPILS PARTAKING A MID-DAY LUNCH

All of these questions are vital to the fullest success of the school. And it is worthy of commendation that the Alliance appreciates this.

One of the important committees of the Alliance is the one which undertakes to provide suitable clothing and shoes to needy children of school age, who could not attend the public schools, not having the necessary wearing apparel for that purpose. It has been the particular business of this committee to find out the cases of children in need of clothing and shoes and provide for their needs. Of course, no children are eligible to this assistance except those who attend, or who desire to attend the public schools. The demand is almost beyond the ability of the Alliance as it is. But the Milwaukee public has been generous to the work of this committee, and has assisted it out of its capacious pocket most handsomely. Hundreds of children have had the opportunity of attending the public schools in this way. One report to the school board dealing with the work of this committee reads as follows: "The parental committee has investigated about forty cases, and in most cases has furnished clothing. This committee has

also informed itself of the regular attendance at school of children so clothed: and valuable assistance has been received in the way of clothing and material for the same from various organizations of women throughout the city." The committee has always been much hampered for lack of funds to meet adequately the demands upon it. And much of its work, recently, has been passed over to other organizations. It continues, however, in looking after and caring for many needy and worthy cases. Its work has been uniformly important and valuable. No child can receive aid through the Alliance until the case has been investigated by the committee, and a report made showing that the case is meritorious. In this way, many impositions have been "nipped in the bud." Some of the duties of this committee are stated to be: "To visit the homes of such children as are referred to them, ascertain the condition of the family, whether shiftless or thrifty, number of children of school age, ability of mother to sew, repair and keep in order the children's clothes, and whether the father is unwilling or unable to support the family. It shall also, if necessary, instruct the



family in ideas of personal cleanliness, report cases of neglected sickness, etc." Thus it will be seen that much work outlined for this committee is pretty well protected by the rules of the Alliance. In spite of these provisions, however, there are some cases of impositions; but they are comparatively rare.

Industrial education, manual training, etc., have received some attention at the hands of the Alliance, although not so much in recent years. The reason of this lack of attention is because the school board has taken a lively interest in the subject, thereby relieving the Alliance of some of its duties, which, however, have been numerous and arduous enough. Through the efforts of the committee on industrial education, sewing was first introduced into the public schools, the Heller system being the one adopted. The Alliance is entitled to credit for first "breaking ground" along this line. In the early history of the Alliance, several of the members took instruction in the Heller system from a competent teacher from the Armour Institute, Chicago. This was done with the avowed purpose of "teaching the teachers" how to use the system, in order that they, in turn, might be able to

teach the pupils under their charge at a later date. It is well to bear in mind that it was through the efforts of this committee that sewing was first introduced into the Milwaukee State Normal School with most excellent results. One report to the Milwaukee school board refers to the work of this committee in the following language: "The industrial committee has given a normal course in the Heller system of sewing to teachers of the Eighth District Primary. Pursuant to the consent of your honorable body, these teachers are now giving instruction in sewing to their pupils." Certainly, this is work which a more pretentious committee would not need to be ashamed of, indeed, it is a work of which any organization might justly feel proud.

In the year 1904, the Alliance undertook to establish several penny lunch centers in the schools of the city. This work has been going on with increasing demands upon its energies and efficiency ever since. A new committee, known as the penny lunch committee, has been created. And the work of providing the hungry school children with a warm mid-day meal is in the immediate charge of this committee. It is the work, at

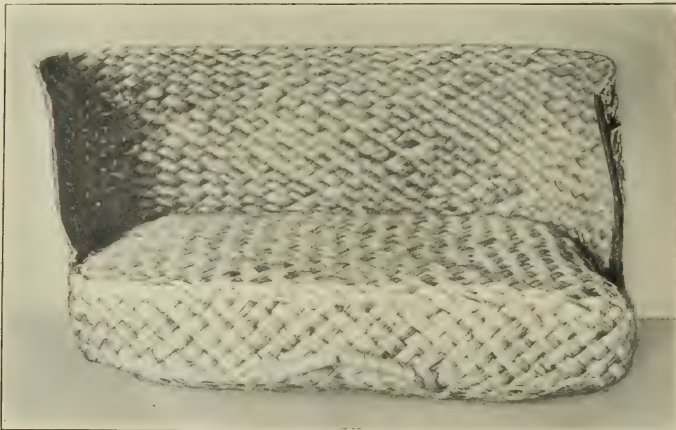


COOKING CLASS OF SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES

this time, which is absorbing most of the time and means of the Alliance. The idea started with but one lunch center. At the present time there are eleven centers and the demand is not half supplied. About one thousand children are provided with this midday meal. The time of feeding them is confined to the period between November and May. This has been found necessary, because the Alliance has been unable to command the funds with which to continue the work for a longer period. And the cold weather, of course, is the time when this meal is most needed. During the year ending in May, 1912, over fifty-one thousand lunches were served to the children in the public schools of Milwaukee under the auspices of the women of the Alliance. About twenty-five hundred dollars were expended in this work during the year. For the first time in the history of this work, the board of supervisors set aside and placed at the disposal of the Alliance, last year, the sum of one thousand dollars. This generous action on the part of the authorities aided the work greatly. This assistance gave the women an opportunity to study the needs of the children in other parts of the city with a view of establishing other centers. They were

not required to devise ways and means to meet the financial obligations of the enterprise, at least, not in so marked a degree as formerly. Another center is to be started this year and others are likely to follow in rapid succession.

The Woman's School Alliance has also been alive to the work of the cooking schools in our midst. It has done valuable missionary work in their behalf. The work was forced upon our school system most reluctantly by a few enthusiastic, earnest women. It would not have succeeded, if it had not had the moral support of the Alliance. The school board was unwilling to stand for it, believing that there were other and greater demands upon its time and attention. But the ladies were uncompromising in their efforts, and with the assurance that the expense, for the first school, would not come out of the public school fund, the school board consented to its establishment in the system. The cooking schools are now firmly established in Milwaukee and there is no thought of eliminating them from the system. All of the girls of the seventh and eighth grades are required to take instruction in domestic science. It is one of the most cherished branches of learning in the curriculum.



KNEELING BASKET FOR CLEANING FLOORS AND  
USE IN GARDEN



# Unrecorded Benefactors

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

NOT long ago, in one of the humorous magazines appeared a funny cartoon entitled, "An Unrecorded Hero," wherein was pictured a courageous old epicure bravely tackling the first oyster. Personally, I felt as if several other convivial old knights had been slighted, and that he who sampled the first lobster, and he who downed the first soft-shelled crab, should have shared honors at this "round table."

Furthermore, fancy penciled me a companion piece.

Out of the shadowy jungle of the Past came a rollicking peal of merriment, and there, partially screened from view, I glimpsed the chief of *unrecorded benefactors*—the man who first laughed.

Who was he and what was the joke? How do I know? Perhaps he was trying the prankish stunt of walking on his hind legs, or pelting his spouse with cocoanuts. But he laughed the first blessed whole-hearted "ha! ha!" of all humanity. And in so doing he freed the jovial little god whose voice still spreads the contagion of happiness, and whose wings still tickle the heart-strings of posterity, till man has now the enviable distinction of being "*the laughing animal*."

But how many there are who seem to have forgotten their prerogative! How many vinegar-visaged people one chances to meet in the course of a day—the mournful Esaus that have evidently yielded up their birthright of joyousness for a mess of grouches!

In one of the small New England towns there exists quite a novelty. One man there owns a graveyard, and his sole business in life consists in doing away with dead issues and beautifying his territory.

I mention this, because I think it is an actual illustration of what each of us should do figuratively. Somewhere in

our mental reservation we should each of us run a small cemetery and there bury our own and other people's mistakes and faults, and then set about growing and grafting the pleasant things of life.

It is one of the fundamentals of successful living, and the first step on the road to happiness.

Consciously or unconsciously, we are each of us addicted to a little mental squinting, and I know of no more pardonable offense than that of the man who keeps his weather eye set for a little fun.

"Mirth is God's medicine," and as Charles Lamb said, "one good laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market."

The world is rich in smiles. There ought to be enough for everybody.

Just keep a sharp watch for they blossom in the most unlooked-for places.

Some years ago I was teaching my little daughter the Twenty-third Psalm. I read it to her two or three times; then we said it over together, and when I thought she had the whole mastered, I said, "Now you may say it alone."

With the triumphant assurance of childhood she started, but before she finished I simply couldn't conceal my amusement.

The poor child had misunderstood my reading. And when she came to the solemn passage, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," I was given the rather unexpected version of—

"Thou parest potatoes before me in the presence of mine enemies."

Slowly, but surely, the American populace are waking up to the value of the optimistic outlook and the tonic qualities of good cheer.

It is creeping into religion and there is a remarkable growth in the mirth cen-

tres,—theatres, vaudeville houses and the humorous publications.

There is a new note of buoyancy in the present-day drama, an increasing demand for joke-smiths, and we are fast learning the value of the holiday,—thanks be to two more Unrecorded Benefactors—the man who first thought of holidays and his inimitable confrere, the first crude entertainer.

In his "Clerk Class" of that splendid series of articles, "The American Spenders," Will Irwin draws a realistic picture of two American generations,—the household of Charles Carson, where life was entirely given over to the prose of existence, and the home of John Carson, his son, where up-to-date methods and sane diversions were introduced.

In conclusion, the author says—"Note I am drawing no morals—proving no principles; I record but the fact.

Many of these new wants of the Carson family are legitimate from any point of view. They make for a more intelligent and more healthy race. Many others would be hard to defend on any grounds. Yet, before I finish, I must in fairness report one thing more: Old Mrs. Charles Carson, her bodily machinery all worn out, died when she was fifty-four—an age at which Mrs. John Carson will be campaigning with vigor and enthusiasm for the presidency of the Woman's Club."

It is a grave mistake to take ourselves, or anyone else for that matter, too seriously.

Try to season each day with a little laughter and note the results.

It was Lyncurgus, I believe, who set up the god of laughter in Spartan eating-halls, because he knew there was no other spice like laughter at one's meals. the most salutary of all the bodily movements. It involves both body and soul.

A good hearty laugh stimulates the circulation, promotes digestion, and enlivens every vital organ. It is, in short, a sort of shower bath of the spirit, invigorating the whole man, and it is the cheapest luxury at our command. Moreover, cheerfulness is largely a matter of habit, and there is nothing I know of that yields larger returns for the effort involved.

Oliver Wendell Holmes asserted, "Every one of us has a harp under bodice or waistcoat, and, if it can only once get properly strung and tuned, it will respond to all outside harmonies."

The list of unrecorded benefactors would be far from complete, if I failed to include the Smiling Susans and Sunny Jims we sometimes meet in the round of our everyday transactions. Their sunniness will never brighten the darkened pages of history, but it does creep into our hearts and makes this care-laden old world a happier dwelling place.

There is one Sunny Jim in my town, with a full, round smile that none of the pricks of adversity have so far been able to puncture. One day I had the temerity to ask him his recipe, and in his own quaint way he gave me his philosophy. I thought it worthy of versifying and here it is,—

### Sunny Jim's Motto

I took my tip from Nature straight,  
My motto is, "Hang out the leaves,"  
If rough winds blow, no need to prate  
And tell just how your poor heart grieves,  
But cheerful-like your losses bear,  
And try to cover your despair,  
"Hang out the leaves!"

The birds go where the ways are bright,  
Where May is hangin' out her leaves—  
And there with carols gay and light  
They tarry 'neath such pleasant caves,—  
So try to make your heart like Spring,  
Some joys will nestle there and sing,  
"Hang out the leaves!"





# When Aunt Harriet Entertained

By Alix Thorn

HERE is a postal for you, Aunt Harriet," said Kitty Payson, hurrying in to deliver the card, and evidently ready to rush off again, as she was dressed for the street.

"Why, it's from my second cousin's widow, Amelia Horton," announced Aunt Harriet, glancing at the signature, "and," adjusting her glasses, "she says she, too, is here in this great city."

"At what hotel is she stopping, Auntie?" enquired Mrs. Payson, frowning slightly as she attempted to button a refractory chamois glove.

"At One hundred and sixty-first street," was the old lady's reply, and not at a hotel, but visiting her sister-in-law, a maiden lady quite elderly, who lives at a boarding house."

"At a hundred and sixty-first street," repeated Mrs. Payson, "dear, dear, how far up town," and, giving a last pull to her white veil, turned to leave the room. Something impelled her to give a backward glance and smile at Aunt Harriet, and she carried with her into the waiting motor a picture of a tiny old lady, seated by a net-draped window, her gentle face sad today, watching the massive stone fronts across the street, and the unsatisfactory glimpses of blue sky that was vouchsafed to her.

"I wonder if Aunt Harriet is homesick!" pondered the young matron as she was swiftly carried through the busy streets. "She's far from Turner's Crossing." A sudden memory of the little village, as she had last seen it in early spring, flashed across her mind's eye—lonely, detached houses, muddy roads, lines of leafless trees, and dejected garden beds; what bliss to be away from it all and in a well-appointed, luxurious apartment! "And yet," she mused, "Aunt Harriet loves that as I love this," this, meaning the passing automobiles

and cabs, the yawning subway entrance, and the great department store, which she was approaching.

It was that same evening, before dinner, that Kitty Payson evolved a plan so delightful, so new and diverting that she laughed aloud as she tucked in a rebellious curl and fastened it down with an invisible hairpin. "It's the very thing," she whispered to the water color over the mantle, "the very thing, and so refreshing, after all the luncheons and dinners I've given this season. Won't dear little Auntie be surprised—and oh, if she is not pleased, how I *shall* feel! But she surely will like it—I know she will."

Half an hour later, across the broad dinner table, Kitty enquired innocently of Aunt Harriet:

"What time do people usually have supper in the country—about six, don't they?"

"Yes, dear, about six; any time after five, I always had supper, myself, at six."

Long after Aunt Harriet had gone to her room, Mrs. Kitty, a tablet in her white lingerie lap, silver pencil in her hand, and telephone book opened before her, wrote and thought, and wrote again, and Tom, her cheerful husband, returning from his club, smiled approvingly as her novel plan was unfolded to him.

Aunt Harriet Foster, Kitty Payson's great-aunt, had, three months before, come to make her home with her niece and nephew, as her advancing years made it seem unwise for her to keep up her home in the country, where a middle-aged woman servant had been her only companion. Quietly had the little Aunt accepted the decision, settling down cheerfully in the tall apartment house, which was many hours away from old scenes and neighbors. No one but herself knew the longings that sometimes threatened to overwhelm her. If th

tears filled the faded brown eyes, they were hastily wiped away, and trembling lips were forced to smile. So many kindnesses were shown her by busy Mrs. Kitty and good-natured Tom Payson; new magazines brought in, rides in the Park, fruit and candy, and she told herself she was a very fortunate old lady, an exceptionally fortunate one. After one of these interludes of self-pity, she would take up her work and begin knitting so energetically that the clatter of the needles would almost drown the honk of the automobile passing in the street below.

Two days later, at breakfast, Kitty said to Aunt Harriet, "I've invited Mrs. Horton and her sister to spend the afternoon with us, and they have both accepted. They asked, too, if they might bring with them another sort of cousin of ours, Mrs. Deacon Potter, who was to come today for an over-Sunday with them. Of course, I said yes, Auntie, and so we bid fair to have quite a family reunion."

Aunt Harriet flushed pink as a girl—"That will be lovely, my child. How glad I shall be to see everyone of them. Why, I haven't met Eunice Potter in fifteen years. You know she owns the house next to mine at Turner's Crossing, but has for some time been living with her daughter in New Haven."

"I told them I'd send the car for them, and even if it's a stormy day, they can be safely sheltered in the limousine, so pick out your very best gown, Auntie, to impress the cousins. I'm as interested as you are, I'm sure. Isn't it delightful all around!"

Tiny snowflakes were powdering the stone cornices and the pavements, next day, but though skies frowned and a bitter wind howled around street corners, punctually, at two-thirty, three deliciously excited old ladies descended from the Payson's limousine, and, entering the elevator, were carried safely to the eighth floor, where, at her own front door, stood Mrs. Payson herself, beaming a

welcome on the visitors. A surprised, white-capped Jane stood discreetly in the background, waiting to escort the guests to the dainty pink and white bedroom where they could divest themselves of their wraps.

"You *must* see Aunt Harriet before you even take off your bonnets," cried Kitty gaily—"she's waiting for us in the library, just as glad to see you as I am, and, yes, gladder." How Aunt Harriet smiled as she embraced each of the newcomers, and hustled around them undoing veils and coats, and asking questions, individually and collectively.

"Now I am going to leave you quite to yourselves while I run to see my dress-maker," cried Mrs. Payson; "supper will be ready at six, so you will have a good long time to visit." And she disappeared, leaving the four old friends to their reminiscing.

"Supper, she said!" and Aunt Harriet's puzzled eyes followed her niece's slim, retreating figure. So there was not to be the awe-inspiring afternoon tea with all its surprising appointments, an ordeal which she secretly dreaded, but a supper. Why, the very name of supper warmed her heart, and then some one asked her a question, and straightway she was back in the familiar village-reviving old experiences. So fast did the time pass that they were surprised to find the quaint drop light glowing visibly above the reading table, and to realize that darkness was falling over the city. Precisely at six supper was announced and Mrs. Kitty led the way to the large dining-room, whose dark paneling, subdued lights, and Chippendale furniture ever called forth Aunt Harriet's admiration. But this was a different meal to those she was accustomed to share with the Paysons. A plain damask cloth covered the round table; the center piece was a low cut-glass bowl of daisies, just the white-petaled, yellow-eyed daisy that country fields knew, set loosely as if swayed by wandering June breezes. The dishes were all white and gold, and



plain crystal glass held the marmalade and pickles. As for the supper itself—oh, clever Mrs. Kitty, how did she know how to set forth the country dishes that her gentle old guests loved! The fragrant tea was poured by Aunt Harriet herself from a quaint silver pot, the white and gold cups being grouped around it, while Aunt Harriet's own old fiddle-back teaspoons stood in a spoon-holder close at hand. Latticed china plates held delicate slices of rye bread and flaky biscuit; one large platter displayed savory fried chicken, another cold jellied meat, while creamed potatoes were served with them. At one corner of the table stood a glass plate holding cottage cheese balls generously dotted with bits of sage, and apple sauce, quince marmalade, and real old-fashioned tomato pickle, occupied places of honor. Pound cake, sponge cake and jumbles, with canned peaches, ended the supper.

How they ate, and how they praised the different dishes, in true country fashion, the guests declaring they could believe they were in New England, instead of New York city, which Mrs. Payson knew was true praise. She herself, radiant in a dainty gown, only joined them at the end of the meal, to share the fruit and cake. Her dinner was to come later, when her hungry Tom must be fed, and hear all about the novel supper. At half past seven, the little ladies departed, after more thanks and many goodbyes, snugly tucked away in the limousine, pleasantly excited over the prospect of an automobile ride through the brightly lighted city streets.

"My dear child, how did you do it?" and Aunt Harriet held out a frail, wrinkled hand to Kitty Payson, as they walked into the living room, where an open fire seemed to invite a rest and gossip after the exciting events of the after-

"Think of getting these country dishes at this big, up-to-date New York restaurant with its chefs and wonderful, modern cooking. The pot cheese, actually made in it, the rye bread, the pound

cake, jumbles—yes *everything*. Tell me how you managed it!"

Mrs. Kitty laughed one of her infectious laughs, and made answer, "The Woman's Exchange was my salvation. I talked with the capable women at my especial Exchange, and they knew who made the best ryebread, as well as pound cake and jumbles. I remembered seeing some cottage cheese in the window of a Delicatessen Store on a side street, and my cook, who after all is pretty human, made it into balls, adding sage at my suggestion. I'd eaten such cheese at your house, Aunt Harriet, in the long ago. At the Exchange I found, too, tomato pickle and quince marmalade, and my cook lady prepared the pressed meat, fried chicken and creamed potatoes. As for the white and gold dishes, why, Auntie mine, Tom inherited that tea-set from his Grandmother Wilson, and I'd never used them until tonight."

"But the daisies, the dear field daisies, Kitty!" and tears shone in Aunt Harriet's eyes.

"A certain florist on the Avenue makes a point of raising them, and I knew just where to go. Oh, it was all fun for me, Auntie, truly, I enjoyed every detail."

"I don't just know how to thank you, child," and Aunt Harriet's voice was not very steady; "it meant so much, so much more than you know. When Eunice Potter looked around these lovely rooms, so warm and comfortable, she said, 'Harriet, you are a very fortunate old woman. Poorly-warmed country houses are ill-suited to us. I'm glad you're here. In our young days we could stand much, but now it is different.'"

"And I said, 'I *am* fortunate, no one knows that better than I; with a dear niece and nephew to care for me,' and suddenly, Kitty, for the first time I didn't feel that this was an apartment, but *my home*, my safe refuge, and I knew I loved it. Never again could I feel an alien in a great, cold city. Could it have been the beautiful supper party that worked the miracle, Kitty, do you

suppose?"

"I like to think so, dear little Auntie,"

and Kitty bent down to drop a light kiss on Aunt Harriet's illumined face.

## Fragrance à la Mode

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg,

**W**HAT thing is so fascinating to a woman as perfume? Not alone does it appeal to woman's vanity, but its irresistible quality of femininity gives it paramount interest for her. Any expenditure for it she looks upon not as extravagance, but as the preservation of her rights.

There is sharp competition between the French and American preparations, but with scarcely an exception the French are in advance. It is contended that the latter captivate merely through the better appearance of the goods rather than greater merit. But this is not entirely true, though it is true that the French know how to place perfumes before the world as an art and not as a commercial enterprise. From the very names they choose for them one draws the quick sense of their appreciation of the opportunity to give something of the really beautiful to the woman's world. The bouquet odors are newer and have quite replaced the new one-odor perfumes with two exceptions, that is, the old-time favorites, rose or violet. In these bouquet odors it is immediately possible to detect the skill of the distiller, for the fragrance must be neither too heavy nor too elusive; the balance must strike exactly, and, even with well-chosen scents, wise indeed is the woman who can rightly judge the balance for use. The day has passed when it is classed "unladylike" to have enough of the garden in this concentrated form about one to slightly pervade the immediate atmosphere, but, alas, for the woman who claims attention through abundant and overpowering perfumes.

Another mode of the moment is to have not only one's extract and toilet water matching, but face powder and soap, and often brilliantine, must carry the same scent. This is a most satisfactory notion, so in line with common sense that it is recognized as more than a fad.

Many women select a favorite among perfumes and hold to it, and no more consider changing their special selection than the night would change about its stars. Others, not so conservative, have the keenest interest in the newest thing that the season offers. Sometimes a woman enjoys having several kinds on hand, using one or another as the fancy pleases her. If she is of this number, let her carefully remove all trace of the first before she touches the second, even to the extent of changing any garments on which the scent may be; for though it may no longer be possible for her to notice that it still exists unevaporated, if she comes into a very warm atmosphere, the mixture of the two fragrances will be decidedly unpleasant.

A second item to guard against is the stain that extracts and even toilet waters leave on gowns. Never dash them or spray them on the outer side of the costume, for the effect is regrettable.

The triumph of the year is the imported perfume named for the seventeen-year locust. The hint of the warmest of Summer days, when the garden odors are especially sweet and full, is gathered into it and make it most appropriate for the chilly days of Winter, when no suggestion of sunshine and blossoms can be drawn from the outer atmosphere. So far as its casing goes, one may safely say that it is unequaled by any other;



the box is a delicate wood-brown, imitative of the inner bark of a tree, and the clear white glass bottle has cut into it the design of two locusts with folded wings, traced in a brownish green satin. The odd little bottle is surmounted by a stopper in which is cut the veining of the locust's wings, and on the outer cover of the box the same graceful pattern is done in green bronze tints. The powder matching this comes in white, pink, or the brunette tone, which the French denominate "rachel." It is to be had in a square, glass powder-box with the same cutting. All these pieces look most charmingly on the dressing-table, which is more than can be said for most bottles. The brilliantine is, also, to be had matching, and the soap that completes the set may be "last," but not "least;" for, made in the form of the locust and of the natural, deep green color, it is found within a little case lined with deep, clear, pink satin and held in place by a simulated, fine gold chain. The extract in ordinary size costs \$6.50 a bottle, but in a miniature, very satisfactory size, is about sixty-five cents. The entire set, enclosed in a gorgeous leather box, ornamented in gold pattern of the time of Watteau, and with a little key, costs thirty-four dollars.

In the matter of gift boxes, another is in white satin, with the oddest pattern of little figures in scarlet covering it. This one holds the set called "*Fleurs du passé*," or, as it is translated, "Flowers of the past." The box is very excellent for the boudoir furnished in cretonne, and the set is less expensive than the other. It, also, is new.

For those who love to spray the hair with perfume, the best to choose is the lily-of-the-valley or violet. The former can be had delightfully put up in white crêpe de chine boxes edged with the peculiar soft green of the lily leaves. This, too, is imported. It may, also, be had in the non-alcoholic grade, though this is not practical for spraying the hair. Due allowance must be made for the drying

out that follows the use of perfume in this way, on account of the alcohol which it contains.

Of course, this spraying is always done with the ordinary atomizer. There is a new one to be had with a lock in the neck, which absolutely prevents any leakage. This can be put in the traveling bag or handbag. It is made of cut glass and gilt and costs \$7.50. It holds two ounces, which is quite as much as one usually wants to carry.

There is a toilet water which, though American, has never been surpassed for its refreshing quality. It is made from the lemon verbena, and has a piquant sweetness that makes it very pleasant. Men find it just the right thing after shaving. It is not more costly than any other of the best toilet waters. It is individual, that is, unlike any other preparation of the kind, and takes the place of bath salts with many.

One positively becomes addicted to bath salts, and here, also, one may be as patriotic as one pleases, for the American makes are every whit as satisfactory as the imported. There is also a very delightful bath powder, pink in color, which softens the skin, and has a most salutary effect, as well as perfumes the water. Bath powders are naturally not to be added to the water in which one bathes the face, nor is pure alcohol, except in the rarest instances of an exceedingly oily skin.

Touching the bath powders, soaps must be found that will not clash in odors. There is the forever castile, which has many claims upon a sensible woman's tubbing array; but, oh, there are so many of the lovely little round French cakes to lure one just a little bit away from it.

How many women know how to indulge in the luxurious perfume sponge bath, which has many devotees who never use the salts and powders? It is so easily managed that, once tried, it will never be forgotten and not often neglected. After the ordinary warm bath,

moisten a Turkish wash cloth in fairly hot water and wring out partially. Then sprinkle with a goodly amount of violet toilet water, or lily of the valley, or the verbenas which has been mentioned, and rapidly draw over the body as one would the towel. If one uses enough of the perfume it will have a drying effect.

Apropos of violet perfume, it may be well to whisper in the ear of every woman the secret that every perfumer so well knows, a very simple little secret, but very important to the preservation of perfume: it is that no bottle of violet should at any time be put near the heat, nor in the strong light, either artificial or natural, for a decided chemical change takes place not only in the color of the perfume, but in the odor.

The wistaria blossoms have surrendered their color and strange sweetness to the skill of the Oriental, and may be had in sachet. There are also the bars of sandalwood which may be laid

among one's frocks, but many, comparatively speaking, do not care for its pungent quality compared to the blossomy out-door fragrance of the real flower scents. Ground sandalwood and orris may also be had for about one dollar for a quarter of a pound to make into individual sachets, but no sachet is lasting, and too much should not be expected of it in the way of durability.

Perfume burners have found their way into vogue. The correct way to use these artistic combinations of gunmetal and brass, which look so like a tiny and much beautiful alcohol lamp, is to mix the perfume with water and let it boil; as it does so the freshness of the blossoms floats off with the vapor and the room is lightly filled with fragrance.

All perfumes that are imported have risen in value. It is the higher duty that has brought this about, and not any scarcity of flowers, as the manufacturers would have us believe.

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## Those Little Songs

I've met them in the quiet street  
That never turns its head;  
I've heard the patter of their feet  
Behind me as I've fled,  
And after me, so wistfully,  
What glances they have flung!  
Those little songs, those pretty songs,  
A-coaxing to be sung.

I've heard them in the sighing trees  
And in the dying rain;  
I've caught their echo on the breeze  
That wanders home again,  
And oh, the World and I are old,  
But they are very young,—  
Those little songs, those pretty songs,  
A-begging to be sung.

I do not ask the pipe of Pan  
To wake a haunting strain  
That sounds the heart of god and man  
Of rapture and of pain;  
I only ask a little lute  
To catch the gleam you've flung,  
My little songs, my pretty songs,  
A-longing to be sung.

HELEN COWLES LeCROIX.



# A Saint Valentine Luncheon

By May Ellis Nichols

IF one were to select the best possible day of the year for a luncheon, she might well decide on the fourteenth of February—Saint Valentine's Day. The Christmas rush is over, the spring vegetables are beginning to appear, at least in city markets, the shops are full of pretty favors in honor of the little love god, and mirth is in the very air. So the fortunate hostess will send out her invitations, and then decide just what she will have to eat.

She may settle the decorations first. Happily dining is a pleasure that appeals to more than one of the senses. The eye has much to do with the flavor of all food, so the table must be made as pretty as possible. There is no prettier color for table decoration than pink, and, as love is the keynote of Saint Valentine's Day, and love is always rose-tinted, what could be more appropriate than roses themselves? This is especially fortunate as it is easy to have favors, bonbons, and ices of the same shade.

A pretty table is made by getting one of the bisque cupids, which are found in all shops where casts are kept, for a centerpiece, entwining it with smilax or asparagus fern, and scattering pink rose petals about its base. With this arrangement small vases filled with roses may be put at intervals about the table, alternating with glass or silver candlesticks, holding rose-shaded pink candles.

It is the easiest possible task to find favors for this luncheon. Heart-shaped place cards may be made at home, or bought for a few cents at any stationer's. Rose cards may be used, if preferred, or, best of all, real valentines, with their loves and doves and endless professions of devotion. One hostess used four-leaf clovers. Heart-shaped boxes, filled with candied rose leaves or tiny heart-shaped

candies serve as souvenirs, and tiny glass and silver dishes are filled with the same sweets.

Present sentiment seems to be in favor of simple, dainty menus rather than the heavy ones in vogue a few years ago. It follows that the fewer courses must be especially delicious. As it is not possible to invent new dishes for every occasion, it is fortunate that there are certain things that almost every one likes, and it is better to include some of these general favorites in every menu, and let the novelty consist largely in the favors and the serving. Here are two menus that may prove suggestive:—

Grape Fruit  
Cream of Clam Soup  
Squab, or Fried Chicken  
Asparagus Salad  
Biscuit Tortoni  
Coffee

Oysters on the Half Shell  
Cream of Asparagus Soup  
Creamed Sweetbreads and Mushrooms on  
Toast  
Fruit Salad  
Macaroon Charlotte Russe  
Coffee

To each of these menus will be added celery, olives, salted nuts, fancy cakes and candies. The valentine idea may recur with every course. The grapefruit may have a cherry heart in the centre, or a border of cherry hearts all around; heart-shaped biscuit or croutons may be served with the soup; heart-shaped sandwiches may go with the main course; and a tiny cupid, cut from a valentine, may stand stanchly in the center of each serving of fruit salad. The ices may take the form of hearts, or cupids, or pink roses; and, of course, the cakes will be heart-shaped and iced with pink icing.

There are only a few of these dishes that need any explanation. The cream of clam soup can be made from the canned broth, if fresh clams are not in the market. The asparagus salad, too, is made from the canned asparagus, and may be served with mayonnaise, or with a French dressing to which chopped olives and sour pickles have been added. The stalks of asparagus, held in place by a ring of red pepper or tomato, make an especially pretty dish.

The bisque tortoni is delicious and easily made. It is really a vanilla mousse to which is added maraschino cherries and macaroons. To serve six persons, add the smallest size bottle of cherries and six macaroons, reduced to a powder, to three pints of sweetened whipped cream. Put the mixture in a melon mold, pack in ice and salt, and allow to stand six hours. Instead of this, strawberry mousse may be substituted, if desired.

In the second menu, almost any fruit may be used for the fruit salad. Grape fruit and white grapes make an especially dainty combination, but some persons prefer a greater variety. Apples, oranges, bananas, and canned peaches and cherries may be used. In any case instead of using a mayonnaise dressing, try the following:

One tablespoon of butter, five table-spoons vinegar, one teaspoon mustard, one teaspoon sugar, one teaspoon salt,

one teaspoon flour, a dash of cayenne. Mix mustard, sugar, salt and flour with enough water to make a paste, add two well-beaten eggs, and to the mixture add the butter and vinegar, boiling hot. Cook until very thick. Whip cream stiff and add a tablespoonful of the boiled dressing to each half-pint bottle of cream. The boiled dressing may be bottled and kept for some time.

The macaroon Charlotte russe is prepared by soaking macaroons in sherry and lining a long-stemmed glass with them. The glass is then filled with whipped cream that has been sweetened and flavored by a small quantity of powdered macaroons. It may be garnished by maraschino cherries and strips of candied fruits in different colors. This dish is as delicious as it is easy to prepare.

If, in addition to all the nice things to eat and pretty things to see, the hostess wishes to provide some amusements suited to the day, she might have her guests guess the authors of quotations on love; or, a more novel idea, she may briefly outline some of the world's famous love stories, and let the guests tell the names of the characters. Romeo and Juliet, and Abelard and Heloise, are examples of such stories. Prizes of heart-shaped boxes of bon-bons, or little books on love, make suitable prizes, if prizes are desired.

---

## Winter Nightfall

The hills are gloried by the dying day,  
An instant ere the twilight darkens all,  
And black the outlines of the tall pines fall  
Across the snow-fields where the shadows  
play.

The Frost-King holds the earth beneath his  
sway,

Wrapped in the silence of an icy pall,  
Seeming a transient moment to forestall  
The planet's end when all warmth dies away.

Ah, but my hours are like this winter night,  
For love to me was as the sun's bright cheer,  
And you whose smile was like the morning  
light

Have left me in the twilight of the year;  
Gone with the flowers that made the summer  
bright—

And I cannot forget and days are drear.

R. R. GREENWOOD.



# What Our Husbands Can Teach Us About Housekeeping

By G. L. S.

NOT the "John Grumbly" type of husband, who is constantly offering suggestions and criticisms as to the housekeeping management, but just the nice, blundering husbands who spill and scatter and burn things when they try to help. Many wives resent the idea that these husbands can teach them anything about this, their own special work. Let us see.

Have you ever noticed that men usually grow old slower than women? That they are less given to "talking shop" than their wives? That they are credited with a greater sense of humor? And have a greater ability for enjoying themselves?

We wives have long shielded ourselves behind the assertion that we have a "harder time" than our husbands. I believe we have often neglected to verify this assertion.

The first lesson we may learn of the business husband is love of our work, or, at least, acceptance of it without protest. We seldom hear a man complain of his work. Sometimes he thinks he would like some different position, but he accepts, as a matter of course, the fact that he must work at something. This cannot be said of the majority of wives; they hold up a life of freedom from work as their ideal. Women are not less truly ambitious than men; in many instances their courage holds out even after a man becomes discouraged in his efforts. It is simply a theory they have accepted without thought, and without realizing how it affects their attitude toward life. Men seldom pity themselves, or compare their position with that of their friends—at least, not to the world. Women are enfolded in a mantle of self-pity, because of the advantages all their friends have over them. Let us learn to look upon our

homemaking cheerfully, gratefully; not as an excuse for our living, but, at least, as a very important part of our lives. Let us meet it every morning with the same spirit of cheerfulness and courage that the husband takes to his office or his mill.

Everyone is familiar with the answer as to what constitutes success in business, "attention to details." That is where too many housewives fail.

"But housework is nothing but details," one woman has said. True, but "doing" details, and "paying attention to" details may be quite different. A wife one day sat in her husband's office—an office, by the way, furnished much more elegantly than her parlor at home—and listened while he dictated a letter to a subordinate office, calling attention to the size of the gas bill for the past month. "How large was it?" inquired the wife. "Twelve dollars and thirty cents," was the reply. "But that was not very large for a month," she protested. "Ours was less than five," he answered. "I know the circumstances perfectly. In neither place is it necessary to go above five at this time of year. He must learn to look after these things, if he wishes to keep his position."

For the first time that wife realized the Company's point of view; the beauty of the office in which she sat proved they were not penurious. She realized that she had been throwing away, in a perfectly useless and wasteful manner, enough to feed and clothe and house her family better than she was doing. Attention to details does not imply being selfish or niggardly.

Whatever we may have failed to learn from our husbands, we certainly have accepted the slogan of "saving time." Many able thinkers believe that to our "time saving" mania is due much

of our high-cost-of-living difficulty. We take the street car instead of walking, or the taxi-cab instead of the car, "to save time." For the same reason we buy our ham, boiled, our beans, baked, our fruit, preserved, and our clothes, made. Figure as we may, we cannot prove a single one of these time-savers to be also a money-saver. Unless our time is worth money, such time-saving is a farce.

Here is the kind of time saving we will find in the husband's office. Each desk and chair is of exactly the right height and in the best possible light. Can we say as much for the work-table, sewing machine and sink at home? The various little appliances for hastening and simplifying the work are all in constant use. Is this true of similar devices in the home? Every paper and article is laid away in a systematic manner. Have you ever considered how much time the average housekeeper spends in "looking for things?" Everything is arranged in its order of importance. Is that true in the pantry and cupboard?

Counting the steps necessary to perform each of the daily tasks about the house is an extremely profitable performance, if followed by an attempt to lessen the number. Counting the motions necessary to perform some work, and then studying how to lessen them is equally profitable. The kind of time-saving which pays—except in instances where the housekeeper is also a wage-earner—is not in getting out of the work, but the kind which

makes each bit of work easier to accomplish.

Husbands have a delightful habit of leaving "business" behind the locked door, when they slip the office key into their pocket. Let us learn the wisdom of this habit. How often we see the woman, who allows the fact that she must return home an hour earlier than the rest of the party, spoil her whole afternoon's pleasure. Can you imagine a man being so foolish?

Most men have a hobby, usually some favorite sport. Let two of them get together for a social chat, and the hobbies are trotted out immediately. Seldom do we hear them discuss the short-comings of their clerks; if they discuss business, which is seldom, it is from an optimistic standpoint. On the other hand, must we not plead guilty to some of the jokes they make about our talking "servants and housekeeping", in season and out?

Husbands are prone to the "look ahead." Women so often take the backward view, hugging to their hearts every hurt, every slight, and every hard place in the road of life. That is why we so often grow into narrow views and narrow experiences, while we like to hold our position of homemaker responsible for this state of affairs.

One thing we certainly may learn from our husbands relative to our housekeeping, and that is to "work while we work, and to play while we play." And it is a wonderfully valuable lesson.

## Promptness and Tenderness

### *How Robert Collyer Spent a Vacation*

By C. S. A.

**I**N going over your list of friends and acquaintances, can you not divide them quite easily under these two heads:—those who are really kind-

hearted, and who mean the best toward others, but are often careless in the fulfillment of their intentions,—and, on the other hand, those who are admirably



business-like, but lacking somewhat in sympathy?

After staying on earth once more for the day that best exemplifies his whole life, Robert Collyer has left us very grateful for that life, and wondering when we shall again come across a man so prompt in his kindness.

Dr. Collyer's ability to read, at first sight, a stranger's makeup, was extraordinary, and while, for several winters, I worked for him in the Holland Building, there were often chances to observe this prompt insight, as kindly as it was searching. Folks came to his "Den," as he called it, on all sorts of errands, with every conceivable request, and were, of course, at times absurdly unreasonable. Another man, on such occasions, would not only have been "put out," but would have shown his displeasure in terms sure to send off the petitioner angry in his turn. Dr. Collyer was a little sarcastic sometimes, but a certain dry, good-humor permeated, as with sunshine, his refusal. A woman came to him one day, saying, "Dr. Collyer, the Lord has sent me to you for three hundred dollars!" "That is impossible, madame," he pleasantly replied, "for the Lord knows I haven't got three hundred dollars."

How many instances we recall of his quick wit! Some of his friends in the Church of the Messiah will remember the party where every guest was dressed to represent a certain book. Forming a procession, they marched around the rooms; and as the Doctor sat, in his usual attire, in a great arm-chair, looking on, someone asked him what book he was. "Oh," he replied, "I'm the *Spectator*," in one big, handsome volume."

I have, treasured away, a number of little notes in his generous handwriting, —just directions about the work I did for him, but each with its own peculiar flavor, and hardly any two beginning alike. In one it is "Dear Scribe, but no Pharisee," in another "Dear Woman-

uensis," etc. Little sayings of Robert Collyer's stay, not so much for the words themselves, perhaps, as for the indescribably winning way in which they were spoken. I can see him standing by his window, past which swept the roar of Broadway, his snowy head bent over a bunch of fringed gentians, which, he said, were the first he had ever held in his hand. "How did they ever come to be so blue!" he said, and his voice was a caress.

Dr. Collyer's acts of prompt kindness are numberless. Let me mention two. One day as, ready for my copying, I went in the street door of the Holland Building, I met Dr. Collyer coming out to join two gentlemen. These friends of his seemed eager to start with him somewhere, but Dr. Collyer asked them to excuse him for a few moments, and, turning about, retraced his steps up to his study. I supposed he had forgotten some belonging, but when (he a little out of breath) we reached the room, he stepped to his desk, and handed me my weekly pay. "Oh, I could have waited!" I cried, distressed at his taking the extra climb. "I couldn't, then," said he.

The following was told me some years ago by a member of his church. Some details I have forgotten, but remember these facts. One summer a prisoner in New York City was sentenced to death. He was allowed to speak with some minister, and asked that Dr. Collyer be the one. Accordingly, Dr. Collyer was written to, but only after some hesitation; for it was known that he was in the White Mountains, just beginning his summer outing, of which he was that year particularly in need. The letter was sent. It was thought he might be able to return to New York for part of a day. Dr. Collyer did return, at once. He stayed in the city through August, and went every day to see the prisoner. He found something in him somewhere. And he stood by him at the end. Hardly anyone knew how the minister's vacation was spent.

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## The Home Light

Banks piled deep to the window's ledge,

A roof weighed down with white,

Icicle fringe at the shingles' edge,

Window agleam with light.

Path of light from the window's glow,

A rooftree all my own,—

What care I for the banks of snow?

Miles I have tracked alone.

Love waits under the snow-heaped roof,

Fire on the hearth burns warm;

Want from that board stays far aloof,

Barred are the cold and storm.

Bright is the path where the home light leads,

Heart to my own beats true;

Nothing else in the world man needs,

With warmth and food and—you!

C. M. D.

The courteous learns his courteous  
from the discourteous.

## FAITHFUL WORKMEN

A GREAT deal is being said at the present time about grinding the workman, and no doubt much that is said is true. Sometimes, however, it would seem that the man who by thought and industry has gained a competence is to be condemned, and that, too, without qualification, while, certainly, to be rich is regarded as almost a criminal offense. As the conditions of life have been ordered here, there must be, at least for some time to come, all classes and conditions of mankind; and no monopoly of virtues can be said to exist.

Might not something well be said about the faithful workman? Is there no need of him? Surely, the good and faithful servant has his reward. We have just noted with pleasure the following words of a well-known pastor. Are they not fitting and appropriate to the time and the occasion?

"There are two kinds of workmen in the world today." One is the man who just holds his job and does just that small thing that will satisfy him that there will be no excuse for discharge. He will not do anything beyond what he is paid for, and he would not exceed by a fraction of time the hours that he is paid for; who likes the day when he draws his salary, and thinks of it before he thinks of the kind of work that he should be rendering his employer. If he is gouging people in a small way he will continue to gouge them in a large way, some day. This is the unprofitable workman today.

"But here is the profitable workman. Who does more than his salary calls for, who is not always looking at the clock to find out when he will quit work, who has the best interests of his employer at heart, who takes his orders from his employer and fulfils them in a way that brings delight to himself as well to those he is serving. That man does not shirk work, but keeps interested in it in the highest manner. He will make the mil-



lenium come right away. If his number was strong enough, he would make it come tomorrow. He will have the number of policemen lessened in every city, and he would take many ships out of the fighting force of the navy. In truth, he would change this whole world. He would drive the idea of hell clear out of the mind of everyone and make heaven break forth in the clouds that open the sky every morning. This man is called the profitable servant. We want more of him."

### THE BALANCED MEAL

THE importance of the proper selection and preparation of the food served in our families can not be rated too high. By simply turning over the pages of your favorite cook book or culinary publication and picking out something that sounds as if it might taste good, your full duty to your family is not done. No single book or magazine contains all the help the average housekeeper needs for this task. First of all, one should acquire an elementary, but sound, knowledge of the properties and values of as wide a variety of foods as possible, and, also, a knowledge of the best ways of cooking the same. To this knowledge should be added, day by day, here a little and there a little.

In business pursuits no concern is satisfied with an employe who has reached the limit of his growth. To be valuable a man must be able to initiate new schemes; he must know what other firms, in similar lines of business, are doing and be able to suggest better ways of doing the same things. As women, are we not too self-satisfied? Do we condemn ourselves enough when members of our families are not in sound health or at the height of their efficiency? To keep ourselves and our families always at this high point of efficiency is our especial concern. Are we making in this matter a pronounced success? How many of us take the trouble to note whether we are supplying the proper

food properties at the three daily meals? Do we know that we are providing something of protein, fats, carbohydrates and waste material each day, to say nothing of supplying these principles in the proper proportion? Let us take time to master this important subject. For instance, read the article, "What the Average Housekeeper Should Know About Balancing Meals," in the January issue of this magazine, and make something of an effort to grasp and apply the principles as stated there. Do this daily, until the thing has been fully grasped. Then let us give attention to the cooking of the food we buy, to the end that the values we have at hand may not be entirely dissipated in the process of cooking.

Twenty years ago, when the writer first met Dr. Wiley, he said, "I am glad to know you, for I, also, am interested in cookery. Cooking has more to do with the future prosperity of this country than the tariff." That Dr. Wiley has not changed his views on this subject is evident from the reports of a recent lecture by him in a suburb of our city. He said in substance to the woman's club he was addressing, that it was all very well to be interested in pure food, but the thing to which you should give your best thought and attention is good cooking."

Too many women, it seems, are shirking this important duty, and the thin limbs, colorless lips and complexion of countless anemic children, whom we see daily on our streets, bear testimony to great wrong or neglect somewhere. Food in abundance and of the right kind is needed during the years of growth, and the lack of it can, in no wise, be made up later on in life. Small frames, undeveloped muscles, imperfect teeth and other defects are direct results of malnutrition in youth. And here money is not the one and only thing needful; for the woman in moderate—even poor—circumstances, who has an elementary yet sound knowledge of the properties

and values of different foods, and who knows how best to prepare these for the home table, is less likely to fail in reaching the desired goal than her more prosperous neighbor, who is without this knowledge.

J. M. H.

### THE HOUSEWIFE'S POCKET-BOOK

**I**N a recent magazine article, J. J. Hill, the railroad magnate, gives his ideas on how the housewife should spend money.

"There is nothing," he says, "more important in this nation or the life of any other nation than the pocketbook of the wife.

"The original question of social economics which we have to consider at the present time is not the tariff or the finances of one of the richest governments in the world, but the pocketbook of the wife. I emphatically state that I do not mean the pocketbook of the husband.

"I will suppose she knows how to expend the money that is placed in her charge. She may have earned it through the truck garden at the rear of the house; the husband may give it to her every Saturday night; the children may through their efforts bring in part of it.

"But the greatest question is not where that money came from so long as it was honestly received, but does she know what to do with it? How far can she make it go, not merely in paying household expenses, but in placing part of it so that it will begin to earn interest and duplicate itself?

"Contrary to general opinion, the securing of money is not a very difficult task, if one is willing to work. The real importance of finances for a man or woman, for a boy or a girl, is what is done with the money after it is earned.

"It makes no difference whether one is purchasing miles of steel rails or underclothing for the children, or a bunch of onions; buy the best, pay the price, keep on working and realize, finally, that

the control of living is within your hands."

Pure, wholesome food means clear minds and serviceable bodily function. It pays well to know what to eat and how to live.

We will not knowingly adulterate or poison our foods. The best articles are none too good.

"Browning was unquestionably the prophet when he wrote:"

Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life for which the first was made;  
Our times are in his hand  
Who saith, "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all,  
nor be afraid!"

### TURKISH PROVERBS

If a diamond be thrown into the mire, it is a diamond still.

Don't fall into the fire to be saved from the smoke.

Content is an inexhaustible treasure.

Who can unravel the web of destiny?

We die as we live.

John Paul, the writer and poet, inspired by the beauties of nature, wrote:

"I wooed in the wood,  
And the birds understood.  
When I said, 'I'll be true  
Forever to you,'  
An old owl said,  
'To Whoo?'"

He took the effusion to the *Century*. It was refused because "the last line was not grammar." Mr. Paul, who, not unlike a few other geniuses, stutted a bit, said, "Why, it-t isn't a B-Boston o-owl!"—*Time and the Hour*.





TABLE FOR ST. VALENTINE LUNCHEON, SEE PAGE 521

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Oyster Cocktail

Fill oval brownie molds with water and set outdoors to freeze. When ready to serve set the little shapes of ice, a raw oyster on each, on a chilled plate of a size that will not allow of the shapes slipping on the plate. Put a glass of tomato catsup in the center and a heart-leaf of lettuce, between each ice shape. Serve as a first course at luncheon or dinner.

### Noodle Soup

For two quarts of soup purchase four pounds of shin of beef; at least half of the weight must be lean meat and a larger proportion of meat is desirable. Wipe the outside of the meat with a damp cloth, remove the marrow from the bone (the hind shin contains the most marrow and is on this account preferable to the fore shin) and cut the

meat in small pieces. Melt the marrow in a frying pan; put in part of the meat and stir occasionally while it browns. In the meantime, put the bone, broken in pieces, and the rest of the meat into the soup kettle. Pour on five pints of cold water and let stand to draw out the juices of the meat. When the meat is browned, add it to the soup kettle; put some of the water from the kettle into the frying pan and let stand over the fire to melt the glaze; then add this to the soup kettle. Heat the whole very slowly to the boiling point and let simmer five hours; add an onion, a stalk of celery and one-fourth a carrot, all cut in slices; add also three branches of parsley, three cloves, a chili pepper and a bit of mace, and let simmer another hour, then strain. When cold remove the fat, add salt and cooked noodles, and the soup is ready to serve. Cook the

noodles in salted, boiling water in the same manner as macaroni.

## Mock Bisque Soup, Chantilly



OYSTER COCKTAIL

## Noodles

To three eggs, slightly beaten, add a few grains of salt and enough flour to make a stiff dough; knead fifteen or twenty minutes; roll into a sheet as thin as paper (a piece of duck or a "magic cover" is the best surface upon which to roll the paste.) Let stand, covered with a cloth, about half an hour, to dry the surface. Roll the paste loosely like a jelly roll, then cut into very narrow threads or into ribbons one-fourth an inch wide. Separate the threads or ribbons and let stand an hour or more to dry. Cook about fifteen minutes in rapidly boiling salted water.

In a double boiler set to cook one quart of milk, one cup of kornlet, half an onion with four or five cloves pressed into it, three branches of parsley and half a teaspoonful of paprika. When hot stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, smoothed in a little milk; stir constantly a few minutes, then cover and let cook twenty minutes; remove the onion and parsley and press the remainder through a fine sieve. In the meantime, cook two cups of tomato and a teaspoonful of sugar and press through a sieve. Reheat each mixture separately, adding salt as needed. When ready to serve, remove from the fire and pour the two mixtures together. Serve in cups with a table-



PIGEONS À LA VALENCIENNES



spoonful of whipped cream above the soup. The kornlet may be omitted, but it is a pronounced addition to the soup.

### Creamed Finnan Haddie, Mexican Style

The whole fish or canned flakes of fish may be used. The whole fish must be cooked first and should be made ready in advance. Set to cook on the back of the range, flesh side downwards, in cold water; after half an hour draw the saucepan forward and let heat gradually to the simmering point. Let simmer about six minutes, then drain and separate the flakes from the skin and bones. For each cup of flakes prepare a cup of

tity to cover the pigeons; let simmer to dissolve the juices from the pan, then pour over the pigeons, cover the dish and let cook in the oven until tender. The time will depend on the age of the pigeons. It will take from two to four hours. Half an hour before removal from the oven, add, for each pigeon, one or two peeled mushroom caps, salt and pepper and flour mixed to a smooth paste with water, as is needed to season and thicken the broth. Serve on slices of toast, with the sauce and mushrooms poured over the whole.

### Pigeons à la Valenciennes

Cut three slices of bacon into small



STEWED PIGEONS ON TOAST

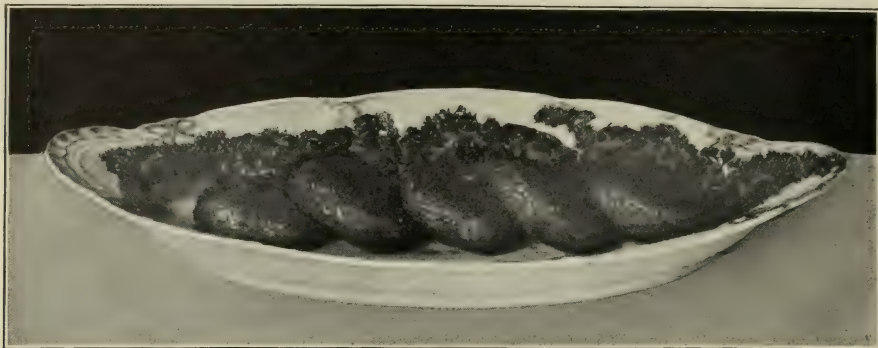
cream sauce; stir into the sauce half a teaspoonful of fine-chopped chili pepper, then add the fish. This is particularly good with baked potatoes.

### Stewed Pigeons on Toast

Clean and truss the pigeons, roll in flour and let brown in hot fat from salt pork, turning, as needed, that they may brown uniformly on all sides. Set the pigeons in an earthen dish. To the frying-pan add beef or veal broth in quan-

cubes; let cook until the fat is well drawn out, then skim out the bits of bacon, and in the fat cook three pigeons, carefully trussed and rolled in flour, until browned on all sides. Add broth (preferably veal) to half-cover the pigeons, and let cook very gently until the broth is reduced to a glaze (thick liquid); again add broth to half-cover the pigeons; add also six small onions, par-boiled and rinsed in cold water, and two or three sprigs of parsley, wrapped

around a little thyme, sweet basil and celery leaves, cover and let cook until coloring the butter or the onion; add half a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful,



RABBIT CROQUETTES

the pigeons are tender. Drain off the broth, reheat to the boiling point and add one cup of rice, carefully blanched and drained, the bits of bacon and one-fourth a teaspoonful of chopped chili pepper, and let cook rapidly until the rice is done. While the rice is cooking, prick, with a fork, about nine small sausage, and set to simmer in boiling water; after five minutes, drain and let cook in the oven six to ten minutes; remove from the fat and cover the onions and the sausage with tomato and brown sauce, half and half. Dispose the rice on a serving dish, the pigeons above, and the sausage and onions around the rice. Serve the sauce in a bowl.

### Rabbit Croquettes

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter on a very slow fire; add a teaspoonful of grated onion and stir and cook without

each, of salt and paprika, and stir and cook a little longer, then add one cup of broth, and one-third a cup of cream, and stir until boiling; add one egg, beaten light; stir and cook until the egg is set, then add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and about one cup and a half of cooked rabbit, cut in tiny cubes. Turn on a dish to cool; shape into round flat cakes, a generous half-inch thick, "egg-and-bread crumb" and fry in deep fat. Drain on soft paper. Dispose in two lengthwise rows on a serving dish, one croquette overlapping another.

### Sauce for Rabbit Croquettes

Cook two cups of tomatoes, two table-spoonfuls of raw ham, (chopped) a slice of onion, two sprigs of parsley, half a teaspoonful, each, of dried thyme and sweet basil, and half a stalk of celery, twenty minutes, strain. Use one cup of



CANNED TOMATOES, STUFFED



this tomato purée with half a cup of rich brown stock, three tablespoonfuls, each,

butter and spread above the mixture. Let cook until the dish is hot throughout



PUFFED PAPRIKA POTATOES

of butter and flour, and a scant half-teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, to make a sauce in the usual manner. Finish with a teaspoonful of sugar and a tablespoonful of lemon juice.

### Canned Tomatoes, Stuffed

To have this dish at its best, choose tomatoes that have been canned whole. When these are not available, spread a layer of solid pieces of tomato in a baking dish, drain off all liquid possible, then put the stuffing above, and cover with the buttered crumbs. With whole tomatoes, set them, not too close, in a buttered baking dish; after a time drain off all liquid possible, cut out the center from each, season with salt and pepper and fill with a portion of the stuffing, pressed into a round ball. For eight or ten tomatoes mix one cup of cracker crumbs with one-fourth a cup of melted

and the crumbs are browned. Serve as an entrée at dinner or as the main dish at supper or luncheon.

### Stuffing for Tomatoes

Mix together one cup of soft bread crumbs, three-fourths a cup of chopped cooked meat (one or two kinds), one-fourth a cup of melted butter, a teaspoonful of scraped onion, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-fourth a cup of mushroom parings and stems, chopped fine, (these may be omitted), half a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of paprika.

### Puffed Paprika Potatoes

Bake five potatoes—carefully scrubbed—until done. Cut a slice from the top of each and remove the contents to leave the skin intact for cups or cases. Press the potato through a ricer; add half a



VALENTINE SALAD

teaspoonful of paprika, three tablespoonfuls of butter, about a teaspoonful of spoonful of mushroom ketchup. For one cup and three-fourths of the purée soften



FIGS, APRICOT PASTE, WEISBADEN PRUNES  
AND STUFFED DATES

salt and two or three tablespoonfuls of tomato purée. With a slitted wooden spoon or a silver fork, beat the mixture until very light, then fold in the white of one egg (a second white is better) beaten dry. Fill the cases with the mixture, set them on a pan in a hot oven to reheat and puff. Serve at once with roast or broiled meats, with chicken or with fish.

### Valentine Salad

Cook about three cups of tomatoes, half an onion with three cloves pressed into it, a chili pepper, three branches of parsley, a small stalk of celery, a tablespoonful of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt, about twenty minutes; remove the onion and celery and press the tomato through a sieve; add a table-

a tablespoonful of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water and let dissolve in the hot tomato. Turn the mixture into an agate pan to make a sheet half an inch or more in thickness. When chilled and firm dip a heart-shaped cutter in boiling water and cut the mixture into hearts about two inches in diameter. With a smaller cutter stamp out the same number of hearts about three-fourths an inch in diameter. On the large hearts set halves of hard-cooked eggs; dispose the small hearts on the half-eggs, with a small round of cooked egg-white or of truffle above. Garnish with heart-leaves of lettuce and mayonnaise dressing. Or, serve the dressing in a separate bowl.

### German Apple Cake, Revised



GERMAN APPLE CAKE, REVISED



Sift together two cups of sifted flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and four level hearty dessert at dinner. To make the custard, beat two tablespoonfuls of but-



LADY FINGER CAKE

teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Work in one-fourth a cup of butter. Beat one egg; add one cup of milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Turn the mixture into a buttered pan. Pare, quarter and core three apples; cut the prepared quarters in slices and press them, core side downwards, into the top of the dough, making two rows lengthwise of the cake; sprinkle with two or three tablespoonfuls of cleaned currants, and dredge with granulated sugar. Let bake about eighteen minutes, or until nearly done; without moving the cake in the oven, pour over a custard mixture and continue the baking until done. Serve hot at breakfast, luncheon or supper, or as a

ter to a cream; beat in three tablespoonfuls of sugar; add one beaten egg and beat the whole until very light, then add half a cup of milk.

### Lady Finger Cake (Mrs. Percy)

Dry six lady-fingers, then grate or press them through a sieve. There should be one cup of fine material; ordinary sponge cake may take the place of the lady-fingers. Chop very fine enough blanched almonds to make three-fourths a cup. Beat the yolks of five eggs very light and the whites until dry. Into the yolks gradually beat one cup of sugar and the grated rind of a lemon; add the



STEWED PRUNES, STUFFED WITH NUTS, WHIPPED CREAM

prepared cake and nuts and carefully fold into the yolks and sugar; then fold in the whites of the eggs. Bake in two layers. Scald half a cup of milk in a double boiler; sift together one teaspoonful and a half of cornstarch, a few grains of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and stir into the hot milk; cover and let cook ten minutes, then stir in one well-beaten yolk of egg mixed with a tablespoonful of sugar; stir until the egg is cooked, let cool, add a few drops of vanilla extract and use between the two layers of cake as a filling. To a cup of thick cream add two or three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of vanilla, then beat until firm and use to cover the cake. Set aside in a cool place half an hour or longer before serving.

### Stewed Prunes, Stuffed with Nuts

Wash prunes, then drain and let stand overnight in a fresh supply of cold water. Let simmer until tender; add a small quantity of sugar and let simmer a few moments, until the liquid is thickened somewhat and is not large in quantity. Make a slit on one side of each prune and remove the stone; fill the opening, thus left, with sliced or chopped nuts. Spread a little whipped cream on individual dishes and set three or four prunes on the cream; partially cover with more

cream and finish with one or two prunes stuffed with nuts. Serve as a dessert dish at dinner or luncheon.

### Coupe Eugénie

Fill tall glasses with vanilla ice cream, through which candied chestnuts, broken in pieces, have been mixed. Pipe whipped cream, flavored with wine or vanilla, above, and sprinkle with crystallized lilac blossoms or violets.

### Nut Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup and a half of sugar, then add, alternately, three-fourths a cup of milk and two cups of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Lastly, add the whites of four eggs, beaten dry, and three-fourths a cup of chopped nut meats. Bake in a sheet about forty minutes. Cover when cold with

### Caramel Marshmallow Frosting

Melt one teaspoonful of butter and one cup and a half of brown sugar in half a cup of cream; let boil forty minutes, counting the time after boiling begins. Remove from the fire and beat in half a pound of marshmallows. Continue the beating until the mixture is cool enough to remain on the cake. Flavor with vanilla, at pleasure.



COUPE EUGÉNIE



### Maple Parfait, with Egg Whites

Boil one cup and a fourth of maple syrup to 236° F. on the sugar thermometer, or until a soft ball may be formed of a little of the syrup dropped into cold water; pour in a fine stream on to the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Set the dish into ice-water and beat the meringue occasionally until cold; then fold into it one cup and a half of cream, beaten very light but not dry. Chill a quart mold in equal measures of salt and crushed ice, pour in the mixture to fill the mold to overflow; spread a paper over the top, press the cover over it; then cover with salt and crushed ice, using equal measures of each.

### Cucumber-and-Pimento Salad

Pare a chilled cucumber and cut it into julienne pieces (like a match but shorter). Remove pimentos from a can, rinse in cold water, dry on a cloth and cut in shreds, the same size and shape as the cucumbers. Use equal measures of each. Dress each separately with French dressing made of three measures of olive oil to one of vinegar and a little grated or scraped onion. Dispose, separately or mixed together, in a salad bowl. Serve with fish.

### Potatoes, Hongroise Style

Chop fine a small mild onion and let cook in three tablespoonfuls of clarified butter until softened and yellowed. Do not allow either the butter or the onion to brown. Add half a teaspoonful of paprika, a cup of tomato pulp, freed of seeds and cut in thin slices or bits, and a quart of cooked potatoes, cut into rounds or slices one-fourth an inch in thickness. Mix all together thoroughly, then add consommé or broth nearly to cover the potatoes; cover and let cook very gently until the liquid is much reduced.

Sprinkle with fine-chopped parsley before serving.

### Sausages Baked, with Creamed Potatoes

Chop fine four, cold, boiled potatoes; season slightly with salt and dispose in a deep au gratin dish. Pour in cream to come nearly to the top of the potatoes. Prick the casings of one pound of sausage and lower them in a frying basket into a kettle of hot fat; count sixty, then remove and dispose over the potatoes. For a small frying kettle, cook the sausage in two lots, half a pound at a time. Pour over a cup of rather thick white sauce, one made with chicken or veal broth preferred. Use two and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter to the cup of liquid. Cover the sauce with three-fourths a cup of cracker crumbs, mixed with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Let bake about fifteen minutes. Serve for luncheon or supper.

### Broiled Sausage, with Soubise Tomato

Roll pork sausage meat, shaped in a bag, into flat cakes half an inch thick throughout. Dip these in melted bacon fat or butter and roll in soft, sifted bread crumbs, then broil over a slow fire. Pour tomato sauce, mixed with onion purée, on a hot dish; dispose the sausage above. Serve at luncheon or supper.

### Sauce Soubise Tomato

Slice two mild onions and let cook in chicken broth or water until tender and the liquid is nearly evaporated; press the onions and broth through a very fine sieve. Add one half the bulk of hot cream and an equal bulk of hot tomato sauce, also salt and pepper as needed. Do not boil after the cream and tomato are added. The onion purée should be quite consistent.

# Menus for a Week in February

*The flavor and texture of food stimulate the production of those secretions, by the action of which the food is digested and assimilated.—Church.*

SUNDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Grapefruit Fried Oysters Sour Pickles or Sauce Tartare Parker House Rolls (reheated) Corn Meal Muffins Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Noodle Soup Pigeons à la Valenciennes Celery Maple Parfait Nut Cake Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Mexican Rabbit Canned Pears Nut Cake	<b>Breakfast</b> Oranges Cheese Toast with Bacon Rolls Stewed Potatoes German Almond Buns Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Chilli Con Carne Baked Squash Cabbage Salad German Apple Cake, Revised Maple Sugar Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Stewed Oysters Lettuce-and-Egg Salad (French dressing with onion) Peanut Cookies Tea	WEDNESDAY				
	<b>Breakfast</b> Cream of Wheat, Thin Cream Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin White Hashed Potatoes or Broiled Yams Coffee Cocoa Doughnuts <b>Dinner</b> Mock Bisque Soup, Chantilly Sausages, Baked with Creamed Potatoes Dried Peach Pie Cold Slaw Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Stewed Lima Beans (dried) Baking Powder Biscuit Stewed Prunes Oatmeal Macaroons Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Poached Eggs on Toast Broiled Bacon Fried Bananas Corn Meal Muffins Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Pigeons with Mushrooms or Olives Buttered Beets (canned) Scalloped Potatoes Chocolate E'clairs Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Mexican Rabbit on Toast Olives Home Made Caramels Tea		THURSDAY			
	<b>Breakfast</b> Baked Apples Stuffed with Dates, Thin Cream Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham Lady Finger Rolls (reheated) Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Finnan Haddie, Baked Baked Potatoes Pickled Beets (canned) Stuffed Prunes, Cream Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Kornlet Timbales, Tomato Sauce Baking Powder Biscuit, Toasted Nut Cake Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Creamed Finnan Haddie, Mexican Style French Fried Potatoes Fruit-and-Nut Rolls (Swedish Style) Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Lima Bean Soup Fillets of Fresh Fish, Fried in Deep Fat Philadelphia Relish Gilded Mashed Potato Balls, Peas Pineapple Omelet Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Valentine Salad Mayonnaise Dressing Baking Powder Biscuit Oatmeal Macaroons Tea			FRIDAY		
	<b>Breakfast</b> Stewed Figs Cream of Wheat, Thin Cream Eggs Poached in Broth on Toast Doughnuts Coffee Cocoa	<b>Dinner</b> Hamburg Steak Stuffed Tomatoes (canned) Baked Sweet Potatoes Prune Jelly, Boiled Custard Half Cups of Coffee				<b>Supper</b> Fried Mush, Maple Syrup Apple Sauce Dry Toast Tea	SATURDAY



# Menus for School Girls' Luncheons

## I

Cold Turkey, Sliced Thin    Fruit Jelly in Cup  
     3 Stalks of Bleached Celery  
 2 Graham Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches  
     Nut Meats  
     Caramels

## II

Cold String Beans Dressed with oil, vinegar,  
     grated onion (very little) salt and  
     pepper (in jar or glass)  
 2 Toasted Rye Meal Muffins, Buttered  
     Nut Cake, Chocolate Icing  
     A Banana

## III

2 Sliced Ham Sandwiches    Olives  
     2 Baked or Raw Apples  
     3 Graham Crackers or  
     6 Oatmeal Macaroons

## IV

Slice of Breast or Second Joint of Fowl  
     2 Parker House Rolls, Buttered  
     3 Stalks of Bleached Celery  
 3 or 4 Fresh Cooked Figs in Jar with Cream  
     Cookie

## V

2 Smoked Beef Sandwiches  
 Tomato Jelly in glass cup with Dressing  
     Cup Custard (baked)

## VI

Baker Beans with Olive Oil and Vinegar  
     (in cup)  
     Olives  
 2 Boston Brown Bread Sandwiches  
 2 Slices of Sponge Cake, Whipped Cream  
     between

## VII

Cold Boiled or Baked Fish (white) flaked,  
     French Dressing  
     2 Rye Meal Biscuits, Buttered  
 2 Slices of Canned Pineapple (in cup)  
     Oatmeal Macaroons

## VIII

2 Hard-cooked Eggs, in Shells  
 Heart leaves of Lettuce in closed cup  
 Sandwiches (spread with Mayonnaise  
     Dressing)  
 Chocolate Bread Pudding with Jelly and  
     Meringue

## IX

Spinach Dressed with Oil and Lemon Juice  
     Half a Neuchatel Cheese  
 2 Rye Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches  
     Stuffed Dates  
     An Orange

## X

Bacon, Chopped Chicken-and-Bread  
     Sandwiches  
     3 or 4 Stalks of Celery  
 Prune Jelly with Cream in Closed Cup  
     Peanut Macaroons

## XI

Cheese Custard Baked in Cup  
     Celery Hearts  
 2 Apples Baked with Dates  
     4 Chocolate Creams

## XII

Succotash  
 Nut Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches  
     Graham Crackers  
     Half a Grapefruit

## XIII

Sardines Wrapped in Paper  
     Potato Salad  
     Rye Rolls, Buttered  
     An Orange

## XIV

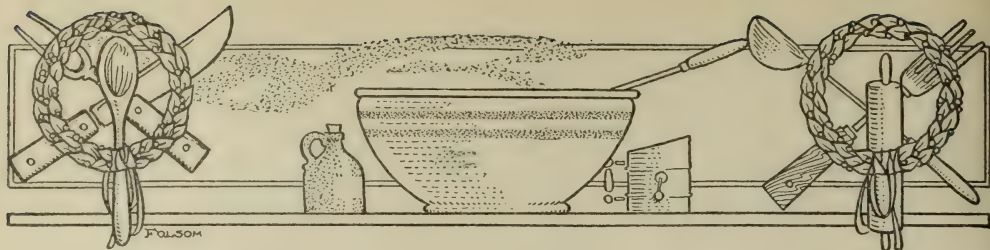
Kornlet Custard Baked in Cup  
     Olives or Celery  
     Fruit-and-Nut Rolls  
     Orange Marmalade

## XV

2 Scrambled Eggs in Cup  
 Graham Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches  
     Pickled Beets  
     Rice Pudding with Raisins  
     Few Nut Meats

## XVI

Cold Broiled Lamb Chop  
     Corn Meal Muffin, Buttered  
     Philadelphia Relish, in Cup  
 Dry, Cooked Prunes Stuffed with Nuts  
     Oatmeal Macaroons



## Demonstration in Cooking

By Janet M. Hill

### *The Cooking of Food Rich in Protein*

(Time about 2 hours)

**M**ENU: Boiled Fish, Egg Sauce; Broiled Beef Steak, Maître d'Hôtel Butter; Gnocchi à la Romaine; Fig Whip, Boiled Custard; Queen of Puddings.

#### Introduction

Refer to the physical properties of protein, and give a list of foods rich in protein. State why protein food must be given a place in the dietary. Refer to proportion needed in the food of adult and child. Compare cost and digestibility of this principle in different articles of food.

Illustrate the measuring of one cup, one tablespoonful and half a tablespoonful of dry material, also half a teaspoonful and one-fourth a teaspoonful of dry material.

#### Gnocchi à la Romaine

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of corn-starch	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of paprika
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of flour	2 cups of milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of salt	2 yolks of eggs
	$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of butter
1 cup of grated cheese	

Method: Sift together the first four ingredients and mix with a little of the cold milk to a paste that can be poured; scald the rest of the milk in a double boiler and stir in the paste; continue to stir until the mixture thickens; let cook, covered, 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat the butter to a cream; beat in the yolks, one at a time, then half of the cheese; stir until the cheese melts and the egg is set, then turn into a shallow

buttered dish to form a paste half an inch thick. When cold cut out into round, diamond or square pieces; dispose these in a buttered baking-and-serving dish in two or more layers, with grated cheese between and on top. Set the dish in a moderate oven to reheat the paste and melt the cheese. Serve at luncheon or supper, with plain celery or a simple green salad, a dish of apple sauce or stewed prunes.

Give the reason why the yolks and the cheese were added after 20 minutes, rather than with the flour. Give reason why a moderate rather than a hot oven is used in reheating the paste.

While at work on the dish explain how cheese is made; why it is such a hearty, concentrated food; also what foods should be eaten with it, to make a balanced meal. Give reasons why it is valuable in the dietary. Suggest other ways of using cheese. Parmesan cheese is often recommended for use in this dish, why? Give reasons why this dish may be considered more wholesome than an equal bulk of plain, uncooked cheese. What must be avoided when reheating the paste?

While the paste is cooling prepare the boiled custard and get the bread pudding into the oven.

#### Boiled Custard

2 cups of milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of vanilla
3 yolks of eggs	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	



Method: Scald the milk in a double boiler; beat the yolks, beat in the sugar and salt; add a little of the hot milk and mix thoroughly; add more milk, mix and return the whole to the double boiler; stir constantly until the mixture coats the spoon. Have ready a fine strainer in a cold dish, and at once strain the custard; beat occasionally until the custard is cold, then flavor.

While getting ready and making the custard, explain why a double boiler is used for heating milk; show how to improvise a double boiler; point out the bead-like bubbles of milk at edge of surface, which appear when the milk is scalded; explain why the eggs and sugar are not added to the cold milk, without waiting until it is scalded. Refer to the number of yolks that may be used to a pint of milk. Give reason why yolks are preferred to whole eggs. Tell how to add whites when they are used. Also note which quality, lightness or smoothness, is considered most essential in a custard.

### Queen of Puddings

2 cups of milk	Grated rind of 1
1 cup of grated bread	lemon
$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of sugar	Currant or other
Yolks of 2 eggs	jelly
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of sugar	2 whites of eggs

Beat the yolks, add the sugar and milk, mix and pour over the crumbs; let stand ten or fifteen minutes. Bake in moderate oven (why?). Let cool somewhat (why?). Grate the lemon rind over the top, and spread with jelly. Beat the whites dry; beat in the sugar, spread this mixture over the jelly, dredge with sugar (granulated) and set to cook in a very moderate oven (why?). After ten minutes, let meringue take on a delicate color. Give variations of the recipe with chocolate, cocoanut, raisins, currants, and also by use of individual molds, etc.

### Fig Whip

5 whites of eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
left from gnocchi and custard	cream of tartar
	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar

8 or 10 cooked figs

Beat the eggs a little, add the cream of tartar and beat until dry (why?); gradually beat in the sugar, then fold in the figs cut in small pieces. Turn into a buttered baking dish dredged with sugar (why?); set into a dish, on many folds of paper, (why?) and surround with boiling water; let cook about twenty-five minutes. The water should not boil during the cooking (why?) Serve hot with the custard, chilled for the purpose. Give other articles than figs that may be used in the same or a similar manner as: French fruit, raisins, nuts, prunes, cooked apples, bananas, peaches, etc.

### Boiled Fish

Explain how to prepare for boiling both whole fish and fillets; mention object and use of frying basket, buttered cheese-cloth and fish sheet; why simmer? note how long to cook; also what articles are added to the water and how to serve.

### Egg Sauce

Have a saucepan holding an egg on the back of the range where both will become warm; cover the egg with boiling water, and let stand twenty-five minutes where the water will neither boil nor cool. Remove the egg to cold water, shell and cut in slices. In the meantime, melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; add one cup of the liquid in which the fish was cooked (chilled for the purpose) and stir until boiling; gradually beat in two tablespoonfuls of butter (in little bits) and pour over the egg.

While preparing the fish for cooking and making the sauce, compare fish with meat as regards cost, nutritive properties, digestability, ease of cooking, etc. Notice means by which fish may be served attractively. Why is boiling fish a wasteful process? How render it less wasteful?

### Broiled Beefsteak

Wipe the steak with a damp cloth (why), heat the broiler very hot, and rub it over on the inside with a bit of fat. Set the steak inside with the edge of fat (if there be any) toward the handle of the broiler. Hold the meat close to the coals, count ten and turn; repeat five or six times, then remove farther from the coals and complete the cooking, turning occasionally. How arrange the dampers to the chimney and why? Note the thickness of the steak, and give length of time needed for cooking steaks varying in thickness. What relation does the puffy appearance of the steak hold to the time of cooking. Remove to warm dish and spread with

### Maitre d'Hôtel Butter

For a steak weighing about two pounds, beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; beat in half a teaspoonful of salt, half a tablespoonful of fine-chopped

parsley and very gradually three-fourths a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Why not set the steak ready for the table into the oven? Why use the above butter instead of pieces of ordinary butter? Why is only tender meat suitable for broiling?

### Close

As all food must be in a liquid form before it can be assimilated, it is to be inferred that, disregarding appearances and taste, protein as it is found in a raw egg, milk, juices of meat and fish is in a more digestible form than when it has been cooked; but for aesthetic reasons we commonly demand the application of enough heat to affect some coagulation of the albuminous juices, but the continued application of a high degree of heat to articles rich in protein is wasteful of the products and detracts from its digestibility. This principle holds good wherever protein is found or in whatsoever form it is presented.

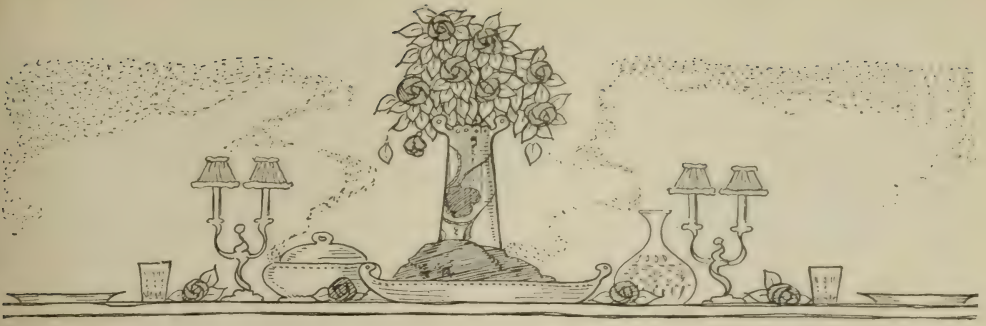
## Welsh Rabbit

The Welsh rabbit! Wherefore Welsh and wherefore rabbit? I do not want anybody to tell me that it is a corruption of "rarebit," because it is nothing of the kind. In its perfect form as we know it (some of us at least) it has little to do with Wales. The old-fashioned London tavern and coffee-house supplied it in perfection, and as the tavern and the coffee-house are fast vanishing to make way for the tea-shop the perfect Welsh rabbit is less often to be met with. As to the Welshman, his pabulum was simply toasted cheese, without the accessories that go to the making of the perfect "rabbit." Like other hill-men—the Swiss peasants, for example—he found

cheese to be a sustaining food in his wild life, and his neighbors of the plains, scoffing at the fare, humorously christened his slab of toasted cheese "the Welshman's rabbit." It was only an old-world joke without much point to it. There are others. One has heard of "Scotch woodcock," "Bombay Duck," etc. As to the misapplied ingenuity that would fain derive the name from "rarebit," I will none of it. There is not even logic in the contention, for it is not rare in any meaning of the word; it is neither underdone nor uncommon, but the cheapest and simplest fare that the most ardent simple-lifer might desire.—*The Epicure.*







## A Model Kitchen

*In Rose and Silver Effect*

By Marian C. Kellar

**W**HILE the best efforts of inventive genius are being bent toward saving time and labor in the kitchen, it is well to remember that this department of the home has peculiar possibilities for artistic interpretation. Though utility is generally conceded to be the essential characteristic of the good kitchen, beauty is of no secondary importance, and this may be developed in a scheme of furnishing and decorating.

Recognizing that two-thirds of the housewife's time is spent in the preparation of meals, the washing of dishes, ironing, preserving fruit, etc.—spiritless tasks at best—this room should be the brightest, lightest and cheeriest in the house, and the finishing touches may as well be artistic as homely in effect.

It is possible for *every* woman to have an attractive kitchen. The wall decoration, tea-kettle, milk-pitcher, may each contribute its share in making the kitchen beautiful and thus enhance the joy of living to its presiding genius.

An ideal room of this kind may be one in which the idea is carried out in rose and silver, the dominant tones appearing, respectively, in the wall finish, the curtains, rugs and cooking utensils.

First comes the problem of lightening work, lessening steps, and economizing time, for which every housekeeper, who enjoys the advantage of an up-to-date

kitchen, is no doubt extremely thankful.

Then there is possible a sanitary and convenient assemblage of the gas range, work-table, sink, and refrigerator, demonstrating the time and labor-saving idea by proper spacing and correct arrangement.

This idea is carried out in my own kitchen. The room is eighteen feet long by twelve feet wide, and the walls are finished in white enamel with an ivory white shade above the imitation rose tile paneling.

Nearly in the centre of the room is the work-table, with a top of solid, non-porous, white glass, forty-two inches long by twenty-eight inches wide, and one and a quarter inches thick. The drawers serve to contain tools used in kitchen work.

The kitchen cabinet is of the latest design, but with the flour-bin placed below instead of in the upper cupboard. The cabinet is finished inside and out with a coating of white enamel.

The sink is one solid piece of cast iron, coated with enamel, and with a white rubber mat on the right side, to prevent breaking or chipping of china or glassware.

The gas range is finished in white enamel and tile, with trimmings of nickle; there is an oven, each, for broiling, roasting and warming, heated by one set of burners. On the top of the broil-

ing burners there is a set of triple combination sauce-pans, so that three dishes can be cooked on one burner.

Immediately over the sink, at a distance of four feet, is placed a rack to hold cooking pans.

The hot water is supplied by a multi-coil, storage water-heater, located in the basement of the house.

The refrigerator of the best sanitary construction, enameled throughout, is advisedly placed in the kitchen, but at a distance of eight feet from the source of the cooking heat.

The kitchen chairs are of solid oak, finished in white enamel, to harmonize with the other furnishings.

Near the kitchen entrance and opposite the range is a book-shelf with the same white finish and containing many standard works pertaining to cookery and the kitchen.

The casement windows have upper and lower openings for ventilation, and a wide shelf for geraniums and other potted plants, which furnish rose-colored blossoms to this pleasant workroom.

Bookcase, windows, and utensil shelf

are protected from stray dust particles by curtains of sheer white, with a three-inch rose-colored border.

Near the range, on white enamel hooks inserted in the wall, may be hung cooking forks, spoons, and knives of plated ware.

The illumination for this ideal kitchen is obtained from a single, reflex, incandescent gas lamp equipped with a self-lighting pull-chain and a crystal or rose-colored reflecting shade. A uniform and softened light is thus distributed over the room at a very economical cost.

The floor is covered with a seamless linoleum in a light oak effect. Rag rugs are placed before the cabinet and range; these are woven in gray with a border in narrow stripes of rose and are easily washed when they become soiled.

In decoration and furnishing a clear blue may be substituted for the rose color, if desired, and still retain the pleasing effect.

In viewing this beautiful room, one can heartily agree with an old and trite saying, revised to read, "that the kitchen has at last come into its own."

## Advice

Laugh a little,  
Chaff a little,  
Jolly as you go.  
Cheer one brother,  
Help another—  
Make hope's lantern glow!

Stop your sighing,  
Keep on trying  
Someone's load to lift.  
Don't be scrappy,  
Make folks happy  
Till their burdens lift.

Scorn self pity;  
Just be gritty;  
Never once cry quits.  
Your example  
May be ample  
To brace other wits.

LURANA SHELDON.

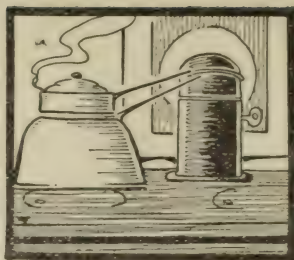
Don't be croaking;  
Do some joking  
In a friendly way.  
Fun's a winner,  
Good as dinner  
For some men, they say.

When luck's downed you,  
When woe's found you,  
Don't let out a peep.  
Some one's trouble  
May be double  
Those o'er which you weep.





# HOMIE IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

## The Ornamentation of the House

THE desire for ornamentation in the abode is common to all womankind. It is a visible expression of the home-making instinct. A house containing only the furnishings necessary for existence is a dreary place, indeed.

But while every woman may wish for a charming home, not everyone can impart that charm which characterizes the homes of some women, be they in palace or cottage.

There is a wide call between clutter and charm. Because a room is filled with objects, ornamental though they be in themselves, is no assurance that the room will look homelike or attractive. One rule is safe to follow in this regard; it is: Always have a well-formed purpose for the introducing of each bit of ornamentation in a room.

Rugs may not be considered in the light of ornaments by the average homemaker, yet they go a long way toward making or spoiling the attractiveness of a room. The most satisfactory rugs are soft and rich in color, unobtrusive in design, and not too small in size. They should be placed where their use can not be questioned. A floor bare of rugs gives an otherwise well-furnished room a hard, unhomelike look. Rugs zig-zagging uselessly across the floor have a "patchy" look, equally undesirable. Placed squarely before a seat or the fireplace or the piano, they mark the gathering places of the family, and add warmth and dignity to an apartment.

In one charming living-room is a

pleasant double window. Beneath it is spread a beautiful rug, large enough to hold two comfortable chairs and the mistress' little work-table. It is the one spot in the exceedingly pleasant room which everyone seems to covet instinctively, so intimately does it speak of the real, domestic life of the house.

Curtains and Cushions ought to combine the ornamental with the useful; there is never any excuse for their having but one of these qualities, but of the two, there is less excuse for the former. A couch filled with cushions too fine to be used is a mockery that cannot be concealed, as is a useless drapery at a door or window. Trim, neat cushions upon which one may lean, and curtains that soften the glare of noonday, without being too precious for the sun to shine upon, will always be ornamental, if their colors and design are kept within the bounds of good taste.

Books carry with them a charm of their own. They speak of cosy indrawings about the evening lamp. Few things add so much of warmth and livableness to a room as shelves of "used" books.

Pictures are apt to express individuality. We can tell, many times, by the pictures on her walls, the lover of nature or of animals, or the enthusiast in literature or art. Interest in pictures often works contrary-wise. It is exceedingly refreshing to find a room in a crowded city where are hung beautiful rural scenes. In the quiet country house, whose inmates seldom get more than a

day's length from home, excellent pictures of foreign life and reproductions of the world's great pictures seem to have a special value.

Pictures should be used sparingly: better too few than too many. A wall strewn with meaningless little pictures detracts from the appearance of a room. Small pictures show to the best advantage when grouped in the hanging. They should, whenever possible, be classified in the grouping; for example, placing several watercolors together, or two or more prints. A good effect is gained, where pictures must be acquired one at a time, by hanging all the black and white pictures on one side of the room, all the oil paintings on another, and so on, giving an impression of unity.

Photographs prove a stumbling block in many homes. No photograph should be displayed in parlor or other room, commonly given over to guests, unless it has—what a photograph rarely does have—the merits of a really good picture. Lining the walls with family portraits, that are beautiful to no one except loving relatives, is not a true idea of home ornamentation.

Put such pictures in the personal rooms of the family if desired. Occasionally we find a photograph, which from the standpoint of subject and workmanship is a real picture, and it may appropriately be framed and accorded the dignity of a picture.

Bric-a-brac is another stumbling block, which ceases to trip the wise housekeeper who subjects each article of this nature to the test of proving its right to a place in the house.

A vase should be really beautiful, or it should be really needed to brighten some otherwise empty space, or it should contain flowers. There can be no excuse for a shelf crowded with vases, no matter how beautiful they may be individually.

China may be displayed in a dining-room, because it is very old or very beautiful, or because it adds a required

bit of color to the room, but walls and shelves should never be crowded to the point of losing the individuality of each piece.

One charming housewife has in her parlor a little cabinet with leaded glass doors in which she keeps extra vases for flowers, photographs of friends, interesting post-cards, and the keepsakes that too frequently litter the living rooms of the family. Here they are close at hand, and free from dust, while her rooms are doubly attractive, because of their absence. Some such plan is practicable in every house.

A clock makes an excellent example of an ideal ornament. A clock should be, primarily, a timekeeper. The highly-ornate affairs, that cannot be relied upon for accuracy of time, are not ornamental in the true sense; while the fine old timepieces of our grandfathers' day, with their straight, unassuming lines, are now given a place of honor in many elegant homes.

The woman, who adds to her home such ornaments as tend to a fuller, completer enjoyment of the home-life, will have acquired that charm for which many seek, but which not everyone reaches.

A. M. A.

\* \* \*

### The Making of a Philanthropist

A LADY over-burdened with church, social and philanthropic duties, suddenly decided to try shifting some of her responsibilities upon others, not others likewise burdened, but shoulders new.

Turning to the telephone, she called up a young girl of sixteen, a girl of fine inheritance, but one who never as yet had been given any part in church activities.

"Margaret," she said, "I have a special job for you, one I think you will like; and it is the kind of a one which I am sure you could do as well or better than I. Listen!

"When I visited our church orphanage



last week at ———, I met the young girl our society has had special care of for several years. In talking with her I happened to say, 'You are sixteen now, aren't you?' 'Nearly seventeen,' she said proudly.

"Then you will be leaving here next year. What do you want most to do then?" Without a minute's hesitation and with a wistful note in her voice, she exclaimed, 'O I *wish* I could be a librarian!'

"Now, Margaret, you know it requires some sort of an apprenticeship—examinations and so on—I do not know exactly how or where a girl could get a start toward such a position. But there *must* be some way we could give this ambitious girl the work in life she most craves. It is as much our duty now as it has been in the past to keep her clothed and fed—don't you think? Yes, I *knew* you would say Amen to that! Now, dear, can't you, all by yourself, undertake this beautiful task, the finding out of ways and means to give this girl her independence? What do you say?"

"First I must say you are a fairy god-mother even to think me capable of such a job! I'd love to do it, if I could! I'll interview the city librarian, and find out what is necessary and how go about it; then I'll get Uncle George to help me pull the wires, if there are any. Bless you for suggesting it. I was going down town this afternoon anyway."

All of which sounded so genuinely like an impulsive, large-hearted American girl that, when the lady at the other end of the line finally hung up her receiver, there was a smile on her face and a far-seeing look in her eyes, and she said to herself:

"Ah, the burdens we older folk carry that younger folk need—aye, *want*! We church women get nervous prostration trying to do everything that needs doing, while the Intermediate girls drop out of Sunday-school and church simply for lack of things to be interested in. I

have no doubt but that this helping of the orphan will help Margaret Morris more, in the long run."

L. M. C.

\* \* \*

### A Paper Party

INVITATIONS were sent out "From three to five" on a certain afternoon by a young girl to a dozen of her girl friends. Arrived at the home of the hostess the guests were each given several paper napkins and requested to make something to wear, and something useful or pretty from the napkins. Paste, scissors, needles and thread were also furnished.

The napkins supplied were of white paper with borders of pink or blue flowers. For a special occasion, such as Washington's Birthday, Easter, etc., napkins with symbolic designs could be used.

Most of the girls made cute little caps, aprons or fichus as articles of dress, which they at once donned. Then as fancy articles they evolved flat glove cases, handkerchief cases and wall pockets, and hair receivers in the form of cornucopias.

Many of the articles were very ingenious and pretty. A vote was taken as to which was the most unique and useful article, and a framed photograph given as a prize to the winner.

Refreshments were served in an original way. The hostess had procured a number of small tin trays, which can be bought for ten cents apiece, and each guest was handed a tray with a paper napkin covering it. Then from a pretty tea-table the hostess passed coffee, sandwiches, salad, wafers, olives and candy. Except the coffee cups, all the dishes were made of paper.

\* \* \*

### Two Unique Invitations

A lady whose husband is an amateur photographer had kodak pictures taken of their home, with herself standing on the entrance porch.

These tiny pictures were pasted on postals and below them was written:—

"On Tuesday afternoon at three  
Take a cup of tea with me."

The name of the hostess was not given, but of course her friends recognized the picture of the house and the lady, and enjoyed the quaint conceit.

A young girl found on sale at the postal-card stand pictures of Forest Avenue on which she lived. She used these cards as invitations for a thimble party, and wrote on each the following verse:

"On Monday afternoon at two,  
If you'll stroll down this avenue,  
At number eighty-five you'll meet  
Some friends who wait with joy to greet;  
As we will work with fingers nimble,  
Please bring your knitting or your thimble."

(Signed)

MAUD JOHNSTON.  
GRACE JOHNSTON.

\* \* \*

N. F. M.

### Sweet Pickled Beets with Onion

A CANADIAN way of pickling beets is very nice. Allow two onions for two bunches of beets. The sugar may be boiled with the beets, also the vinegar, if quick results are desired, but it is far more economical and quite as nice to boil the beets in plain water as usual. Leave the skins and root-end on, in either case, to preserve the juice of the beets.

Wash and clean the beets; do not pare them; boil until tender. Do not cook the onions at all. Slice the onions in a dish that can be covered. Slice the cooked beets over them. Prepare a syrup as follows, allowing this amount for two bunches of beets.

One cup of water, one-fourth a cup of vinegar, one-half a cup of sugar; boil this and pour over the beets and onions, which have been plentifully sprinkled with salt and pepper. Add red pepper, either bits of the pod, paprika, or cayenne, as liked by different families. In some Philadelphia restaurants one finds bay leaf used with the pickled beets. Tarragon vinegar is also excellent.

### Gooseberry Jelly and Jam

Frequently inquiries are made in this magazine about gooseberry jelly and jam, and directions are given. One little hint, taken years ago from a writer in the *Detroit Free Press*, I have never seen elsewhere, but it has proved its worth and hence is passed on here. It is simply this: to cook a piece of a vanilla bean or a whole one, according to the amount of fruit you have or the size and strength of the bean, in the gooseberry jelly or jam. Use it with either the very green or the very red-ripe fruit. These make delicious tarts and pies all winter, and compliments are sure to ensue when vanilla is used. The writer made jam for a sister this summer who feared any such innovation, but, to prove the statement, extract of vanilla was added to a small portion. This was liked, and another year vanilla will be used in that home.

Green gooseberry sauce is excellent with broiled fresh mackerel, and rich chops; and in curries a little green gooseberry or rhubarb may be used in place of lemon juice.

J. D. C.

\* \* \*

### Brightening a Dingy Bath Room

THE bath room in question was the regulation type to be found in suburban homes of the architecture of twenty years ago, possessing the equipment of large-sized, tin-lined tub, seat and bowl with cabinet foundation, affording drawers for towels; a small medicine chest decorated one corner and a high wainscoting made a three-foot border around the walls. A much-worn tile paper covered the ceiling and upper walls; the floor was painted a nondescript color, and this with cypress woodwork made a most uninviting room. But a little careful planning and the services of a good painter wrought wonders. On a later visit imagine my surprise at finding the ceiling kalsomined immaculate white, the upper walls



painted a delicate green, the woodwork a glistening white enamel, including the medicine closet, frame of the mirror and the window sashes. Moreover, the bath tub itself had received several coats of white paint with hard enamel finish, and the floor had been grained a clever imitation of oak.

A fresh white muslin curtain, at the window, and two soft, harmonious rugs added the finishing touches to a now very dainty and attractive bath room.

### A Suggestion for the Winter Breakfast

**I**NTO your mixing bowl break one egg and beat till light, adding one teaspoon of salt, a generous pint of thick sour milk, a teaspoon of soda; beat thoroughly and add two cups of flour which has been sifted.

Bake on a hot, well-greased griddle and you will have some delicious, golden-brown griddle cakes.

Eaten with the following syrup they are indeed toothsome: Two cups of granulated sugar, 1 cup of brown sugar, 2 cups of boiling water.

Boil a short time and when cool add about five drops of vanilla extract. You can scarcely believe it is not genuine maple syrup.

### Heat Marks

Having set some hot dishes on an insufficiently protected polished table, I was greeted with the inevitable white heat marks. While the spots were still warm I applied a soft woolen cloth moistened with common wood alcohol, and the wood was immediately restored to its original beauty. E. R. W.

\* \* \*

### Dried Celery and Parsley Leaves

**W**HEN the celery comes into the house, clip off with the scissors all the good leaves but not any of the stalks. Wash thoroughly. Place on a light brown paper and put in warming oven to dry quickly. When very crisp

rub through the hands or roll with a rolling pin, to pulverize. This latter must be done as they will soften a little by standing and the large pieces are not as desirable for cooking purposes. These should be stored in an air-tight can, and will be found very useful in making stuffings,—added to a salad where celery flavor is desired,—also are delicious in making cream-of-celery soup, without further additions of celery.

Even though parsley may be had all winter, try drying a small quantity, following same directions as for celery. See what a help it will be when a delicate flavor is needed and the pretty green parsley may still be kept for garnishing purposes. B. M. A.

\* \* \*

### Dried Peach Pickle

**W**HEN fresh peaches are out of season, make peach pickles from the dried fruit. Soak the dried peaches overnight and the next day the skins can easily be removed from most of them. Pin together two half-peaches of equal size with cloves and bits of cinnamon. Place them in cans, with an occasional almond to suggest a peach kernel, and pour over them hot, sweet, spiced vinegar. Let them stand at least a week.

To obtain gloss on linen an experienced laundress recommends the following: Dissolve half an ounce of borax and the same quantity of gum arabic in a small basin of hot water. Take half an ounce of white wax, and half an ounce of spermaceti; put them in a jar, stand the jar in boiling water and, when the wax is quite melted and liquid, stir in the dissolved borax and gum. Mix all well together, then add a few drops of oil of cloves. Put this by, ready for use. When the collars, etc. are ready for starching, add a teaspoonful of the mixture to a pint of starch. This gives a beautiful gloss to linen. The ingredients can be purchased quite cheaply at the drug store. J. J. O'C.



**T**HIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. **BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.**

QUERY 1945.—“Recipes for a Soup of tomato and peas, called Mongole, and a Cream of Tomato Soup, strong of tomato, lobster, red in color and does not curdle.”

### Potage Mongole (Filippini)

Soak one cup of dried, split, green peas overnight. Drain, put into a saucepan with half a carrot, half an onion, one leek and one branch of celery, all cut in slices; add two branches of parsley, a bit of bay leaf and an ounce of lean ham, cut in bits, or a ham bone; moisten with three pints of cold water, add a teaspoonful, each, of salt and sugar and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Let heat slowly to the boiling point; skim, cover and let simmer one hour. Meanwhile chop half a carrot, half an onion, one leek and one branch of celery; let cook about eight minutes in a saucepan with a teaspoonful of butter, stirring occasionally. When yellowed somewhat add two tablespoonfuls of flour, stir and cook; then add a pint of fresh or canned tomatoes and a pint of broth and let simmer an hour. Cut into fine julienne strips one small carrot, one small turnip, one leek and a branch of celery; add half a teaspoonful of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and a cup and a half of boiling water and let cook about half an hour. Pass the two saucepans of soup through a sieve; add the julienne vegetables and two tablespoonfuls of cooked green peas; let boil ten minutes. Skim if needed before serving.

### Red Cream of Tomato Soup

Put over the fire one quart of choice red tomatoes, one quart of good stock, preferable that made from beef with chicken or veal, an onion and half a carrot, sliced, four parsley branches, a teaspoonful of thyme, a bit of red pepper pod and a tablespoonful of sugar; let simmer about half an hour, strain and heat to the boiling point; add two tablespoonfuls of potato flour or cornstarch, smoothed with cold water, and let simmer fifteen minutes. Season with salt, skim carefully and when ready to serve add one cup and a half of thin cream.

QUERY 1946.—“Kindly give advice as to the correct forms of invitation, menus and service for card parties.”

### Regarding Card Parties

A card party is an informal, simple entertainment, usually gotten up with no great trouble or expense. The engraved visiting card with date and hour and the simple word “cards” written in by hand at the lower left hand may be mailed or sent by a messenger. A reply should be returned immediately. The rooms are supplied with the requisite number of small tables. Street dresses or semi-evening dresses are worn; much depends on the hour. Dressing rooms are provided for the removal of wraps, but hats are often retained, especially in the early part of the day. A light luncheon or supper—according to the hour—is



served; or simple refreshments are passed around to the guests seated at the card tables. When the party is in the evening, punch is often served before the time of the regular supper. In the evening or afternoon, ices and cake are more often served than anything else, though sweet sandwiches (bread and butter with preserved ginger, jelly or marmalade) and cocoa with whipped cream is quite as suitable and less common. For a morning party, a hot dish, followed by a green salad with cheese and coffee and no sweet, save, perhaps, bonbons, is appropriate. For a hot dish, choice may be made of oysters in some form, chicken croquettes, lobster chops, or Newburgh, chicken à la King, or hot chicken salad.

QUERY 1947.—“Recipe for Chicken à la King.”

### Chicken à la King

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a blazer or frying pan; add half a green pepper, chopped fine, and a cup of fresh mushroom caps, peeled and broken in pieces; stir and cook three or four minutes; add two level tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt and cook until frothy; then add one pint of cream and stir until the sauce thickens. Set over hot water; add three cups of cooked chicken, cut in cubes, cover and let stand to become very hot. In the meanwhile, cream one-fourth a cup of butter; beat into it the yolks of three eggs, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and half a teaspoonful of paprika. Stir this mixture into the hot chicken and continue stirring until the egg thickens a little. Serve on toast.

QUERY 1948.—“Recipes for Mexican Rabbit and Apple or Mince Pie, with apple meringue; the meringue part of the recipe is what is desired.”

### Mexican Rabbit

1 tablespoonful of	in squares
butter	1 lb. cheese
1 green pepper cut	$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of kornlet

$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of	2 whole eggs
salt	$\frac{3}{8}$ a cup of tomato in
4 yolks of egg or	small pieces

Melt the butter; in it cook the pepper (discard the seeds) until softened a little; add the cheese, cut in thin bits, and stir constantly until melted; add the kornlet and salt and stir until well blended, then add the eggs, beaten and mixed with the pieces of tomato (canned) and stir until the mixture is hot and smooth; serve on the untoasted side of bread toasted on but one side, or on crackers.

### Mince or Apple Pie, with Apple Meringue

Bake the pie, in the usual manner, having the upper crust of puff or flaky pastry and rolled out rather thin. Shortly before serving, spread over the pie an apple meringue and set the pie into a very moderate oven to cook the meringue. After ten or twelve minutes, increase the heat to color the meringue delicately. Serve the pie soon after removal from the oven.

### Apple Meringue

Peel and grate one large tart apple, adding to the pulp, meanwhile, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a cup of sugar. Beat the whites of two eggs dry, then gradually beat in the sugar and apple and use as indicated above. The meringue may, also, be cooked in a small buttered mold, set in a dish of hot water, and served hot, with cream and sugar or a cold boiled custard.

QUERY 1949.—“Recipe for Candied Grape-Fruit Peel that makes a soft pasty peel.”

### Candied Grape-Fruit Peel

Select choice fruit. The peel is best in the best fruit. Remove the peel in quarter sections and cut it into strips nearly half an inch wide. Weigh the peel and take its weight in sugar. Cover the peel with cold water and let stand overnight. In the morning let simmer until the peel is very, very tender. It will take five or six hours. The cooking must be very

slow; the dish should be large in extent, that the peel may not be broken during the cooking. Set the kettle aside overnight. Drain off the liquid, if needed, add water, that the weight may be half that of the sugar. Cook the sugar and water to a syrup; add the peel and let simmer very slowly until the syrup is thick (nearly all absorbed) and the peel comparatively clear; when partly cooled pick out the pieces of peel, roll them in granulated sugar and set them on waxed paper to dry. Store in closed glass receptacles. If the peel becomes hard, simmer in a little hot syrup—a few pieces at a time—until soft, then again roll in granulated sugar.

QUERY 1950.—“Recipes for Filling and Frosting for a thick Cream Pie.”

### Filling for Cream Pie

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of flour	vanilla
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	2 eggs or 4 yolks
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt	$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of sugar
	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of

Sift together, several times, the flour, sugar and salt, then stir into the milk, scalded over boiling water; cook and stir until the mixture thickens, then cover and let cook fifteen minutes; beat the eggs, add the one-fourth a cup of sugar and stir and cook until the egg is “set.” When cool add the vanilla and use. This is enough for a large cake. One or two ounces of chocolate may be added as soon as the paste thickens.

### Frosting for Cream Pie

Melt three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar in three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, cover and let boil about three minutes, then stir in sifted confectioner’s sugar to make a frosting that will hold its shape. Flavor with a few drops of vanilla. An extra tablespoonful of water may be needed.

QUERY 1951.—“How thick a loaf should be made from the recipe for “Imperial Cake given in the January number of this magazine?”

## Thickness of Loaf of Imperial Cake

Think the finger length of which the writer speaks is about the right thickness for this cake. It has something of the texture of pound cake.

QUERY 1952.—“What is added to a mayonnaise (olive oil) foundation to make Sauce Tartare. Recipe for Vinaigrette Sauce.”

### Sauce Tartare

To a pint of mayonnaise dressing add half a teaspoonful or more of scraped onion on a shallot, chopped fine, one-fourth a cup, each, of fine-chopped capers, olives and cucumbers, or mustard pickles, and two tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped parsley.

### One Quart of Vinaigrette Sauce (For endive, lettuce, cooked asparagus, etc.)

Rub over the inside of a mixing bowl with a clove of garlic, cut in halves. Into the bowl put half a teaspoonful of mustard, a teaspoonful of curry powder, half a teaspoonful of paprika, one teaspoonful of chopped chives, a thin slice of mild onion, scraped to a pulp, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley and half a chili pepper, chopped exceedingly fine. Mix and crush all the ingredients. Use a silver fork. Then pour on a tablespoonful of cool olive oil and mash the whole to a smooth pulp; add a cup of cider vinegar, gradually, mixing all together meanwhile; then add three cups of olive oil in the same manner. Press through a very fine (new) sieve into a quart fruit jar. Cover closely and set aside in a cool place for use as desired.

QUERY 1953.—“Recipes for Bran Muffins and Bran Bread.”

### Bran Muffins

2 cups of bran	3 tablespoonfuls of butter
1 cup of entire wheat flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of molasses
3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of thick sour milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ a level teaspoonful of soda



Note the Two Hods in

# Crawford Ranges

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Sift together the flour, baking-powder and salt and add the bran. Stir the soda into the sour milk and molasses, then stir into the dry ingredients; add the butter, melted. Bake in a hot, well-buttered muffin pan about twenty-five minutes.

### Bran Bread

1 cup of milk	salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of water	3 tablespoonfuls of
1 cake of com-	molasses
pressed yeast	1 cup of entire
2 tablespoonfuls of	wheat flour
butter	Bran as need for a
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of	soft dough

Scald the milk; add the butter, salt and molasses. When lukewarm add the yeast, mixed with the water, the flour and bran as needed to make a soft dough. Do not knead. Let stand, covered, until light; cut down and turn into an ordinary bread pan. When nearly doubled in bulk bake one hour.

### Bran Bread. (Lila F. Dorson)

1 quart of bran (not	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of molasses
packed down)	1 teaspoonful of
1 pint of white flour	soda
1 pint of buttermilk	1 teaspoonful of salt

Stir all together and bake one hour.

QUERY 1954.—“How may pimentos be kept a few days after removal from the can?”

### Keeping Pimentos

Pimentos removed from a can may be kept in a refrigerator for two or three days. Desiring to keep them longer, re-can them. Half-pint jars may be purchased; if the pimentos do not fill the jar, simply add boiling water.

QUERY 1955.—“In serving a soup course when should the celery, olives or salted nuts be passed?”

After the soup has been set in place before the guests, pass the relishes.

QUERY 1956.—“What sort of a dish should be used for serving Iced Orange Bouillon as a first course at dinner?”

### Receptacles for Iced Bouillon

Bouillon cups, individual, are the most appropriate articles for serving an iced bouillon, whether it be of fruit or meat. In the absence of regular bouillon cups, an

orange bouillon, being, doubtless, largely orange juice, we see no reason why a sherbet cup might not be used for this purpose.

QUERY 1957.—“Recipe for Drop Molasses Cookies.”

### Drop Molasses Cookies

$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of butter	ginger
$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of boiling	1 tablespoonful of
water	cinnamon
1 pint of molasses	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
1 tablespoonful of	salt
soda	Flour for drop batter
1 tablespoonful of	

Melt the butter in the boiling water and add the molasses and the other ingredients, sifted together. Drop from a spoon on to a buttered baking tin, having the cakes some distance apart. Bake in a slow oven.

QUERY 1958.—“Recipe for Soft Icing for a Christmas cake, one that does not harden or crumble.”

### Soft Icing

The icing given for Cream Pie, under query 1950, is the best soft icing that we have used.

QUERY 1959.—“Recipe for Citron-Peel Cake, also for a cake light in color and texture, with raisins.”

### Citron Cake

Use the recipe for Imperial Cake given in the preceding number of the magazine, in answer to Query 1942. Omit the raisins and nuts and replace with half a pound of citron. For a richer citron cake, use the following recipe for

### Prize Pound Cake

$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of butter	baking powder
1 cup of sugar	1 tablespoonful of
4 yolks of eggs	milk
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour	4 whites of eggs
1 level teaspoonful of	$\frac{1}{2}$ a lb. of citron

### Light Raisin Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	baking powder
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar	4 whites of eggs
$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of milk	1 cup of raisins cut
2 cups of flour	small or chopped
2 teaspoonfuls of	

Bake in a loaf about one hour.





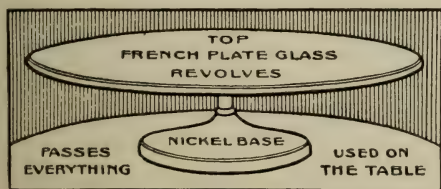
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Holbrook’s”

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wonderful how appetising it makes a  
meal.

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QUERY 1960.—"Recipe for Caramel Icing and Chocolate Icing, made very fluffy with whipped cream."

### Fluffy Caramel Icing

1½ cups of granulated sugar	cooked to caramel
½ a cup of sugar	½ a cup of water
	4 whites of eggs

Pour the water over the sugar, cooked to caramel, and stir until the caramel is melted; add the cup and a half of sugar, stir until melted, cover and let boil two or three minutes, uncover and let boil to 240° F. on the sugar thermometer, then pour in a fine stream on the whites of the eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Beat occasionally until cool enough to spread.

### Fluffy Chocolate Icing

Add from two to four squares of chocolate (broken in small pieces or shaved) to the above ingredients when boiled to 240° F. and continue the boiling (scraping under the thermometer occasionally to avoid burning), until the syrup again registers 240° F, then finish as above. We have heard these icings, particularly when made plain white, spoken of as whipped cream frostings, but we know of no similar frosting in which whipped cream really appears. For plain white frosting, boil two cups of sugar and half a cup of water to 240° F., then finish as above. Flavor to taste.

QUERY 1961.—"Recipe for Newport Cake."

### Newport Cake

1 cup of butter	1½ cups of sifted powdered sugar
1½ cups of sifted flour	5 whites of eggs
1 level teaspoonful of baking powder	1 tablespoonful of brandy
5 yolks of eggs	

Cream the butter and gradually beat in the flour sifted with the baking powder. Beat the yolks till thick; gradually beat in the sugar, then gradually beat the yolks and sugar into the butter and flour. Lastly, beat in the whites of eggs, beaten dry, and the brandy. Bake, in a loaf, one hour or

longer, in a sheet, about forty-five minutes. The heat of the oven should be quite moderate at first.

QUERY 1962.—"Recipe for Canapés."

### Anchovy Canapés

Prepare diamond-shaped pieces of bread 2½ inches by 1½ inches; spread with butter and let brown in the oven. When cool spread with anchovy butter, press a slice of hard-cooked egg in the center of each shape, and pipe anchovy butter around the egg, to fill the space to the edge; pipe a star of the paste on the center of the yolk. To prepare the paste, freshen a dozen anchovies, if salt, in milk, then wipe dry. If the anchovies are put up in oil rather than salt, wipe free of oil. Remove the fillets from the bones, pound them smooth, add half a cup (4 ounces) of butter and pound again, then press through a sieve. Red herrings or smoked salmon may replace the anchovy.

### Pimento Canapés

Rinse half a cup of pimentos in cold water, and dry on a cloth; then pound smooth, add half a cup of butter and again pound, till the whole is smooth, then use as anchovy paste with slices of egg, etc.

### Rolled Anchovies, with Olives

Remove the stones from olives, one for each canapé, by cutting the flesh round and round spirally; fill the place of the stone with anchovy paste, set the olive in the center of the prepared bread, (spread lightly with paste) and coil a fillet of anchovy around it.

### Anchovy Medallions

Prepare rounds of cold boiled potatoes, a trifle larger than a silver dollar; spread with anchovy butter, set a row of fine-chopped cooked white of egg on the edge, and a row of sifted yolk inside with caviare in the center. Serve each on a heart-leaf of lettuce. Oyster forks are provided for eating these.



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## Horseradish Canapés

Grate one-fourth a cup of horseradish, pound with half a cup of butter, and press through a fine sieve. Use this butter to spread rectangular-shaped pieces of prepared bread. Cover the butter with alternate strips of smoked salmon, caviare and herring.

## Hot-house Tomatoes, with Tunny

Select very small hot-house tomatoes; remove the skin and cut out a small place around the stem, and remove the seeds. Cut fine some tunny, wiped free from oil, for each tomato, also chop half a hard-cooked egg; add an equal measure of the tunny, half a tablespoonful of fine-chopped onion, the same of parsley, and enough thick mayonnaise to bind the whole together. Use to fill the tomatoes, rounding the mixture above the tomatoes. Serve each on a heart-leaf of lettuce.

QUERY 1963.—“Recipe for Spinach Soufflé, published in this magazine some time ago.”

## Spinach Soufflé

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a grating of nutmeg; add half a cup of milk, stir until smooth, then add one cup of spinach. The spinach is measured after it has been cooked and pressed through a sieve. It will take one pound of raw spinach to make one cup of purée. Add also one-fourth a cup of sultana raisins and one-fourth a cup of almonds, blanched and cut in quarters; mix thoroughly, then add the beaten yolks of three eggs; mix again, fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten dry, and turn into a buttered dish. Bake, set on several folds of paper and surrounded by boiling water, until firm in the center. Serve with the meat course or as a course by itself.

We have also published a recipe for cold spinach soufflé or mousse and, if the one published above is not the recipe

desired, we will be pleased to print others. In asking for recipes kindly be as explicit as possible.

QUERY 1964.—“Recipe for a Stuffing, for duck or goose, in which there are apples, prunes, raisins and several other ingredients.”

## Stuffing for Goose, Etc.

A recipe containing all the ingredients mentioned, save the prunes, may be found on page 368 of the December magazine. One-fourth a pound of prunes might be added to this recipe. The following recipe contains prunes, but lacks some of the other ingredients.

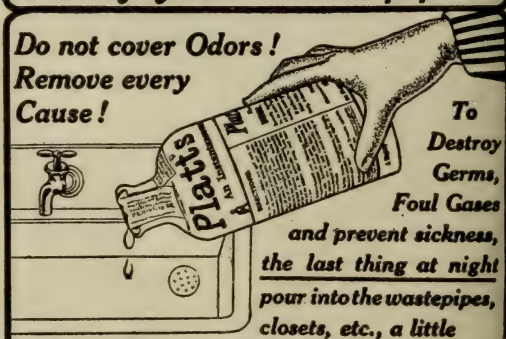
## Prune Stuffing for Roast Goose

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of prunes	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of melted butter
1 cup of rice	Salt, paprika and cinnamon
1 dozen large chestnuts	

Soak the prunes over night in cold water; drain, cover with water and cook until nearly tender. Blanch one cup of rice (see page 30); add the prune juice and water to make about three cups in all, also salt as needed, and in this cook the rice until nearly tender and the liquid is absorbed; then add the prunes, stoned and cut in quarters, the chestnuts, blanched and cut in pieces, the butter with salt, paprika and cinnamon as desired. Mix thoroughly and handle as any stuffing. This may be used for turkeys.

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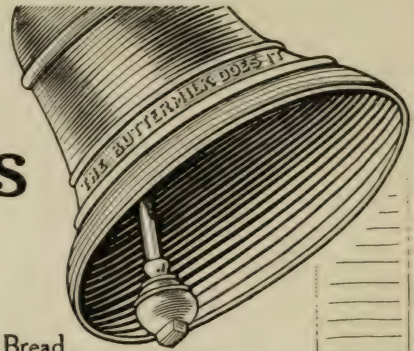


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# Domestic Economy Teaching

**T**HE teaching of domestic subjects, writes Miss Florence Baddeley, in *Women's Employment*, is a very obvious profession for women, and it seems strange that it is not more taken up than is the case. When this instruction was first started, numbers of women came forward to train, but now the demand exceeds the supply. This training has the special merit of being useful to a girl whatever her future may chance to be. In England, or in the Colonies, in the school or in the home, the knowledge of domestic subjects, of housecraft, as it is called, is of the utmost importance, and the time devoted to its acquisition need not be regarded as lost even should circumstances prevent a girl from becoming a teacher.

To be successful in this profession, a student should have a good general edu-

cation, including instruction in science, and should have passed some recognized examination, such as matriculation, higher certificate, etc. At the age of 18 and upwards a girl may, according to the Board of Education regulations, be received as a pupil at one of the Domestic Science Training Colleges. The curriculum varies somewhat, but the student should be prepared to spend two or three years in the work, and take at least three subjects. In choosing the training college, care should be taken to ascertain that the subjects are taught in a thoroughly practical manner, in a well-equipped building. The course of instruction should include and be based on housewifery, followed by cookery, laundry, and, whenever possible, by needlework and dressmaking.

To the uninitiated the work seems simple, but to be in a position to improve the national health and the conditions of the homes of the people, which is the aim and object of the training and teaching, a student is confronted with many difficult and intricate problems.

Besides the practical knowledge of the arts of cooking and washing, the science learnt during school days has to be brought to bear on household matters, such as food and feeding, and experimental cookery and hygiene should form part of every syllabus. Some knowledge of the lives and homes of the working classes should be gained, and the care and management of infants and young children be part of the training. Then comes class-teaching, together with theory of education, simple account-keeping, and, in some colleges, domestic handicraft and card-board modelling are added to the instruction given.

The work should appeal to bright, well-educated girls, and the entrance of capable women into this profession bringing expert and practical knowledge to bear on such problems of domestic

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# Menus for Easter Sunday

## Dinner

### I

Hot House Tomatoes, with Caviare  
Consommé à la Royal  
Lobster Cutlets, Sauce Tartare  
Lamb Chops, Maintenon  
Puffed Paprika Potatoes  
Asparagus, Maltese Sauce  
Jumbo Squabs  
French Endive, French Dressing, with Pearl Onions  
Raspberry Bombe Glacé, Alaska  
Salted Almonds Bonbons  
Coffee

### II

Consommé, with Alphabet Paste  
Fried Fillets of White Fish, with  
Hot-House-Tomato Cocktail  
Chicken Timbales, Mushroom Sauce  
Croustades of Asparagus Tips  
Hot Baked Ham, Madeira Sauce  
Endive-and-Grapefruit Salad,  
French Dressing  
Cheese, Bar-le-duc, Toasted Crackers  
Salted Nuts Bonbons  
Coffee

## High Tea

### I

Eggs à la King  
Salad Rolls  
Chicken Salad, Spring Style  
Cup Eugenie  
Coffee

### II

Fresh Fish Croquettes,  
Cucumber-and-Pimento Salad  
Mock Sweetbreads, Madeira Sauce  
Rolls  
Sponge Cake  
Canned Peaches  
Coffee



NOTE FIREPLACE AT ONE END, BOOK-CASE IN CORNER AND LONG BUILT-IN SEAT



# The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVII

MARCH, 1913

No. 8



BUILT-IN SEATS ON EACH SIDE OF THE FIREPLACE WHICH ALSO  
ANSWER FOR FUEL RECEPTACLES

## Some Convenient Built-in Features

By Charles Alma Byers

ITS steadily growing popularity would seem to indicate that the built-in feature has come to stay. No doubt the idea is sometimes over-worked, but that is invariably the case with every good thing. There have been some builders who have employed the idea to such an extent, in fact, that it would almost seem they had sought to eliminate the use of the ordinary furniture entirely. Of course, that is carrying it en-

tirely too far. When properly used, the built-in feature becomes an appreciable asset to almost any home; but some homes, on account of the style of architecture or the interior finish, will admit, with good taste, only a very limited list of items of the built-in kind, whereas others, notably of bungalow architecture, are made the more cozy and home-like by using from the list liberally.

The list of built-in possibilities has

been gradually added to during the past few years, until it now embraces nearly every item of furniture necessary to the home. Built-in book-cases, window seats and buffets have been common, almost as common, in fact, as fireplaces, for some years, but now it is not at all unusual to find the small cottage or bungalow equipped with these conveniences alone, but also with such built-in features as writing desks, clothes-chests, ironing boards, and even beds.

The accompanying photographs illustrate quite an assortment of such features. And it should be observed, incidentally, that the arrangement and the workmanship of the various features are, in nearly every case, particularly good. It is especially important, too, that such should be the case. The features should first be given locations that not only make them convenient, but also seem to fit naturally into the floor plan, and, after that, the workmanship should be such as to harmonize them with the interior finish of the room, and to make them decorative accessories of the home.

Several of the photographs show built-in seats, and these seats are variously located and designed. A built-in seat running the width of a series of small windows always constitutes a very desirable feature for any room—living-room, dining-room, “den,” or sleeping-room. In the corner, usually created at the foot of the stairway, is also an ideal location for such a seat, and no inglenook containing a fireplace is complete without at least one. And these seats need not constitute seats alone. The tops may be hinged, and the spaces beneath converted into receptacles for either clothing or fuel, depending upon the location of the seat.

For small homes built-in book-cases are now used almost exclusively, and even in the large, elegantly furnished homes, where one room may be set aside as a library, they are fast becoming quite common. In homes of the latter type there may be some argument in favor of sectional book-cases, but in bungalows, cottages and other small homes, where space is more or less limited and there



THIS ROOM CONTAINS A BUILT-IN BOOK-CASE, WRITING DESK AND SEAT





A WELL ARRANGED BUILT-IN SEAT AT FOOT OF STAIRS

is no room especially planned for the housing of books, built-in book-cases will be found far more desirable. In most small homes sufficient shelf space for the family's books may, in fact, be provided without even slightly encroaching upon the floor space. A rather common location for book-cases in the bungalow is in the partial partition that is now frequently used to separate the living-room from the dining-room or "den." They are, also, quite often built into the wall at either one or both sides of the living-room fireplace, and occasionally one finds a sort of alcove off the living-room, where the walls, probably to a height of four feet six inches, are virtually lined with book-cases. If the house be designed with what is commonly termed a "den"—which is really a sort of family study or living-room, and which is becoming quite popular among home-builders—it will be worth while to try to arrange the built-in book-cases there. An excellent plan for building built-in book-cases, no matter where

they may be located, is to have them extend to a height of only four or five feet above the floor, and then the top can be made to constitute an ideal shelf for pictures or a few pieces of bric-a-brac. A small window may then often be constructed above the book-case to help light the room.

In the small home a built-in writing desk will often be found an appreciable feature. It is usually designed to occupy a corner, preferably a little obscure, in the "den," living-room or sewing-room. It is invariably constructed so that the writing surface of the desk folds up into a door to conceal the "pigeon-holes," when not in use, and in the lower part of the desk are arranged a number of convenient drawers.

One of the photographs illustrates a combination of built-in features, comprising a writing-desk, two book-cases and a patented disappearing bed. The bed, which rolls into the wall, is concealed back of the lower paneled portion of the feature, and when needed is



A BUILT-IN IRONING BOARD, WITH OTHER FEATURES

easily drawn into the room. The portion that extends beyond the opposite side of the wall, when not in use, is covered by the elevated floor of a clothes closet. Beds of the same make are also designed to be concealed in various other ways, probably one of the simplest of which is the arrangement by which the bed, when not in use, forms two low, innocent-looking seats—one on each side

of the wall. Frequently beds of this type are so arranged that they may be used on either side of this wall—probably in the living-room on one side, and a sleeping-porch on the other side. They are always concealed, when not in use, in some manner as to give no hint to the visitor that an emergency bed is located in the room.

Practically every modern small home is designed today with a dining-room that contains a built-in buffet, and there are many convenient and attractive designs which the up-to-date builder knows how to build. Occasionally, however, it is difficult to choose a kind for a small room that provides sufficient or satisfactory space for the china.

Another of the photographs shows an ingenious feature in the form of a built-in ironing-board. The board is fastened to the wall at one end with a hinge, and at the other end it possesses a hinged leg to help support it when in use. When not in use the board is folded up into a sort of cabinet, together with the electric iron. The kitchen in which this fixture is located is of the so-called cabinet kind, and is a veritable gem in its appointments. It contains not only numer-



A COMBINATION OF WRITING DESK, TWO BOOK-CASES AND A DISAPPEARING BED



ous cupboards, cabinets and drawers, but also disappearing bread boards, flour bins, and so forth.

There are almost unlimited possibilities in the provision of built-in features for the small home, but no home-builder should undertake to make use of all of them. Some of the builders are even installing built-in dressers, and in some cases such features may prove entirely satisfactory, particularly where they are used in small dressing-rooms instead of in the bed-rooms. Instead of employing such a variety of features, however, it is better to make use of only a limited

number, and then to be sure that they are properly located and properly harmonized with the general appearance of the room.

Pieces of built-in furniture are naturally far less expensive than the ordinary kind, and often a little additional expense, made at the time of building a house, will mean the saving of a few hundred dollars at the time of furnishing it. Built-in features also usually require less floor space, and the economical use of space is often essential in the small, inexpensive home, where convenient appliances are quite too rare.



A BUILT-IN BOOK-CASE ON ONE SIDE OF FIREPLACE AND A WRITING DESK ON THE OTHER SIDE

### At Easter Time

We saw the Summer's beauty laid  
Upon the altar of the sod;  
We watched the Autumn's glory fade  
And pass unto the ranks of God.

We saw that White Czar, Winter, ride  
With his swift motor, Northern Storm;  
We heard the Wind shriek when denied  
Entrance his frozen veins to warm.

But now from south and east is borne  
A hint of life in garden tomb—  
The stone rolls back on Easter morn,  
And hopes, as lilies, wake to bloom!

CORA A. MATSON DOLSON.

# The French Suburban Villa

By Frances Sheaffer Waxman

IT is a curiously contradictory circumstance that the French, who have influenced American architectural standards more than any other nation, should themselves fall short of architectural success in one conspicuous branch of home building, the suburban dwelling. The single French house on the outskirts of a large city is invariably termed a villa, a somewhat pretentious title for an often singularly homely structure, for the average French villa epitomizes that quality usually meant by foreigners, when they use the French word *bourgeois*, a much-abused epithet meaning quite different things, according as it is employed by the French themselves or their critics. The French suburban villa is generally the home of the *bourgeoisie* and it does, to a marked degree, express the banality and bad taste popularly supposed to belong to that large section of the community.

There must be a special group of architects who cater exclusively to the people who want villas. Certainly the same men could not possibly design the new and beautiful apartment houses of the modern French cities, and the bizarre buildings that fringe the suburban districts of all French large towns. If the admirably trained designers can succeed so well in providing for modern city needs, there would appear to be no good reason why they cannot conceive a small country house in the same spirit. The explanation of their failure lies, doubtless, far back in French tradition. It has not been so very long since France has possessed a class other than the rich who could afford to employ architects to design their homes, and French architects think of affluence in grandiose terms. An apartment house

is, after all, only a big city hotel divided into separate floors. It may still be treated to ornamentation on a grand scale, as if it were intended for the lavish entertainments of France's most brilliant days. Externally, therefore, the French apartment house is often planned in a truly grand manner and it presents a consistently elegant front to the world. Really a large private city dwelling in Paris is not so unlike that city's apartment houses, in outward aspect, unless, indeed, it is a deliberately planned show place like the famous Castellane mansion of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, which is, in its way, the *Bagatelle* of our day.

The French suburban villa looks as if its architect rather despised it, and considered it beneath his best efforts. The banks of the Seine, outside of Paris, are dotted with innumerable small freaks of construction, which fill the mind of the stranger with amazement. They do not look like real houses, but more like the gay buildings of a temporary summer resort, or the exaggerated, painted canvasses of a stage setting. They are usually three stories high, except where a rolling country makes a fourth or fifth floor expedient. Often they are provided with towers, when the view warrants it. In the Meudon and Bellevue districts, there may, even, be seen one or two roof gardens, but one element of country comfort is conspicuously absent, and that is the balcony. The French are a people who love the open and know well how to take their simple pleasures out of doors, but they have yet to discover the value to the home plant of a porch. Even quite pretentious country houses, which have left the villa class and are *châteaux*, have neither balconies nor porches, though they are always equipped



with garden furniture, lawn tents, chair shelters, and all the other essentials to rural enjoyment.

The architecture of the average villa defies classification. It is rarely of any known style, although the *art nouveau* has taken into consideration this essentially modern building, and plaster-finished, box-like houses, trimmed with neat little tiles, are to be seen here and there, never, however, in the convincing, finished forms this new art has attained in German Switzerland or in Germany itself. Its French manifestations, singularly enough, lack the fine color harmonies of the German, and the salmon-pink and Scotch-blue cottages of France gain no converts to the new style among the aesthetically-sensitive.

If the modern French villa lacks balconies, it as inevitably possesses a garden, shyly hidden from the public gaze behind the traditional gray French wall. Some things change slowly in France. The French garden is, like most things French, a bit formal. Its walks are precisely laid out and defined with pebbles. Its beds are equally neat, and even its roses, geraniums and heliotropes are carefully cultivated away from nature's informality into shapes they must be surprised to find they can assume. So, too, with the fruit trees of France. There they become vines and are made to climb up supporting walls and to assume fantastic forms, all in the interests of French ideas of floral decoration. These growing things respond surprisingly well to this unnatural treatment, it must be confessed, and the French garden becomes, with their co-operation, a truly joyful place, where children love to play and grown-ups to idle in the genial warmth of a French summer.

The interior arrangement of the French villas varies as greatly as does their exterior construction. They possess, however, much the same rooms as an American home of the same class. There is always a hall, a *salon*, a *salle à manger* and a *cuisine*, on the ground floor,

possibly, also, a smoking room, if the establishment is such as to warrant that room of luxury. There may be, too, a *serre* or conservatory, but when a house attains to that addition, it is in the *château* class. On the second floor, designated throughout Europe as the first, are the sleeping rooms, most of them having dressing rooms adjoining, and the newly-introduced bath. If there is a third story, that contains more sleeping rooms and a possible attic, aptly named in France the *chambre de débarras*. The servants' quarters may or may not be in the house proper. There are many dwellings, in the environs of Paris, with small out-buildings provided for the exclusive use of the corps of helpers, of whom each household seems to require more than would be available for families in similar circumstances in America. If there is a cellar, it does not necessarily extend under the entire house, for central heating, like the bath, is as yet regarded as a luxury in France, and by no means all houses, even of people of means, are equipped with it. The old-fashioned Franklin stove, and the still more antiquated fire-place continue in favor as heating appliances among the conservative French.

The French have a rather pretty way of grouping their suburban villas, corresponding somewhat to the park systems recently introduced in progressive communities in the United States. The houses will be assembled within a restricted territory, having its own drives and walks, its own lighting plant, and often its own gardeners, whose business it is to keep up its external effect. Not infrequently the houses will be set down in what remains of an old park, the villa residents then benefiting by the already-matured trees. Such clusters of villas are always fenced about with a high iron grill or stone wall, and they are provided with their own *concierges* at the several entrance gates. The French fondness for secluded living conditions does not eliminate the time-honored

espionage of the *concierge*.

The character of the suburban villa varies considerably in different parts of France, and it is really about Paris and at some of the Channel resorts that it attains the height of its eccentricity. Somehow, near the sea, the bizarre little houses seem more plausible than when they are set down in close proximity to the permanent city. In the east of France, near the German border, in cities like Nancy, the more rational German *art nouveau* makes of the villa a more possible modern house, with more chances of establishing the new style for the new use. Toward the South, the Italian influence is felt and a much more pleasing house is the result, a square structure, generally of stucco and ornamented on the outside with color in the florid Italian manner. The houses of the south and southwest have their equivalent for a piazza in the enclosed *loggia*, which is a most attractive feature

in the villa life of the districts where outdoor pleasures may be enjoyed almost all the year.

With the superb *châteaux* of France, on the one hand, and the altogether charming tiny cottages of the small French hamlets, on the other, as examples of indigenous living conditions, it is surprising that French ingenuity and French taste have not before now evolved a creditable native, French, villa style. The designers and architects are alive to the possibilities of their problem, and some of them have even attempted to introduce the Garden City idea into rural France. So far, however, the villa style evades them. The need is comparatively new. Once they have fully realized its relation to their art and to the national life of today, they will set their fertile, creative powers to the task, and France will then have a Renaissance in villa architecture, in keeping with her artistic temperament.

## When Cupid Was Glad

Young Cupid was gay on St. Valentine's Day,  
O'er arrows that lightly he'd sped.

And he smiled with delight when June roses  
were white,

And the swains he had wounded were wed.  
Since by quip or by quirk he had finished his  
work,

And could laugh as he journeyed along,  
O'er the close armored hearts he had reached  
with his darts,

And the lips he had smitten to song.  
For Cupid, the Summer was wondrously fair,  
And the gods twined a wreath for the little  
god's hair.

Young Cupid was gay on St. Valentine's Day,  
But in Autumn I found him in tears,

And I questioned him why, till he made this  
reply,

"My arrows should all have been spears,  
Or barbed, at the best, since it must be  
confessed,

They have proven inadequate quite,  
And my work is undone, and my laurels  
unwon

Ere a twelvemonths have taken their flight."  
For Cupid, the Autumn was wondrously sad,  
And deep in my heart I quite pitied the lad.

Young Cupid was gay on St. Valentine's Day,

When Springtime again rolled around,

With a newly bent bow and a face all aglow,

O'er the arrows he'd heaped on the ground.  
And he told me, now list, lest the secret you've  
missed,

I've decided myself quite in luck  
When of arrows a score, at the most three or  
four

Have entered so deep that they've stuck.  
For life it is long, but true love is a dart,  
That, however 'tis winged, rests but once in  
the heart.

LALIA MITCHELL.



# Something for the Mister

By Alix Thorn

WITH tear-filled eyes Jessica watched Jim's broad back as its owner swung down the street; watched him through falling tears as he disappeared around the corner of the budding hedge; still watched the empty street long after he had gone, and then gave up herself wholly to the luxury of woe.

"He might have asked me again"; this is what the balsam pillow heard in muffled tones—"Why, I *told* him I didn't know, and then he said in that big, deep, sober voice of his, most like the Father Bear's voice, 'You'd know if you meant yes,' and then just 'Good bye,'" and, sob—"off he went, fairly running, and I know he'll never come back—oh, dear, dear, dear!"

Pityingly the portrait of Great Aunt Delight looked down upon her forlorn young descendant, as if she wanted to offer her decorous painted sympathy, and say, "I heard it all, Jessica; men are unchanged, I see, and this one resembles the lads of long ago. Yet, listen; they are apt to come back, child."

It was but a dreary world that Jessica surveyed next morning; really nothing cheerful about it, though the sun flooded the great living-room, and Dick, the canary bird, fluted hopefully as his young mistress passed his gilded prison. Father read to Mother the latest war news, more cheerful than for some days, and Mother handed Jessica some interesting looking envelopes, two of them proving to be delightful invitations. And Mother never once commented upon her daughter's pathetic expression, or her unusual silences. Jessica felt sure that eating was out of the question, but upon second thought decided just to taste her chilled grape-fruit, and finished it,—played with her bacon and

muffin, and ended by eating both with relish. Strange how one can eat, though crushed by fate, and carefully select a second muffin (not too brown), even if heart-broken!

Slowly the morning progressed; every magazine Jessica opened appeared to contain a story whose hero bore the simple, yet touching, name of Jim, and as for the newspapers, they fairly reeked with ambassadors, clergymen, actors, politicians, and villains, who had been christened with the same fatal name.

"Why don't you go into town, dearie?" said her mother, half an hour later; "it would do you good, and I'd look for some buckled pumps; you said you were needing a pair. I noticed the ones Clarissa Farnsworth was wearing at her aunt's tea, last Saturday, and they were especially smart looking; why not try the new store that Aunt Harriet spoke of?"

Jessica smiled wearily. Pumps, and buckles at that, for one whose future was a dull blank! Rather seek for high-laced boots with round toes and low heels, suitable for a slum visitor! Yet once, oh, once, buckled pumps had seemed utterly desirable to her, yes, and no later than two days ago. But all that was before she and Jim had—had—and then Jessica searched vainly for her handkerchief, first in one sleeve, then in the other, went slowly up stairs, pausing, however, on the upper landing to call back to her mother, "I think I *will* go into town on the one-thirty, for I have a little headache, and guess the air will do me good."

"Do go, my darling," was her mother's reply, "I quite long to see you in some pumps like Clarissa's; your feet look so especially well in pumps."

Frills and finery for a maid who must

braid Saint Catherine's tresses, and Jessica laughed bitterly as she dressed, and, later, in spite of the utter hopelessness of things in general, tried the effect of three veils before she decided upon a shadow lace taupe one.

From the car window she pensively observed that the willows were beginning to leaf out, giving a wonderful effect of a yellow-green mist against the blue April sky, and that the rows of little fenced-in gardens, by the river, were showing brown, upturned mold. Through side streets she caught sudden glimpses of the park, already beginning to display its green livery to gladden the hearts of city dwellers. Spring and its gracious awakenings were for the happier ones of earth, and Jessica recalled a couplet she had somewhere read, though the name of the author she did not know:—

"Till something from the spring is missed  
One has not truly known the spring."

That just expressed her own feelings; perhaps that unknown writer had once lost, irrevocably, a Jim, and out of the sadness of her empty heart, had thus touchingly written. She fumbled for her handkerchief, but had not more than shaken it out of its folds, when the train emerged from the blackness of the tunnel into the over-bright daylight, only to enter the dimness of the station, and Jessica followed the long stream of fellow passengers up the steep incline, into the great marble building, and so on to the street.

She boarded a cross-town car, and was set down at a familiar corner that she *had* considered the most fascinating in town. To-day, lines of plate-glass windows displayed bewildering collections of airy fabrics, filmy robes, and flower-trimmed hats, and even a be-reaved person might be forgiven, if she lingered long enough to wonder if a certain blue hat would tone in with her new suit, or if the color was a trifle too intense. Deciding that she had better wear in the suit some day and match

the hat to it, she sadly crossed to a side street, and turned into Broadway. The new store was not so easy to find as she had imagined it would be. Somewhere in the thirties, Aunt Harriet had said; it had a double show-window, and was near a florist's, not far from a moving-picture place: thus the directions ran. At last she discovered it, and her aunt was right; the display was a satisfying one; at least the average girl would call it so. She could not be termed an average girl, just now. But she waited to survey the rows of slippers and pumps of all shapes, with buckles and without. Enough, she must own, to call forth the admiration of the girl, happy or unhappy, with affections either blighted or returned. Slowly she entered the store, and sank into one of those uncomfortable seats for which shoe stores are so justly celebrated. Would the clerk ever come! Yes, what was it that the young lady wanted? "Pumps?" Oh, they had a very choice line of them; the newest spring styles, and a variety of colors to suit any costume!

Well, to please her mother she would try to make a choice, and then Jessica spent a full half-hour trying on pair after pair, and critically studying the merits of buckles and heels, straps and no straps, and tongues and no tongues. She certainly *did* have a high instep, and the colonial pumps displayed it to the best advantage. The clerk was nothing if not sympathetic, even understanding, and cheerfully ran up and down the sliding step-ladder, scaling dizzy heights to find "just one more pair." *He* would say, that the young lady wore two's instead of four's, and, yes, double A's instead of B's.

Even *she* could hardly help feeling a slight thrill of satisfaction at hearing this tribute, and, finally, Jessica decided on the first tried-on pair of pumps—was about to give her suburban address, when the clerk, who had disappeared for a moment, came forward holding out a



box of socks, saying with his most ingratiating smile, "And now what about something for the Mister?"

"For the Mister," repeated Jessica, and then flushed in fine fashion, drew herself up, settled back in her seat again, and made a sudden tinglingly audacious resolve. Though all was finished, though the leaf was turned over, why not indulge herself just once! What harm to pretend that she *was* the Missis, buying for the Mister—what harm, indeed?

"Let me see them, please," stretching out a slim, white-gloved hand, and Jessica's voice, if slightly raised, was steady. "Yes, they seem a good quality," rubbing one between her fingers in professional fashion. A certain broad-shouldered individual, who had a few moments before entered the men's department, by the other entrance, lifted his head suddenly at the sound of Jessica's voice, gave a hurried glance over the latticed partition, wiped his eyeglasses, drew a deep breath, and bent over the better to examine some lurid ties, whose generous stripes gave a surprising color effect.

"Perhaps he'd like something a trifle heavier, the next weight, say," began the clerk; "what's his size, Madame?"

"His size, the size! Oh, yes," was Jessica's reply, "ten is the size, tens."

"Does he like silk, or lisle?" inquired the clerk, interestedly.

"Both," and Jessica's mouth rose slightly at the corners, "but I believe the heavier weight is more sensible, for," her voice trembling, "for he's a large man, and," musingly, "so tall, very tall." Now Jessica's father was a small man, and Jessica's little brother was nine years old. The young man behind the lattice, unconsciously doing the *Peri* act, made no pretense of examining the lurid ties.

"He wears 'em out fast, too, I'll be bound," said the attentive clerk. "It's them big, husky fellows that goes through their socks, and gives their poor

wives many a busy hour mendin' 'em. Oh, I hear the ladies talk. Why not take a full dozen, Madame? You won't regret it."

As if realizing, for the first time, the enormity of it all; ashamed of her own temerity, Jessica rose hastily, buttoned her coat, pulled her veil down over her flushed cheeks, and replied in her stateliest fashion, a very good imitation of the Lady Principal at the finishing school she had attended: "I think I will not decide upon the socks to-day, just the pumps, though the socks are certainly a very good quality and I can believe they will wear well. You may send my shoes to this address: Mrs. Richard Stoughton, Bellview Terrace, Marchdale Manor, N. Y.," giving her mother's name instead of her own. She had almost reached the door when a dear, well-remembered voice behind her said, "Good afternoon, Jessica."

"You here, Jim!" desperately. "*Were* you in this store? Were you here long? Tell me, oh, tell me, Jim, that you didn't hear my foolishness; I never did such a dreadful thing before!" clasping his arm in her excitement. They were in the street, and the sweet April wind was doing its best to cool Jessica's hot cheeks.

"I heard it all," was the reply of him who had been christened, Jim, "but you shan't call it foolishness. Nothing is foolish that can give new life to a man, put fresh hope into him. Why, I am the happiest fellow in this whole great city, Jessica, mine. I found out that perhaps, after all, you did, you would—oh, Jessica, will you buy socks for me always! You had the size right, you wonderful child!" giving an irrepressible chuckle. "*Will* you buy them, Jessica?"

A transformed pair, they joined the throng that surged down Broadway, oblivious to its discordant noises and intruding elbows. Against a pale yellow sky the airy figure on the Garden's top seemed to float in the sunset glow. As for Jessica, she whispered, "Oh, Jim, you *know* I'd like to buy your socks for-

ever, but," with a mischievous upward glance, "that means that you will have to pay for my pumps for the rest of your life, too, Jim."

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## Frosted Windows

The logs on my heart intone the refrain  
Of summery forests I used to know;  
Frail ghosts of the flowers, from under the  
snow,  
Smile, thronging my frosted window pane.

My eyes I close: in my breast a light  
From far away is warmly shed;  
With wraiths from a beautiful world long  
dead  
All windows within my heart glow white!  
STOKELY S. FISHER.

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## A Hobby for the Housewife

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

IT doesn't take the authority of a physician to make us acquainted with the fact that the American housewife is subject to undesirable attacks of frazzle-itis, and that one of the chief causes is self-imposed slavery to monotonous routine. Who cannot recall the martyr-like woman who has resigned herself to a life-sentence of Cinderella-ism, to picket duty with a dust-cloth, or else chooses to live in such overwhelming proximity to the mending basket that the darning needle becomes a veritable sword of Damocles?

And it is sad to relate that the most successful housekeeper is often the poorest homemaker, for the simple reason that a work-weary wife and fagged mother cannot fulfil the role of restful and inspiring companionship.

The "work and no play that makes Jack a dull boy" as surely makes Jill equally dull, and sometimes a little sooner. And blessed is she who, on occasion, can short-circuit the home tasks, and, fleeing the desert of oppressing duties, take brief refuge in some chosen oasis that affords both rest and refreshment. I know of no better way of doing this than in cultivating a hobby,—a pet

Pegasus that will carry one to new and interesting view-points.

Bliss Carman is responsible for the statement that "houses were made for shelter, not confinement", and so believes "my lady of the roses", whose garden outrivals that of Mary's, with the cockle-shells and lily-bells. My lady's rose bed is not extensively large, but the flowers are tenderly loved and nursed into beauty, and as a reward the roses have tinted her cheeks and their sweetness crept into her heart. And right here let me say that all flower-lovers will find an illuminating message in Maeterlinck's short essay, "The Intelligence of Flowers," in his "Measure of the Hours." After reading it one is tempted to arm himself with spade and trowel and transform some bit of earth with lilies, poppies and roses that he may come in closer understanding with these lowly children of Nature.

The moths and butterflies offer alluring study and more than one woman has been eminently successful in bee culture. Then there is basketry, and beadwork, and the fascinating occupation of making rose-beads; the collecting of shells and seaweeds, and even the beetle affords



engrossing interest, there being thousands of exquisite and harmless varieties.

Hobbies are almost numberless and yet each hobbyist is invariably interesting. He, at least, knows one subject well, and with easy familiarity can enter into its various ramifications. Contact with him inevitably drives home the value of employing leisure time to some definite purpose.

From the great outdoor world, with its tempting inducements to study tree-life, animal-life and the stories of the stars, we may turn to the absorbing interest of accumulating the fans or flags of various countries; the unending pleasure of collecting old books, rare laces and unset gems. I believe it was Henry Ward Beecher who had the last mentioned fad, and it is said that a few amethysts lying loose in his hand gave him untold enjoyment.

The selection of a hobby is much like casting a pebble in a pool—it creates a widening circle whose influence is felt far from the centre of action.

There is my friend, the elderly Bibliophile, with the cheery home, where an evening spent by the fireside in the old, book-lined room, listening to excerpts from some newly acquired volumes and sipping his delectable coffee, is a memorable occasion; there is the invalid with the valuable print collection, whose portfolio of Shakespeare prints is the envy of all onlookers; the camera man with his treasured reproductions of nature,—sorrow has knocked at all these doors, yet, here they are taking the deepest interest in life and with an enthusiasm that is fairly contagious, and what is the secret? Each early acquired a hobby and one big enough to give his friends an occasional ride.

The splendid spirit of sharing individual interests was beautifully illustrated, lately, when a lady, with an exceptional collection of old pewter, combined with a collector of rare china in giving a delightful "Colonial Afternoon" at one of the Women's Clubs.

It was unquestionably a quaint display,—old pewter chargers that must have weighed at least five pounds,—dishes, plates and porringers of every size; dram cups and wine mugs, spoons of various shapes, and an unique wooden spoon mould of very ancient date. These were brightened with bits of old Canton china with the old-time handleless cups, and the more graceful shapes of the beautiful Pink Lustre ware. And this leads me to tell of a lady whom I know, whose hobby is pitchers,—a vast aggregation that numbers into the hundreds. They are of all shapes and sizes, some so small that they seem practically useless, but their owner assures me that they are large enough to hold a great deal of history. Another lady, who has traveled extensively, has a very interesting collection of dolls, dressed typically, of each nation. Postal cards, stamps and coin-collecting present such pleasant attractions that their followers are legion, affording pastimes that appeal equally to the adult and juvenile.

A professor in a nearby city finds pleasure and relaxation in classifying the non-flowering plants—the ferns and clubmosses. No sacrifice is seemingly too great to secure the coveted prize; into remote tangled swamps, by noiseless woodland pools, up steep mountain sides, deep down in rocky gorges, over field and fallow he follows the luring call, and his beautifully mounted specimens are a joy to the eye.

Fully as enthusiastic is an ardent bird-lover,—a minister, who, in every spare moment listens to the Word from leafy cloisters.

I shall not soon forget some bird rambles when he was the pilot, when we found the delicate, paper-lined nest of the white-eyed vireo, listened to the amusing mimicry of the yellow-breasted chat, or visited the gorgeous scarlet tanager and his dull mate, happily keeping house in the top of a tall oak. But it was while visiting the old Moravian town of Salem, North Carolina, that I

found a king of hobbyists,—a physician whose hobby was lilies. In the rear of his estate were three good-sized ponds where he cultivated about every species of American and European lily-life. It was early one perfect summer morning that our party visited these ponds; we arrived just as the flowers were opening, and what a panorama of beauty greeted us! Blue lilies, white lilies, yellow lilies, the far-famed pink lotus of the Nile,—they stretched away in charming array, a veritable rainbow of color! The air was redolent with the perfume and it seemed for a moment as though we had been transported to Fairyland. Lily laden we reluctantly drove away, but life has always seemed a little richer for this enchanting vision.

The country-side is literally teeming

with suggestions for the amateur collector; ferns for a fernery, which one enthusiast declares is the most fascinating of employments; and then there are the wild flowers to start a little nature garden, where wake-robins, anemones, moccasin flowers, etc., may bring to your own doorway the wizardry of distant woodways.

But, explore your own fields of adventure; let fancy guide your choice, and when ennui lays heavy hands on worklessness, or whenever you find yourself doing the snail stunt of carrying your house on your back, take my advice and mount your hobby! New vistas will confront you at every turn and, best of all, you will have taken a fresh grip on life. Lo and behold all things have become new!

## The Old-Turk at his Café

By Dr. Modiano

*(Translated from the French by Roy Temple House)*

LET us stop an instant to follow the grave progress of this good Oriental, to whom, as they say in his country, "haste is a thing of the Devil." Wrapped in his hot, fur-trimmed pelisse, with its ample sleeves, shod with great babouches which are held to the foot by the upper-leather only, and whose heels strike the ground with a regular clack-clack-clack—the Old-Turk walks solemnly and carefully, his face calm and smoothly serene, his glance weighted with revery. He always keeps to the middle of the street, and never turns out to let another pass. Vehicles and animals crowd against the wall in their care not to disturb him in his lordly ambulation. Who is he? Probably a modest gentleman living on his slender income, a man of small means and great sagacity. Where is he going? He is going to smoke his nargileh and slowly absorb a

cup of good coffee. It is one of his principal occupations. At last, he stops before a low building with awnings standing out before it. He lifts the latch of the little glass door, and it squeaks faintly on its loose, rusty hinges. He has reached the café. Against the wall stands a row of straw-bottomed stools without backs; on the floor is a row of mats. Our friend takes off his babouches with great deliberation, and with slow, languid movements, he lets himself down to one of the rugs. He crosses his legs, rubs his bare feet, kneads them, caresses them, embraces them. Poor little fellows, they have had such a hard time carrying him! Then he claps his hands sharply.

"*Bouyouroun, effendim!*" cries the musical voice of the waiter.

And he hurries up to his patron. He is a solid fellow, with fine muscles and



a good carriage; his fez rests on his ear, he wears trousers of bright, coarse cloth and an embroidered jacket without sleeves. About his waist is a broad red scarf adorned with daggers and pistols; about his neck, a long silver watch-chain; touching his left moustache is a flower which hangs down from the fez.

"*Bouyouroun, Beyim!* Command, my Lord!"

And with bust thrown forward, in an attitude of respectful attention, he awaits the order.

"*Peki, effendim!*"

A moment later he returns, holding in one hand the nargileh, in the other a plate on which he has placed a cup of coffee, a glass of water, and a little chafing-dish, furnished with glowing charcoal. He places his burden before his patron, lights the nargileh, and starts it going by himself, drawing several draughts from the long serpentine tube; then he withdraws.

Our friend is not alone in the café. Other gentlemen, as grave and solemn as he, surprisingly like him in every respect, have preceded him or followed him into this common meeting-place, where every guest, as he enters, stops in the door, faces the company, and greets them with a slow, reverential salute, the *temenna*. And as soon as he is seated, he directs at each companion, separately, a rapid little gesture, the general salute in miniature, accompanied by the word *Merhaba*.

A profound silence reigns, broken only now and then by a call to a waiter. Each patron smokes his nargileh in an ecstasy, his eyes half-closed, his body stretched out on his rug, his head and shoulders lifted and resting on an elbow. Sometimes the smokers draw together in a circle, while the most scholarly reads

the newspaper aloud, with a special chant like the intonation at prayer. All listen religiously, but few understand. The written language is accessible only to professional scholars and trained public officials; it is Arabic, in which floats here and there a word of Turkish or Persian. The reading goes on without explanations or comments. Then the best informed discuss the latest political news. They speak slowly, composedly, with the air of orators on the rostrum. The others listen respectfully. No one ever interrupts, and no one ever asks a question, for no one is anxious to learn. The Faithful are convinced that curiosity is vanity, and that all knowledge is fallacious, idle, specious. Nevertheless, the man who knows speaks. After each period, he stops and draws long draughts from his nargileh. After a decent pause, he continues his discourse. It is evident, now and then, that he is on the point of concluding. But some member of his audience encourages him to continue by the words of interrogatory approbation: "*Evet, effendim.*" (Yes, sir).

Then the older men tell of the past, the episodes of former wars, the calamities, divine and human, through which they have passed, speaking impassively and superbly. In narration they are childish but reliable, never boasting and never distorting the facts to their own advantage. The young men never speak; their silence bears witness to their discretion. They listen to the words of their elders, and thus learn how to know life and men.

The sun sinks, the twilight comes on, but no light is brought to scatter the darkness; the discussion continues, slow, drawling, somnolent, cut by long and frequent pauses. . . .



# The Merits of the Chafing Dish

By Mrs. S. J. Huber

HOW much do you, housekeepers, use a chafing dish? Have you any idea how useful it is as a piece of household furniture? Of course, the usual opinion concerning a chafing dish is that it is an article of luxury, designed for service at late-at-night revels or other meals taken at uncanonical hours. To consider it as an everyday adjunct of commonplace food seems a little odd, at first, but no woman who has ever known what it is to be able to prepare a hasty meal with its help fails to estimate it as a valuable assistance to easy housekeeping.

Perhaps the chafing dish is of less importance in a family where cooking is done by gas than anywhere else. A woman who owns a gas stove thinks, with reason, that it is easier to put a dish over a flame, which she secures by turning a cock and lighting a match, than to fill a lamp with alcohol.

Have you an idea that the food cooked in the chafing dish must of necessity be unsubstantial and a little indigestible? When a chafing dish is associated in the mind with the irregular meals referred to above, and the items usually served on such occasions—lobster in unhallowed combinations and sauces, Welsh rarebit in its most virulent forms, crabs, mushrooms, oysters in rich dressing—there is some excuse for looking upon it as a minister to indigestion. Try to consider it, for a while, in a more wholesome connection, and see if you can not derive benefit from its employment at sensible meals for the family in the middle of the day and for commonplace any-night-in-the-week suppers.

To begin with, there are some dishes that are better when cooked in the chafing dish than in any other utensil, simply because they are served at once to the plate of the eater and lose nothing

of the first delicacy of the freshly cooked food by being transferred to another dish, carried from the kitchen to the table and then suffered to stand while the family assembles.

When one cooks in the chafing dish at the table, it is the eaters who wait and not the food—much to the improvement of the latter. Take eggs, for instance. No one knows how good scrambled eggs may be, who has not eaten them cooked in the chafing dish, sitting in expectancy until the eggs reach that state of delicate custard-like consistency equally removed from rawness and from toughness. If they stand even three minutes, they lose their flavor, as you will readily see, if you take a second supply. Not plain scrambled eggs alone are improved by immediate service. Eggs scrambled with ham or with meat of any kind, or with vegetables, or with cheese, eggs in practically any combinations, are far better eaten from the dish in which they were cooked than they are after the transit from the frying pan to the plate of the individual.

Try an omelet in your chafing dish and see how much better it is than when you have it made and cooked in the kitchen. Add to this the interest you awaken in the hearts and appetites of those who see you cook and you will find further merits in the chafing dish.

There are few more interesting culinary processes than the transformation of the raw egg, either beaten or plain, from its natural state to its condition as a prepared and cooked article of diet. But man may not live by eggs alone, though, until you have poached eggs in milk on the table or scrambled them in cream, or stirred them in a cup of hot soup into a custardy mass, or browned them in butter, or cooked them in a curry or anchovy sauce, and all in the chafing



dish, you do not know the possibilities of the egg as an article of diet.

But the chafing dish would not have displayed its full possibilities, if you stopped here. It is invaluable as a means of swift warming over of cold food. Did you ever make hash in the chafing dish? A hash for which you have minced meat and potato at an early hour of the day, covered and put aside in the cold with the cup of well-seasoned gravy, which is to make your especial hash a very different thing from the article usually eaten under that name.

Suppose you have thin bread and butter, a salad, fruit and cold tea for the rest of the meal. That might do for the majority of the household, but it is likely that there are certain members of the family who desire or need a hot dish, though they might hesitate to make their wants known if the gratification of these involved your hanging over a coal stove in the middle of the day. With the chafing dish it is a different matter. Have the dish put on the table in front of you, when you set the table for lunch. Don't fill the lamp until just before you are to light it, for the spirits evaporate quickly, and even if you use the denatured alcohol, which makes chafing dish cookery so much cheaper now than it was a few years ago, there is no reason why you should waste it. Just before you summon the family to the table, and when the cold dishes that are to make up the bulk of the meal are put in place, bring in your bowl of chopped meat and potato or of chopped meat alone, if you prefer a mince of this sort to the meat and potato blend, and the cup of gravy, with whatever additional seasoning you think desirable. The gravy may go into the dish and the lamp be lighted under it even before the gathering of the family about the table.

As soon as the gravy is really hot, put

in your meat or potato and stir and toss them about to prevent burning. My personal preference is for a wooden salad spoon or fork, as this is not only less noisy when it comes in contact with the bottom and sides of the dish, but it is also pleasanter to handle, since the wood does not conduct heat. As soon as the contents of the dish are smoking hot, and the seasoning has been added, they are ready to serve to the waiting plates.

Until you give your mind to it you have no idea how many hot dishes you can compass from cold remnants with the aid of the chafing dish.

Chicken is excellent cold, but if the scraps that are left are not seemly enough to appear in slices as a separate dish, they may be laid in salad oil for half an hour and then heated in a white sauce, well-seasoned with celery salt, and made in the chafing dish. Cold veal is nearly as good warmed over in this fashion. Cold lamb may be heated in a mixture of butter and jelly to a delicious dish.

Barbecued ham, the ham crisped in the chafing dish, a teaspoonful of white sugar, a teaspoonful of vinegar, a little mustard and pepper added to the gravy from the ham, with perhaps a little butter, if the fat has cooked away, is as appetizing a dish as one can ask, coupled with crisp radishes and plenty of good bread and butter, with perhaps a potato salad.

One word more. Don't be discouraged, if you are not already the possessor of a chafing dish, by thinking of it as a luxury, which requires a big outlay to obtain. Not only silver, but brass and copper are used as materials for its manufacture. It is found in nickle, in agate iron and other inexpensive metal combinations. Look about you and see if you can not save money by its use as well as work and discomfort.

# Piazza Possibilities

By Mrs. T. A. Thompson

THE cheap cotton Japanese rugs, even those that have done first service within doors, are appropriate for a floor-covering. Indeed, a strip of matting is preferred by some women to the cotton rugs. The latter match well the light oak rockers known as piazza chairs, and need not be taken in at night; for even if a shower give them a good wetting, there is no harm done. A couch of cane is less expensive than a rattan couch, and is almost as pretty. Over this rugs may be thrown, and pillows piled up at the back.

A kitchen table, the legs of which have been shortened, and over the top of which a denim table cloth has been thrown, is convenient for books and magazines. The Japanese screens or shades that hang at the front and the sides of the piazzas are inexpensive, and are desirable for the sake of privacy. These are easily lowered and raised, and by many are preferred to the striped awning. The latter may be made easily at home, however, if the sewing machine will do such stiff sewing as is required in the seaming and binding.

An awning that will cost fifteen dollars, made to order, may be made at home for one-third of the cost. Any one with ordinary understanding of measurements can cut a pattern for it, and the awning when completed may be hung on hooks by means of brass rings, and afterward adjusted to the iron rods composing the framework. Then, again, a shade of awning-cloth may be hung like a curtain at the front or sunny side of the piazza, and dropped or lifted the same as a boat sail, and with equal readiness. These shades have quite taken the place of the shields of honeysuckle, woodbine, and other ivies that once were so popular as piazza decorations. The reason for this is obvious, as the

foliage draws mosquitoes and interferes with the personal comfort of the piazza dweller. For that very reason vines have regularly gone out of fashion. They are not there to draw the musical, murderous mosquito that, in turn, drives the house owner away from home.

A hammock, which is the usual feature of piazza-comfort, is often more pleasing to look at than to lie in, and for that reason is not so popular as it once was. If there is a secluded corner in which to suspend it, all well and good; but it no longer monopolizes space that can be more satisfactorily filled. The large willow steamer chair, which is really a couch, is far more comfortable. It may be filled with pillows at the reclining back or not. It is a comfortable summer chair, and far ahead of a hammock. For the hammock the pillows should be linen-covered, or gingham-covered, so that the slips can be washed every week or two, for they are bound to catch the dust.

The little cheap unfinished wooden-top tables are suitable for the piazza, and if the space will admit, there may be two or three of them. The cover of cretonne or linen should be tacked on, and a six-inch ruffle tacked around the edge with brass-headed nails. Twice renewing this cover during the summer will keep the table dainty and decorative.

As for the green decorations of the piazza, a few bright majolica jars containing pots of ferns, a rubber plant, or palms, will fill corners, or may be placed more conspicuously if desired. If the jars containing the plants are placed on small tabourets, the effect is charming. There are also some hanging baskets that are very lovely and attractive when filled with some bright geraniums and small ferns, or even with nasturtiums. And then, there are the porch boxes.



You may have one or more, and they may be filled with a variety of flowers to match any color scheme. These can easily be made at home at little or no expense. These boxes are very brilliant and attractive when filled with scarlet sage.

The newest hammock is a swinging porch bench with high back and end pieces. This can be painted any color to match your other piazza furnishings, and when filled with pillows in bright contrasting colors the effect is most attractive. This seat, which, by the way, is deep enough to be most comfortable, is rather an expensive affair; but there is no reason why the home carpenter cannot manufacture the same thing at a nominal cost. It is, however, one of the best things for piazza furnishing.

The woman, who knows how best to enjoy the summer at home, has the dessert served out on the piazza after dinner. The little tables are spread with tray-cloths, and the coffee and fruit and

ices are waiting there, when the family adjourns from the dinner-table. Then, also, the gentlemen can enjoy their after-dinner cigar. Such little touches as these do so much to lend spice to, and to dispel monotony from, home living. It all rests with the housewife to do this. It is not a question of expense. Many people hesitate to depart from the conventional custom sufficiently to enjoy the many comforts that are easily within their reach.

The piazza party is now a feature of summer entertaining, and takes the place of the lawn party, in a measure. Guests meet on the piazza of the hostess, and, without entering the house at all on warm summer afternoons, partake of refreshments, embroider, and while away a few delightful, informal hours. A display of flowers, sweet peas, nasturtiums, pansies, etc., in the vases on the various tables, is sufficient decoration. Sherbet, with cake and lemonade, are appropriate refreshments for an affair of this kind.

---

## Easter

Lilies swaying, viols playing,  
 Holy Easter Time,  
 Censors swinging, choristers singing,  
 Bells that gayly chime.  
 Blessed story, joy and glory,  
 To the world you bring;  
 Christ is risen, Christ is risen,  
 Honor to the King.

Breezes blowing, heavens showing  
 Clouds of Springtime hue,  
 Blossoms springing, song birds winging  
 Northward 'gainst the blue.  
 Hearts delighted, problems righted,  
 To His cross we cling,  
 Christ is risen, Christ is risen,  
 Honor to the King.

Praises lifted, sermons gifted,  
 Altars gay with flowers,  
 Paeans ringing, comfort bringing  
 To these griefs of ours.  
 Tell the story, bring the glory  
 Easter anthems sing,  
 Christ is risen, Christ is risen,  
 Honor to the King.

L. M. THORNTON.

# THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

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## AN APPRECIATION

We are thankful to note that our subscribers are not stopping their subscriptions this year. Of course we appreciate this kind of continued support and encouragement. While the cost of nearly everything has gone up, the price of this periodical has remained the same, and it is, we think, more than well worth the price to every housekeeper who is looking well to the ways of her housekeeping. Our aim is to specialize, to provide matter that shall be of especial concern in every household. To do one thing and do that well is our motto.

## TURKISH PROVERBS

The candle does not give light to itself.  
Chattering will not make the pot boil.

## RULES OF HEALTH

AN English octogenarian is quoted as saying that: "Life on two meals of bread and butter and eggs a day would not be worth living. The great question is not how to live long, but how to live well. Moderation in all things is the best of rules. Be happy! Look on the bright side of things. That will do you more good than food or medicine." His governing principles are:—

Do not think about your health.

Enjoy yourself as much as possible.

Ignore dietary tables.

Eat whenever you feel inclined.

Learn by experience what suits you.

We ought to be thankful that instinct and experience are still useful guides in matters of diet, also that the main conditions of healthful living are few and plain,—almost self-evident. A modern scientific work on nutrition can not be well understood and appreciated by the average housekeeper, unless she has had some instruction in chemistry, together with practical work in a laboratory. Not until the elements of chemistry are properly taught in all our schools, can we hope that treatises on human nutrition will be widely read and comprehended by housekeepers in general. Fortunately the conclusions of the scientist and expert, the results of research and investigation, are soon incorporated in our common stock of information. Everybody can use what everybody can not discover or invent.

In the meantime, to regard our kitchens as private laboratories is a good idea. The expression sounds well; and it softens the old-time impression of the kitchen as a place of household drudgery. Surely all outlay of thought and interest in the home laboratory is well expended; for the character of a family, as that of a race, is dependent upon the kind and quality of the food it eats.

It is said: "A woman never wields



such power and fascination as when she is at the head of a great establishment, and is worthy to be at the head of it. She is then the illustrious housekeeper, and all the nobler attributes of the woman have free scope."

### PURE FOOD

FROM AN ENGLISHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

**I**F all men and women had sufficient work to give them a healthy appetite and the means of gratifying it with simple fare, the greatest happiness of the greatest number would have been established on a thoroughly sound basis. To gratify healthy hunger with sound, simple, wholesome food is the foundation of physical and moral well-being.

A properly fed race is an efficient race. The beginning of degeneracy lies in the food supply. The food-faker is a greater peril to national well-being than any peril that we now spend vast sums on national defence to guard against. And in these islands the food-faker not only flourishes but is deliberately encouraged by a political party whose members are perpetually propounding pious texts concerning "the food of the people."

Cancer has of recent years increased with alarming rapidity. Appendicitis is as common as influenza, and physical and mental degeneracy have become national perils. These evils are the direct result of the calamitous effect produced upon the constitutions of the people by the eating of inferior foods, doctored foods, and foods manufactured or treated by processes which destroy all their nutritive properties while in many instances creating harmful ones.

The statesman who will take up this great national question from a national point of view—the man who will fight for the systematic development of the food resources of the United Kingdom and lead a campaign against the importation of adulterated and inferior foods, which propagate disease and undermine the physical condition of the people—

will be doing greater service to the maintenance of our Imperial traditions than all the military and naval experts put together.—GEORGE R. SIMS in *The Referee*.

### ATHLETICS AND HOLY MEN

That inconsistent demand that clergymen shall not be as other men, which, when it appears, redounds to the disadvantage of the parishioners, has had a severe check from an active young vicar of Birmingham. Rev. Mr. Gillingham is known across England as "the Essex County cricketer," and incidentally as the vicar of Holy Trinity. Certain of his parishioners, who intimated that such conduct was unseemly in a holy man, now wish they had not, for the vicar made a spirited defence and even the conservative wing of the press greets his remarks with hearty applause. The vicar declares that cricket is an asset to him. Furthermore, it appears that this enterprising young athlete has collected £300 from cricketers and lovers of the game, without which it would have been impossible to carry on the work of the parish.

"The charge is often brought against the clergy," he says, "that they cannot do what other men do, and they are generally represented as pale-faced weaklings. I know perfectly well that I was not ordained to play cricket, that my mission in life is to touch the hearts of men and bring them back to heaven again. This I am trying to do, and, if I found my cricket a hindrance rather than a help, I should give it up immediately."

The view askance at the minister who joins in the ordinary affairs of life—happily a fading one—survives from an age which set its holy men apart, because it saw no way of reconciling their professed ideals with the enforced practice of living and getting a living. Yet the efforts of the clergy to break through this hedge of hierarchical awe have not invariably met with the wel-

come from their flocks which it deserves, for the most unwelcome gospel which can be preached to the modern congregation is that religion is not an abstract belief, but a line of practical conduct.

So the vicar's cricket becomes a symbol of that push of the vital forces in the ministry out into the affairs of men, and the firm refusal of this athletic parson to submit to a restraint of his cricket has a whimsical parallel to the episode of the maiden ladies who were horrified to learn that their venerated dean smoked a peaceful after-dinner cigar in the cool privacy of his garden. He listened with utmost deference to their representations, then agreed to eschew the cigar as soon as they agreed similarly to mortify the flesh by renouncing afternoon tea. They would think it over, and retired in some confusion. He is still awaiting their answer.

Then let the cricketing vicar have the last word of it, "So long as I don't make cricketing an end in itself, but only a means to an end, I am sure all would say, 'Go on, and more power to your elbow.'"—*Boston Transcript*.

The "rising conscience of health" is what the *World's Work* calls the new interest in health, manifest in so many ways during the last few years. "The most hopeful fact," says the writer, "is that almost every movement for improvement in the public schools proceeds consciously or unconsciously from this central thought—that all sound training must go along the great highways of health. An unsound child cannot do its work properly. More than that, every scheme or plan of sound training starts and ends with health—not only with such incidents as the garden work, the shop work, the playground, the preparation and the eating of food, the clothing of children; but the matter of instruction is based more and more on the facts of physical life. All this will in time

bring an acute community conscience about health."

## COMMANDMENTS OF A HAPPY HOME

THE HUSBAND'S COMMANDMENTS

**T**HOU shalt have no "affinities" but center thy love upon the wife of thy bosom.

Honor thy home and endeavor to assume thy share of the household responsibilities, lest the weight of care-taking devolve upon thy wife and there be no more harmony in thy home.

Strive to have thy wallet and thy wife's wallet look like twins, for even love fleeth from the hand of a stingy man.

Thou shalt not short circuit thy compliments after the honeymoon, but continue to give praise for that which seemeth good to thine eyes.

Honor thy mother, her cooking and all her loving ways, but refrain from making odious comparisons in the presence of thy wife.

Thou shalt not drink intoxicating liquors.

Thou shalt not smoke to excess.

Thou shalt not gamble.

Thou shalt not use profanity in the presence of thy family.

Thou shalt be neat, orderly; seeking to beautify the spot whereon thou dwellest and to emulate thy neighbor's habits of thrift and his acts of loving kindness.

E. R. W.

It is better to misplace our charity on nine unworthy persons than to deny alms to one that is really in need.

## THE HEART THAT DARES

Oh the stirring and rough and impetuous  
song—

The song of the heart that dares,  
That keeps to its creed and gives no heed  
To the faces that fortune wears!

That heart that laughs when the foe is met,  
And thrives and fires at taunt and threat,  
And finds no toiling or travelling long,  
For the sake of the good it bears.

SWEENEY.





MAKING READY FOR EGGS `A LA KING

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a **LEVEL** spoonful.

### Caviare, Mobile Style

**S**ELECT a very small hot-house tomato for each service; peel carefully and take out a small piece from the center of each. When ready to serve, set each tomato on a heart-leaf of lettuce, sprinkle in a little salt and paprika and about five drops of onion juice. Fill with a teaspoonful of caviare, rounding it up above the tomato; sprinkle with about one-fourth a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Serve small Boston brown-bread sandwiches and olives with this dish.

### Caviare, with Tomato Jelly

Cook two cups of canned tomatoes, two slices of onion, a very small bit of bay leaf, two sprigs of parsley, a few mushroom parings and celery leaves, twenty minutes; strain, add half a tea-

spoonful, each, of salt and paprika, one tablespoonful of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold chicken broth (or water), and dissolved over hot water; mix and pour into a shallow dish. Set aside to become firm. Cut in small rounds, with a cutter dipped in boiling water; lift each with a spatula to a heart-leaf of lettuce. Set a teaspoonful of caviare, seasoned with onion juice, lemon juice, and paprika, above the jelly. Serve with sandwiches and olives.

### Sardine Canapés

Cream one-fourth a cup of butter; beat into it a canned pimento, washed, dried and chopped fine, half a cup of flaked sardines, a teaspoonful of grated onion, and cream to make it moist; press through a sieve. Pipe on to the edge of triangles or fingers of toasted-and-cooled

bread. Set half a sardine down the center; fill one side with chopped white or sifted yolk of egg, and the other with chopped pickled beets.

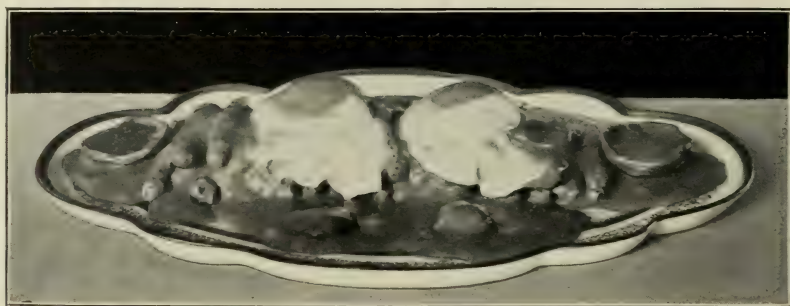
### Kornlet Chowder

Cut two slices of fat, salt pork in tiny cubes (there should be about half a cup); let these cook in a saucepan until they are light-colored and the fat is drawn out; skim out the bits of pork, add half a small onion, cut in thin shreds, and let cook until yellowed; add three cups of boiling water and let simmer five minutes, then strain over a cup of potatoes, cut in slices, parboiled five minutes and drained. Let cook until the potatoes are tender; add a can of korn-

shreds. A tablespoonful of scraped onion pulp may be added if desired. Stir the pepper and mushrooms two or three minutes; add one cup and a half of thin cream and stir and cook very gently about ten minutes; add the eggs drained from the dressing, set the dish over boiling water, cover and let stand to become very hot. Beat the yolks of two eggs; dilute with the dressing from the eggs or with one-fourth a cup of cream and stir into the mixture. As soon as the yolks are "set" the dish is ready to serve.

### Eggs à la Dauphine

Set two small slices of toasted bread, well-buttered, on a serving dish; above



EGGS À LA DAUPHINE

let, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, and one or two cups of milk. Let boil two minutes. Serve with browned crackers.

### Eggs à la King

Cut eight hard-cooked eggs in slices; mix half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika, four tablespoonfuls of olive oil and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, pour this over the eggs, cover and set aside for an hour or more. Remove the peel and stems from one-fourth a pound of fresh mushrooms (dry these for some other use) and slice the caps; melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add the sliced mushroom caps and half a green pepper cut in

dispose about eighteen hot, cooked asparagus tips; above the tips set two poached eggs. Pour over the whole a scant cup of Madeira sauce, in which six or eight peeled, mushroom caps (sliced or not) have been simmered about ten minutes.

### Madeira Sauce

Cook two tablespoonfuls of flour in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, half a cup of tomato purée and one-third a cup of half-glaze (meat broth much reduced by slow cooking), and stir until boiling; add the mushrooms, let simmer, and just before serving add three tablespoonfuls of Madeira wine.



## Eggs Opera

(Particularly good for tea-room service)

shell and cut the tail and claw meat in generous pieces. Dispose on shredded



EGGS OPERA

Butter an individual shirring dish; break two eggs into it; set the dish into a moderate oven to remain until the egg white is slightly coagulated throughout. Set the dish on a breakfast plate; on one side of the eggs, in the dish, dispose half a dozen cooked stalks of asparagus, a teaspoonful of Hollandaise sauce above, and on the other side of the eggs group cubes of calf's liver broiled on one or two skewers, and serve at once. To cook the liver, pour boiling water over a slice of liver, cut a scant three-fourths an inch thick, then cut in cubes; butter one or two skewers and run them through the cubes. Broil over a moderate fire about four minutes, turning each ten seconds. Push from the skewer to the side of the egg.

lettuce or lettuce hearts. Garnish the edge with lengthwise quarters of hard-cooked eggs, small cucumber pickles, cut in fan-shapes, and set mayonnaise above the lobster.

## Mock Sweetbreads, with Chestnut Purée, Etc.

Scrape the pulp from the fibres in veal steak, to get one pound (one pint) of pulp. Pound the pulp with a pestle, in a wooden bowl; add an egg, pound it smoothly into the pulp, then pound in a second egg. Have ready a cup of soft, white, bread crumbs (stale) cooked to a smooth paste in a cup of rich, white broth or milk, and cooled; pound this into the veal with one-fourth a cup of butter, half a teaspoonful of pepper, and



MOCK SWEETBREADS, CHESTNUT PURÉE AND PEAS

## Lobster à la Parisienne

Remove the lobster meat from the

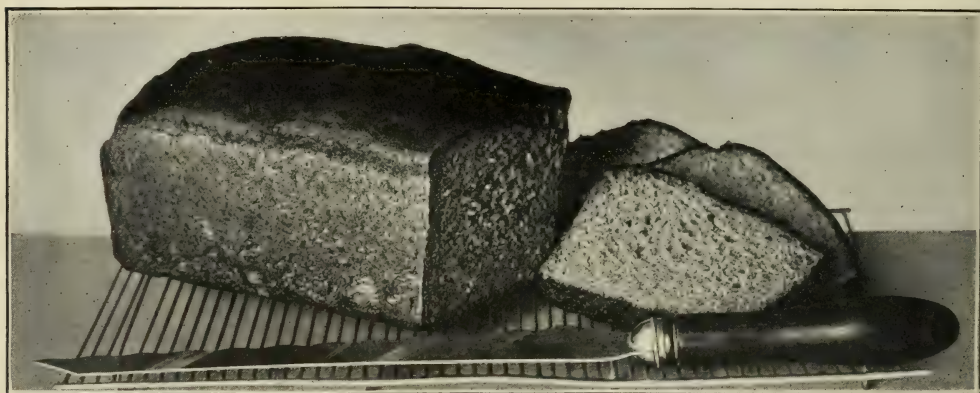
one teaspoonful of salt, and, lastly, add half a cup of rich cream; work and pound the mass with the pestle until it

is smooth, then press through a purée sieve. Form into eight or ten oval shapes, the size of a veal, heart-sweetbread, split in halves. Set these in a buttered dish, pour over a cup of hot veal or chicken broth, two or three slices of bacon, cut in bits, a few mushroom trimmings, two slices of onion, half a teaspoonful of salt and a chili pepper; cover with a buttered paper and let cook about an hour (a covered casserole may be used). Strain off the broth and add tomato purée and rich broth to make one pint; use this with one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour in making a sauce. Set the mock sweetbreads on thin shapes of hot chestnut or sweet potato purée. These should emerge be-

in cold water, dried on a cloth and rubbed through a sieve, (a green pepper chopped exceedingly fine may replace the pimento) and a fourth a teaspoonful of salt. Mix all together thoroughly; press into a small Charlotte mold lined with waxed paper. When chilled and firm, unmold. Serve at the same time hot, pulled bread or toasted crackers, olives or celery.

### Chicken Salad, Spring Style

Mix one pint of cold, cooked chicken, cut in cubes, one cup of white grapes, skinned, cut in halves and seeded, half a cup of cubes of pared apple, over which a tablespoonful of lemon juice has been poured, one head of French



RYE MEAL BREAD

yond the meat half an inch on all sides. Pipe purée on the edge around the meat. Dispose hot peas, seasoned with salt, black pepper, butter and a teaspoonful of sugar, at the sides or ends of the dish. Serve the sauce in a bowl.

### Savory Cheese

Rub one-fourth a pound of Roquefort cheese to a smooth paste with two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, or cream; add a cream cheese (.10) pressed through a ricer, a tablespoonful of grated onion or a shallot, chopped exceedingly fine, a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley, wrung dry in a cloth, a pimento rinsed

endive, cut in short julienne shreds, half a cup of blanched almonds, cut in lengthwise shreds or julienne, with six tablespoonfuls of oil, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Shape in a mound on a bed of lettuce leaves; mask with a generous half cup of mayonnaise dressing, sprinkle with fine-chopped pistachio nuts, and serve at once.

### Rye-Meal Bread

Soften one cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of lukewarm water. To one cup and a fourth of scalded-and-





FIN DE SIECLE SALAD

cooked milk add one-third a cup of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of shortening, and one teaspoonful of salt; when lukewarm add the yeast, one cup and a half of sifted bread flour, one cup of sifted rye meal, and one cup and a half of sifted Graham flour. Mix all together thoroughly, cover and let stand out of all drafts to become very light. Cut down and turn into a bread pan. When nearly doubled in bulk bake one hour. This quantity will fill what is known as a sandwich bread pan. It is longer than the ordinary brick-loaf pan.

### Fin de Siecle Salad

(Thorndike Style)

For one service take four or five heart-leaves of lettuce, one (canned) artichoke bottom, two short stalks of asparagus, a generous tablespoonful of flageolet (cooked French beans, green in

color and kidney shaped), half a French endive, cut in julienne shreds, about a tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing, a little sifted hard-cooked yolk of egg, and one very small beet, cut in halves. Set the artichoke bottom on the lettuce, the asparagus tips on two opposite sides of the artichoke, the beans on the artichoke between the asparagus, above set the dressing; set the endive into the dressing, set the halves of beet at the base of two sides, opposite each other, and sift the yolk over the whole. This salad, with rolls or coarse bread (rye-meal bread in this issue), and a cup of coffee, makes a satisfying luncheon. It is well adapted to tea-room service.

### Palmerston Eclairs

(Serve with a green salad or canned fruit)

Let one cup of boiling water and half



MARGURERITES, PAGES 615 AND 617

a cup of butter boil over the fire; sift in one cup of sifted pastry flour, half a

paprika, then stir in one cup and a fourth of milk and stir until boiling;



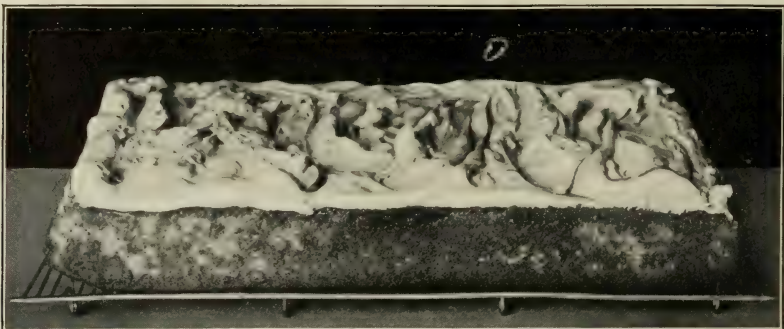
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA CAKES

teaspoonful of paprika, and a few grains of salt; stir and cook until the mixture can be formed into a ball, then turn into an earthen bowl; beat in three unbeaten eggs, one at a time, and when very smooth beat in half a cup of grated cheese (preferably Parmesan). Dispose the mixture in strips, about one inch wide and three inches long, on a buttered baking sheet, brush over with beaten egg and let bake about twenty-five minutes. Cut a slit down one long side of each and fill with cheese custard mixture. Serve hot or cold.

beat in the yolks of two eggs, beaten and mixed with half a cup of grated cheese, and stir until the cheese is melted; let cool somewhat, then fold in half a cup of cream, beaten very firm, and use to fill the *éclairs*.

### Dried Lima Beans, Creole Style

Soak one cup of dried Lima beans overnight; wash and set to cook in plenty of cold water. Heat to the boiling point, then let simmer three or four hours or until tender. Replenish with boiling water as needed, but, at the last,



MAPLE SYRUP CAKE

### Cheese Custard

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and

set on an asbestos mat and let the water evaporate. Cut half a green pepper pod in julienne strips; melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add the pepper and stir and cook about three minutes, very



slowly. Do not allow the butter or pepper to become yellowed. Add half a cup

one-fourth a cup of fine, granulated sugar, then a grating of orange rind and



RASPBERRY BOMBE, ALASKA STYLE

of tomato purée, one teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of grated horseradish, and pour over the beans; mix without breaking the beans. Let simmer about ten minutes.

### Marguerites

Cut trimmings of puff or half-puff paste into diamond or heart-shapes; with smaller cutters of same shape, or a sharp knife, score the paste one-fourth an inch from the edge. Chill and bake. Remove the centers for covers; fill with a chestnut mixture, set the covers in place, glaze with a little thin confectioner's frosting, and sprinkle, at once, with chopped pistachio nuts or crushed candied violets.

one tablespoonful of orange juice. Lastly, beat in one-fourth a cup of sifted flour, sifted again with half a level teaspoonful of baking powder. Put the mixture into tiny pans and let bake until done (about eight minutes). The tins vary in size; some are an inch in diameter on the bottom and two inches on the top, others are about an inch and a quarter across the top. Cover one side of the cakes with fondant or confectioner's frosting and, at once, decorate with tiny candies and bits of citron rind or anjelica for leaves. Leaves resembling lily-of-the-valley and crocuses are easily cut; the tiny yellow and lavender candies give crocus blossoms, and the white candies lily-of-the-valley.



CLARET JELLY, WITH PLUMS, ETC.

### Five O'clock Tea Cakes

Beat the yolks of three eggs until thick and light in color; gradually beat in

### Maple Syrup Cake

Beat two-thirds a cup of sugar to a cream; gradually beat in one cup and a

fourth of sugar and one tablespoonful and a half of maple syrup. Add three eggs, beaten without separating the whites and the yolks. Sift together, two or three times, three cups of sifted flour and four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and add to the first mixture, alternately, with two-thirds a cup of water. Bake in a sheet in a large pan. Cover with

### Maple Syrup Frosting

Boil one cup and three-fourths of maple syrup to 240° F. Pour in a fine stream on the white of one egg, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Return to the fire on an asbestos mat or over hot water, and beat thoroughly throughout until the egg stiffens somewhat; add three-fourths a cup of nut meats, broken in pieces and spread upon the cake. For a lighter frosting use the whites of two eggs.

cup and a half of claret wine. Set aside to become firm and cold. When ready to serve beat one cup of cream until firm. Set green gage plums (canned) around the unmolded jelly; pipe the cream on the jelly and between the plums. Have the syrup from the plums boiled to a jelly and cooled; set this around the edge. Sprinkle the whole with fine-chopped pistachio nuts.

### Marshmallows (Mary-Elizabeth)

Cook one cup of sugar and half a cup of cooked, strained tomato to 230° F. Stir occasionally while cooking. Pour one-fourth a cup of water over three cups of sugar, then strain upon it the tomato and sugar. Stir all together, then add one cup of water. Cook to 240° F. Remove from the fire and add three tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine, softened in one cup of water and dissolved by standing in a dish of hot



MARSHMALLOWS (MARY-ELIZABETH)

### Claret Jelly, with Plums

Soften half a package of gelatine in half a cup of cold water; add one cup and a half of boiling water, stir until the gelatine is dissolved, then add two-thirds a cup of sugar, the juice of one large lemon, and when cooled somewhat, one

water. Mix and strain the whole into a clean bowl. Have ready the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Whip the cooked mass until it is white and spongy, then gradually add the beaten whites and continue the beating until the mass will almost "set" on the beater. Sift over the mass one tablespoonful of cornstarch



and beat it in thoroughly. Pour between bars on a marble dusted with confectioner's sugar, or into biscuit pans dredged generously with the sugar. Let stand about twelve hours; cut in cubes, roll in confectioner's sugar and let stand, soft side up, to dry off.

### Rose Apples

Dissolve a cup of cinnamon drops (small round, red candies) in a pint of boiling water. In it let simmer six or eight pared-and-cored apples, turning them often to keep the shape. When tender throughout and tinted rose-color, remove to a serving dish; boil the syrup until quite thick and pour around the apples. Serve hot with a pitcher of cream. Or, when cold, beat a cup of cream until firm and pipe it over and around the apples. A cup of sugar may replace the candy; flavor such syrup with cinnamon extract and tint, very delicately, with rose color paste—before cooking the apples in it.

### Pears Cardinal

Cook the pears in a syrup of sugar and water, flavored with vanilla. When cold set on oblong pieces of sponge cake and coat with raspberry sauce to which a little of the reduced pear syrup has been added. Sprinkle with shredded-and-blanchd almonds.

### Chestnut Mixture for Marguerites

Press preserved or plain cooked chestnuts through a sieve and sweeten to taste; add one or more tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped, French, candied fruit and seeded raisins, softened in hot syrup, and half a teaspoonful of vanilla, with

one or two tablespoonfuls of wine, if desired, then fold in an equal measure of whipped cream.

### Bombe Marie Louise, Alaska Style

Line a melon or a Charlotte Russe mold with frozen raspberry ice, fill the center with angel parfait preparation, cover with raspberry ice and pack in equal measures of rock salt and crushed ice. Have ready on a meat or other board a thin sheet of sponge cake, one-fourth an inch larger on all sides than the base of the mold. Unmold the bombe on the cake, cover it with a thin coating of meringue and pipe more meringue over the whole. Dredge with granulated sugar. Set the whole into a hot oven, to brown the meringue delicately. Slide from the board to the serving dish. Serve at once.

### Raspberry Ice

Boil one quart of water and one pint of sugar vigorously twenty minutes; add one teaspoonful of gelatine, softened in cold water, strain, and when cold, add one pint of raspberry juice.

### Angel Parfait

Boil three-fourths a cup of sugar and one-third a cup of water to 240° F. Pour the syrup, in a fine stream, on the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Beat occasionally until cold. Beat one cup of double cream and one cup of cream from the top of a quart jar of milk until firm. Fold the cream and one tablespoonful of vanilla extract into the meringue and the mixture is ready to freeze.



# Menus for a Week in March

*Meals with very little vegetable food except bread are undesirable from the standpoint of dietetics.*—DR. LANGWORTHY.

SUNDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Grapefruit Fried Oysters, Sauce Tartare Parker House Rolls (reheated) Corn Meal Muffins Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon Loin of Lamb, Stuffed and Roasted Gilded Potato (Mashed) Balls, with Peas Mint Jelly on Baked Bananas Spinach, with Hard-Cooked Egg Rye Meal Bread Frozen Apricots Maple Cake Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Eggs à la King Toast Frozen Apricots (left over) Oatmeal Macaroons Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Fresh Codfish Cakes Bacon Boston Brown Bread (reheated in paper bag) Pickled Beets Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Mock Bisque Soup Breaded Lamb Chops, Baked Scalloped Potatoes Boiled Onions Cabbage Salad Prunes Stuffed with Nuts, Whipped Cream Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Lamb Stew (potato, onion, carrot, peas) (Flank ends of Chops removed before cooking Chops) Rye-Meal Bread and Butter Canned Pineapple Tea	WEDNESDAY
	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin White Hashed Potatoes Rye Meal Bread Doughnuts Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Lamb Soufflé, Tomato Sauce Mashed Potatoes Boiled Turnips French Endive, Chiffonade Dressing Toasted Crackers Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Dried Lima Beans, Creole Bread and Butter German Apple Cake, Revised Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream Sausage Buckwheat Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup Coffee <b>Dinner</b> Cannelon of Beef, (Hamburg Roast) Macaroni (with Tomato Sauce, etc.) Potatoes Browned with the Meat Beet Greens or Spinach Cornstarch Blanc-mange, Sugar and Cream or Hot Jelly Sauce Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Eggs Poached in Cream on Toast Asparagus, French Dressing Marshmallows Tea	
MONDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Oranges Dried Beef Scrambled with Eggs Philadelphia Butter Buns Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Boiled Fresh Cod, Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Canned String Beans French Pickle Lemon Sponge Pie Cream Cheese Toasted Crackers Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Sausages Baked with Creamed Potatoes Hot Apple Sauce Cookies Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Oranges Salt Mackerel, Broiled Creamed Potatoes Whole Wheat Bread and Butter Coffee Cocoa Doughnuts <b>Dinner</b> Chicken Broth, with Rice Stuffed Lobster or Salted Salmon, Boiled, Caper Sauce Boiled Potatoes Peas Apple Pie with Meringue Cheese Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Dried Lima-Bean Salad (French dressing, with chives, parsley, green pepper) Graham Biscuit or Rolls Brownies Tea	THURSDAY
	<b>Breakfast</b> Oranges Dried Beef Scrambled with Eggs Philadelphia Butter Buns Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Boiled Fresh Cod, Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Canned String Beans French Pickle Lemon Sponge Pie Cream Cheese Toasted Crackers Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Sausages Baked with Creamed Potatoes Hot Apple Sauce Cookies Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Oranges Salt Mackerel, Broiled Creamed Potatoes Whole Wheat Bread and Butter Coffee Cocoa Doughnuts <b>Dinner</b> Chicken Broth, with Rice Stuffed Lobster or Salted Salmon, Boiled, Caper Sauce Boiled Potatoes Peas Apple Pie with Meringue Cheese Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Dried Lima-Bean Salad (French dressing, with chives, parsley, green pepper) Graham Biscuit or Rolls Brownies Tea	
TUESDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Oranges Dried Beef Scrambled with Eggs Philadelphia Butter Buns Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Boiled Fresh Cod, Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Canned String Beans French Pickle Lemon Sponge Pie Cream Cheese Toasted Crackers Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Sausages Baked with Creamed Potatoes Hot Apple Sauce Cookies Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Oranges Salt Mackerel, Broiled Creamed Potatoes Whole Wheat Bread and Butter Coffee Cocoa Doughnuts <b>Dinner</b> Chicken Broth, with Rice Stuffed Lobster or Salted Salmon, Boiled, Caper Sauce Boiled Potatoes Peas Apple Pie with Meringue Cheese Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Dried Lima-Bean Salad (French dressing, with chives, parsley, green pepper) Graham Biscuit or Rolls Brownies Tea	FRIDAY
	<b>Breakfast</b> Oranges Dried Beef Scrambled with Eggs Philadelphia Butter Buns Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Boiled Fresh Cod, Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Canned String Beans French Pickle Lemon Sponge Pie Cream Cheese Toasted Crackers Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Sausages Baked with Creamed Potatoes Hot Apple Sauce Cookies Tea	<b>Breakfast</b> Oranges Salt Mackerel, Broiled Creamed Potatoes Whole Wheat Bread and Butter Coffee Cocoa Doughnuts <b>Dinner</b> Chicken Broth, with Rice Stuffed Lobster or Salted Salmon, Boiled, Caper Sauce Boiled Potatoes Peas Apple Pie with Meringue Cheese Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Dried Lima-Bean Salad (French dressing, with chives, parsley, green pepper) Graham Biscuit or Rolls Brownies Tea	
SATURDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Creamed Dried Beef French Fried Potatoes Baking Powder Biscuit Coffee Cocoa <b>Dinner</b> Stewed Chicken, Sautéd Fried Bananas Cabbage Salad, Chiffonade Dressing Fruit Cup, or Macedoine of Fruit in Cup Half Cups of Coffee <b>Supper</b> Eggs, Opera Style French Bread Stewed Prunes Sponge Cake Tea		



# Dishes for Tea Rooms Giving Luncheons

## Boston Prices

### Soups

- Oyster Stew, .25
- Cream of Lobster, .30
- Mock Bisque, .20
- Consommé, with Rice, .25

### Fish

- Fried Oysters, Sauce Tartare, .35
- Baked Turbans of Halibut, Tomato Sauce, .35
- Deviled Lobster in Ramekin, .35
- Finnan Haddie, Mexican, on Toast, .25
- Salt Codfish Balls en Surprise, .25
- Salt Codfish Balls, with Bacon Rolls, .25

### Eggs

- Eggs à la King, .50
- Eggs, Opera Style, .45
- Eggs à la Dauphine, .50
- Spanish Omelet, .40

### Salads

- Mayonnaise of Egg-and-Lettuce, .30
- Mayonnaise of Cream Cheese-and-Pimento, .30
- Lobster à la Parisienne, .35
- Fin de Siecle, .35
- Pineapple and Grapefruit, .35

### Sandwiches

- Egg Salad, .25
- Sliced Ham, .15
- Club, .35

### Cheese

- Golden Buck, Olives or Pickles, .35
- Yorkshire Rabbit, Olives or Pickles, .35
- Mexican Rabbit, Olives or Pickles, .35
- Gnocchi à la Romain, Rolls, Stewed Prunes, .35
- Cheese Éclairs, Olives or Stewed Prunes, .35
- Cheese Croquettes, Lettuce Salad, Rolls, .35

### Meats

- Slice of Cannelon of Beef, Macaroni, etc, .30
- Breaded Lamb Chops, Baked, Candied Sweet Potatoes, .50
- Small Chicken Pie, .35
- Creamed Chicken in Swedish Timbale, .25
- Veal Stew, Hot Biscuits, .25

### Sweets

- Prunes Stuffed with Nuts, Whipped Cream, .10
- Baked Chocolate Pudding, Fudge Sauce, .10
- Simple Charlotte Russe, .10
- Claret Jelly, Green Plums, Whipped Cream, .15
- Frozen Apricots, .10
- Chocolate Nougat Cake, .05
- Maple Cake, .05

### Soups

- Clam Broth, .20
- Chicken Okra, .25
- Bisque of Lobster, .30
- Corn, St. Germain, .25

### Fish

- Fried Scallops, Sauce Tartare, .40
- Lobster Cutlet, Sauce Tartare, .40
- Scalloped Oysters in Shell, .25
- Creamed Salt Codfish (with egg yolk) Baked Potato, .25
- Fresh Codfish Cakes, Broiled Bacon, .25
- Creamed Fresh Fish au Gratin, .25

### Eggs

- Eggs Shirred with crumbs in Cream, .25
- Eggs Shirred with ham in Cream, .30
- Eggs Scrambled with Ham, .30
- Oyster Omelet, .35

### Salads

- Mayonnaise of Lettuce, Egg and Tomato, .35
- Asparagus, Chiffonade Dressing, .25
- Lettuce or Endive, Roquefort Cheese Dressing, .25
- Waldorf Salad, .30
- Prune and Pecan Nuts, Whipped Cream Dressing, .30

### Sandwiches

- Cheese-and-Pimento (2), .25
- Cream Cheese-and-Olive (2), .25
- Sliced Tongue (2), .25

### Cheese

- Spaghetti with Cheese and Tomato, .15
- Ramekin of Cheese Pudding, Stewed Prunes, .25
- Rolls, Cheese Balls (fried) Lettuce Salad, .30
- Cream Cheese, Bar-le-Duc, Toasted Crackers, .40
- Savory Cheese, Pulled Bread (hot), .25
- Frozen Cream Cheese, Bar-le-Duc, .40

### Meats

- Lamb Stew with vegetables, .25
- Beef Balls with Macaroni, etc, .25
- Pigeon en Casserole, .45
- Slice Fillet of Beef, Baked Banana, etc., .50
- Ham Timbales (2) Tomato Sauce, .35
- Chicken Pattie, .25

### Sweets

- Stewed Figs with Sherry Wine Jelly, .15
- Prune and Nut Jelly, Cream, .10
- Coffee Jelly, Whipped Cream, .10
- Vanilla Ice Cream, Chocolate Sauce, .15
- (The same with sauce and nuts, .20)
- Chocolate Éclair, .05
- Mocha Cake, .05



# Demonstration in Cooking

By Janet M. Hill

*Subject, A Family Dinner*

*"The six o'clock dinner marks the civilization of the world, so do dyspepsia and gout."*

## MENU:

Lamb-and-Tomato Soup  
Hamburg Roast, Brown Sauce  
Franconia Potatoes  
Spinach  
Rye-Meal Bread  
Cornstarch Blanc Mange  
Fruit Jelly or Sugar and Cream

## Introduction

GIVE reasons for introducing ideas of formality into this meal, no matter what the surroundings, also emphasize the need of cheerfulness at table. Give reasons for serving dinner at noon and also at night. Consider the merits of bringing young children to the dinner table, for the whole meal and for the dessert course. Show that the other meals, as well as the dinner, must be planned with the needs of both old and young in mind. Point out that material for growth and repair of tissue is provided in the Hamburg Roast, the bread, and in the milk and whites of egg used in the blanc-mange. The soup is a proteid sparer and, if the meat is too heavy for an elderly member of the family, will suffice for such, if carefully cooked sliced eggs be added to the spinach.

Fuel food is presented in the potatoes and bread, also in the cornstarch, sugar and cream of the pudding. Fat appears in the meat, cream and butter. Bulk and waste are provided for in spinach and the coarse bread. Note that, while the coarse bread is mentioned and given

by way of emphasis, both coarse and fine bread should appear on the family table. In no other way can the needs of the whole family be subserved.

## Rye-Meal Bread

When the lesson begins, have a loaf of bread dough in the pan ready for baking. Give directions for baking—i. e., divide the time of baking, one hour, into quarters. At the end of the first quarter, be able to show the bread risen to its full height and browned in spots a little. Show the bread at the end of the second and third quarters and then the baked loaf. As soon as the bread is in the oven, mix a loaf, using two whole yeast cakes, that the mixture may be light at the close of the lesson. In this way the whole process may be shown in the time devoted to the lesson.

## Recipe for Rye-Meal Bread

2 yeast cakes	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of molasses
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of lukewarm water	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sifted rye-meal
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of scalded milk	1 cup of whole wheat flour
2 tablespoonfuls of shortening	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of white bread flour
1 teaspoonful of salt	

Soften the yeast cakes in the water. To the milk add the shortening, salt, and molasses, and, when lukewarm, stir in the softened yeast, the meal and flour. The mixture should be quite stiff, but not stiff enough to knead. Cover and let stand until light or doubled in bulk;



cut down and turn into the pan. Cover and, when again nearly doubled in bulk, bake one hour.

### Cornstarch Blanc Mange

When the milk for the bread is turned into the mixing bowl, put one quart of milk over the fire, in the double boiler, to scald for the blanc mange, then when the bread is mixed, the milk being hot, go on with the preparation of this dish. Sift together, several times, the cornstarch, salt and sugar, then stir into the hot milk. Continue stirring until the mixture thickens, then cover and let cook fifteen minutes, then fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten dry; let cook two or three minutes to set the egg, then turn into a mold, rinsed in cold water, and set aside to become cold and firm. Flavor with orange or vanilla extract; or add a cup of cocoanut or sliced almonds. If preferred use individual molds. Serve with raspberry or strawberry preserves; or jam, with Melba suace, cream and sugar; or a boiled custard made with the yolks left over from the pudding.

### Recipe for Cornstarch Blanc Mange

1 quart of milk	1 cup of cocoanut
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of cornstarch	or
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	1 teaspoonful of
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of	vanilla, or
salt	1 teaspoonful of
3 whites of eggs	orange extract

While the cornstarch is cooking, get the Hamburg roast into the oven. The meat having been chopped, and the crumbs prepared beforehand, the meat may be shaped and in the pan ready to go into the oven by the time the attention must be turned to the dessert. While at work, give reasons why it is preferable to chop the meat at home. Notice the cuts of meat that will give the best results, referring to the price of the same. As a means of serving acceptably part of the roast, left over, in a small family, suggest preparing a dish of macaroni in tomato sauce (and

broth) with one or two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. When finished cut the cold roast in slices and set into a casserole; pour over the macaroni, cover, and let become very hot without re-cooking.

### Hamburg Roast

2 lbs. of beef (top of round)	1 tablespoonful of
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of soft bread crumbs	chopped green or
1 egg, well beaten	red pepper, or
1 teaspoonful of salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
1 teaspoonful of onion juice	paprika
1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of
	mace (at discretion)

Mix all together thoroughly, shape into a compact roll, and put in baking pan, with slice of salt pork above. Baste with dripping. Bake from thirty to forty minutes. While preparing the meat, let the assistant set the pared potatoes, cut in halves (to make thinner), over the fire in boiling salted water. Also, the tomato, vegetables and seasonings for the soup should be set to simmer. Speak of the composition of potatoes, their food value, reasons for using boiling water and salt. After the meat has been well seared on the outside, or in about ten minutes, drain the potatoes and set them in the pan around the meat. Baste both potatoes and meat with hot fat.

### Spinach

Refer to the different varieties of spinach. Varieties that spread very freely over the ground and grow rapidly are not as choice or desirable as others. Give two reasons why spinach should be salted when set to cook. Refer to the fallacy that soda will help in retaining the green color and should be used with green vegetables. Soda softens water and draws out coloring matter and is used in vegetable cookery only with dried beans, to help soften the cellulose in the skin. Give the reason why spinach should be cooked in its own juices or with simply the water that clings to it after washing. Give composition of spinach. Name its most valuable con-

stituents. The French call it the "broom of the stomach." It may be served drained, salted a little, and with a little butter mixed through it. Give simple ways of serving it cold (left over). For a substantial dish for luncheon or supper, chopped and pressed into a cup, it may be turned out on a dish, with sauce tartare above, and slices of cold tongue, boiled ham or corned beef around it.

### Brown Sauce

After the meat has been disposed on a serving dish with the well-browned potatoes around it, pour off the fat from the pan, put in some second stock (made from left overs with vegetables, etc.) and let boil, to remove glaze from the pan. Put four tablespoonfuls of the fat in a small pan; add four tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and let cook, then add half a cup of cold water or broth, and a cup and a half of hot broth from the baking pan, and stir until boiling. Strain, if necessary.

### Lamb-and-Tomato Soup

1 quart of lamb broth	slices
1 pint of tomatoes	Salt as needed
1 onion, cut in slices	1 tablespoonful of
$\frac{1}{4}$ a carrot cut in slices	cornstarch or potato flour
$\frac{1}{4}$ a green pepper in	

Cook the tomatoes and vegetables twenty minutes, press through a sieve,

add to the broth, heat to boiling point, stir in the cornstarch or potato flour smoothed in water, let boil fifteen minutes, skim and the soup is ready to serve.

The members of the class wish to see the dish when it is finished and many wish, also, to taste it. It is quite a simple matter to have the completed dish passed around that each may get something of an idea how it should look, but the serving of the dish, daintily, is quite a troublesome matter. Possibly the best plan is for each member of the class to come provided with spoon or fork and a small plate. After the completed dish has been viewed, separate it into portions and set these on separate plates; then let the women in charge of the lessons transfer, with a spoon or fork, a small portion to the plate of each pupil.

### Other Menus Suitable to Use with This Subject

#### I

Lamb-and-Tomato Soup  
Breaded Lamb Chops, Baked  
Baked Bananas, French Fried Potatoes  
Creamed Spinach, with Sliced Eggs  
Baked Tapioca Pudding, Vanilla Sauce

#### II

Chicken Broth, with Rice  
Baked Fillets of White Fish, Bread Dressing,  
Egg Sauce  
Philadelphia Relish  
Mashed Potatoes  
String Beans  
Lemon Sponge Pie, or  
Lemon Fanchonettes

## À la Carte

I shun the slippery oyster's chilly charm;  
Perchance in seething sewage he hath lain,  
Nor dare the flaky lobster, or the fish;  
They spell ptomaine.

The soup that amber lies along the spoon  
Was ta'en, perchance, from out a nameless tin,  
Concocted blithely from the blood of swine,  
My gold to win.

Ah, tender steak! Ah, well-loved roast,  
farewell!

Whose juices followed knife-ward on my  
plate;

Cold storage, all, your second youth prolonged  
With drugs elate.

Away the sweets, you're made of ancient eggs!  
E'en English jams, this is the inspectors' day—  
I read the papers—there is naught that's good  
That comes our way.

#### L'Envoie.

Yet, bring them on, the whole suspected crew;  
What yesterday has served me must I pass?  
I hunger, and would eat, nor will I stick  
To "garden sass."

H. V. FROST.



# Why You Eat Fats and Sugars

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg

**A**SK the first man you greet on your way home, why his wife, his children and he, himself, like sugar in his coffee or butter on his bread, and he will no doubt laugh in your face. It is such a foolish question. Even a child would not ask it. Yet you do not know, he does not know, nor do many of your learned friends know. You and I and all of us take so many things for granted, we are so complacent, so sure about every day, commonplace things, that it brings us up with a sharp jolt, when someone pops the question at us. So surprising indeed are the simple questions asked the American father, by his six-year-old boy who experiences them for the first time, that the parent is prone to tell the child, "to run along, father is too busy," than to admit, for the nonce, that he has never stopped to find out the correct answer.

Thus it is with such plain facts as "why you eat butter" and "why you like candies." Even technical journals, textbooks, and scientific treatises are lacking in the true, up-to-the-second explanation of why these articles are included in practically every human dietary.

Dr. Henry Dwight Chopin, an eminent physician and physiologist of Greater Manhattan, in a recent address before the New York Academy of Medicine explains, at last, the real reason why man instinctively craves these fats and carbohydrates, these oils, sugars, and starches for his bodily well being. If the living being, he says, demands food merely for the heat it will yield, if the stomach is primarily a furnace for the fuel food, it would be only necessary, then, to consider food as so much combustible coal and wood. Unluckily for such a notion, food is not by any means used in such a way. Heat, true enough, may be one of the by-products of diges-

tion and the building-up power of foods; but, after all, it must be digested, and then pass to the muscles, tissues, and vital organs for constructive functions, before it is consumed as coal, or wood. In the tropics and in midsummer, even the most enthusiastic "calorist," or believer that heat-making is the secret of eating, must admit that digesting food would be carrying coals to Newcastle.

Briefly, the laborer on the Panama locks, the Nicaraguan infant, and the stevedore at Ancon, all need as much food as the Russians of the Siberian Steppes or the Alaskan Esquimaux. Therefore, heat production from food is evidently not the sole outcome of eating. In the instance of a baby at the breast, the mere gathering in of heat for the purpose, in turn, of getting rid of it, would be a bit of profligate extravagance most unusual on the part of nature. If, too, the required amount of food should be gauged by the heat given off by the living body, then no growth could take place; there would be no reservoir of unconsumed—unburned—food. Hence, the need of fats, such as butter and cream, and carbohydrates, such as sugar, bread, potatoes and crackers, is not shown in terms of the heat they might produce outside the living body.

When you lie abed or sleep, your stomach, lungs, and heart are not as hard at work as in your waking hours. There is more muscular activity even in sitting or standing than when you sleep. The quantity of heat produced, then, is in exact accord with muscular exertion. The more you work, the more heat you make; while the more you sleep, the less heat you yield. Furthermore the heat produced is greater, the more muscles you have. Thus an active, six-foot man is a greater heat-maker, a mightier living furnace, than a small man of equal ac-

tivity. This activity may depend upon energy spent chemically or mechanically. In either case, energy comes from the oxygen of the air as it combines with the fats and carbohydrates. Thus heat is really a waste product of physical exertion.

Heat, then, is produced at its lowest during sleep and is at its highest during the most active time of the day's work. On the other hand, food that is easily digested causes little energy to be exerted and thus may produce little heat, while food that is hard to digest yields much heat. Chewing food, also, makes lots of heat, while swallowing liquid foods causes less expenditure of energy and production of heat.

A common observation is that small amounts of some foods are more nutritious than large amounts of others; yet they may contain the same apparent amounts of fats, carbohydrates, and proteins. This has been shown to rest as much upon differences in the chemical make up of these apparently similar foods, as on the digestive powers of those who swallow them; now when it is recalled that, as a child grows, all his bones, muscles, limbs, tissues and organs increase in size, it must be realized that more fats and carbohydrates enter into the tissues than could possibly pass out

as heat.

The delusion, then, that sugars and fats and starches have their main food values as heat producers, needs, perchance, to be somewhat modified. What they actually do is to supply energy. That this energy yields heat, afterwards, when oxydized, has little or nothing to do with their food value. Moreover, the carbohydrates and fats reduce any excessive pressure inside the tissues by supplying them with water. This also helps the flow of diluted nutriment to the different tissue cells.

In this last respect, the fats are superior to the starches and sugars. If you are not a great water drinker, no doubt your body obtains its fluid in this way. In hens' eggs, as well as in milk, the fat really furnishes water to the growing animal.

The infant and young child, therefore, are given foods that provide them with water, energy, and storage material for growth and increase in weight. As Dr. Chapin correctly stated, in his account, the "caloric value," or the heat capacity of food, is the last thing to be taken into consideration by a mother or a teacher. What you must consider is a food's availability, digestibility, and power making for growth, development, and increased weight.

## The Golden Days

Hold fast my hand, 'tis such a little while

That we shall walk together, side by side,  
Look up in mine, oh, wee child face and smile;  
Some coming day the world shall seem so  
wide

With all the miles between us, duty set,  
And these the days that I would not forget.

Hold fast my hand, I am not counting joy  
Of time when you have grown to man's  
estate,

I only know that now, my baby boy,  
Your presence lifts my life's most crushing  
weight.

I only know your lips are soft and fair,  
And heaven's sunshine nestles in your hair.

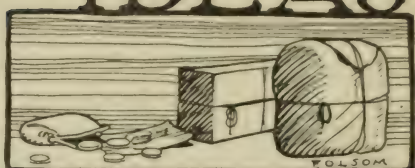
Hold fast my hand, the years they hurry so,

Hold fast my hand—for I—I am afraid—  
Since it is fair, so fair this path we go,  
And all too soon the frowning gate is made,  
The gate that leads into that sterner land  
Where, growing bold, you laugh and loose my  
hand.

LALIA MITCHELL.



# HOME & IDEAS ECONOMIES



## When One Cannot Sleep

**S**LEEP, refreshing sleep, according to the best medical authority, is one of the secrets of beauty; but how can it be obtained, may be asked, for many high-strung, nervous folks find themselves wider and wider awake as they try to sleep, and it is often the very *trying* that keeps it aloof.

The position of the bed, said our physician, is a matter of import, of which few people think, because the Earth's magnetism does make itself felt, and the proper direction of one's body is of the utmost importance for regular circulation of blood. The healthiest position is north and south, and the worst is east and west. Charles Dickens so well understood this statement, his daughter says, that he was a fussy regarding the placing of furniture, at home and abroad; he would re-arrange it all, and turn his bed so that he could lie north and south to suit the electrical currents of mother earth.

Do not lie a-bed and toss; if one is restless, get up, look out of the window, take a little water, or even eat a mouthful of food; hot milk is a wonderful nerve soother; have plenty of air; go back to bed and relax, relax! "Can't do it?" Yes you can, try it!

Lie on either side, draw up the bed clothing, which ought not to be heavy, though sufficiently warm; let every muscle get limp; with closed eyes look gently into space, and usually one will become perfectly tranquil, sleep creeps along, and we do not realize its ap-

proach; then, again, have you ever considered the pillow question? It is very important; imperfect sleepers often regulate exercise and diet to coax slumber, but how few consider the pillow! The inside of a pillow should be neither hard nor soft; either will cause discomfort; and the thickness is of great importance also; broad or narrow-shouldered folk should have pillows to correspond, so the head will not be pushed up or down; when the spine is pushed, it presses the nerves, and the blood in the brain becomes congested, and the result is severe headache, if nothing worse; keep the spine straight, even if you go without any pillow at all.

How much should one sleep, is often asked; and the reply is, there is no law to regulate this, for like food, one individual requires more than another.

Usually women, it is noticed, are light sleepers, and elderly people need less than children, because the former only repair waste tissue, while the latter require, in addition, energy for growth.

Very restorative is the effect of a daily nap for young and old, and this is a sort of explanation of the "cat-nap" and after-dinner "forty winks."

Too little importance is attached to sleeplessness; when a tendency to this condition exists, and a person feels ill, he may rest assured that some health laws are being violated, and steps should be taken immediately to discover the cause. Go to your good friend, the family physician, state the case plainly, have

a thorough overhauling so as to amend or remove entirely the cause, if possible; do not wait, it is important, and be warned; do not resort to narcotics upon the advice of well-meaning people who "have been just the same themselves."

\* \* \*

L. N.

### Washing Woolens

**S**HAKE the garments well in the open air, and get rid of the dust that collects in the seams and clings to the material. After shaking, plunge the garment, the right side out, into the first bath of tepid water and soap lather. Do not rub flannel, or it will shrink, but remember that new flannel must be soaped all over before it is washed, in order to remove the particles of sulphur. Beginning with the small parts, squeeze the lather through the garment and pay particular attention to the most soiled portions. Should there be any linen bands on the garments, they must be washed first. When the right side has had the lather pressed well through it, squeeze out the soiled soap water, give the garment a good shake, turn it to the wrong side, and repeat the process in the second bath of tepid water and soap lather. Press the lather through the fabric, and, when it has been well washed, squeeze out the soapy water, shake the garment again, and rinse it in the prepared rinsing water. Never rinse woolens in cold water, as they will become hard. After the rinsing process is complete, squeeze out the water, shake the piece well, and if there be a wringer, pass it through, as the rollers will press out the water without twisting the fibers of the material. Next spread the garment flat on a clean table, and pull it into shape, remembering that to dry flannels too quickly is harmful to them, and causes them to shrink. Fine flannels should be pressed out when nearly dry with a cool iron, as a hot iron will scorch the material and induce shrinkage. Three baths of tepid water are

required. Hot water dissolves the natural oil in the wool and shrinks it. Cold water makes it hard, and soda put in the water spoils it altogether. To two of the tepid baths add sufficient dissolved soap to make a permanent lather. Soap is best dissolved by shredding a quarter of a pound into a quart of water, putting it into an enameled pan, and stirring it over a slow fire until the soap is melted. This mixture is then dropped into the two baths until a permanent lather is obtained, and must be stirred sufficiently into the third to soften the water.

E. G.

\* \* \*

### Children and Visitors

**C**HILDREN who are usually amiable and obedient often misbehave in the presence of strangers, simply because they are ill at ease and nervous. A mother who has been accustomed to taking a baby with her everywhere and anywhere, or to entertaining company at home, and have the baby lie quietly in the cab or on one's lap, is mortified and surprised when the child, as it grows older, frets and cries, and is shy and uncomfortable in the presence of outsiders. Such conduct denotes dawning intelligence, and the development of the perceptive faculties in the child, and should be patiently and tactfully reckoned with.

Little ones are accustomed to having the whole attention of the mother, their slightest wishes regarded and their every want immediately supplied. Naturally, when strangers are present in whom the children have not the slightest interest, they are nervous, jealous, indignant and resentful, when such persons monopolize the mother's attention.

Often a child clambers upon a mother's lap and caresses her or annoys her by whimpering and teasing, instinctively striving by some means to attract her notice, because it cannot understand why she ignores and neglects it to talk to some visitor.



In such a case the child is usually scolded and punished for not understanding the situation. Few persons ever think of explaining matters to a child, and it is only through many sad experiences that it is finally trained how to conduct itself in the presence of visitors.

Even a very small child can be told that, when persons come for a call or a short visit, it is necessary for us to give our whole time and attention to them while they are with us, because they do not stay long.

Often a child has nothing with which to amuse itself, while older folks are talking of places or people of whom it has never heard.

Toys should be given to the child and it should be taught to play quietly by itself, or some one else should take it from the room and amuse it. Thus diverted it will not trouble and annoy the mother.

When the primal cause of a child's restlessness in the presence of strangers is understood by the mother, she has taken the first step towards correcting it, and can prevent a recurrence of misbehavior by providing amusement, or by enlightening the child's mind with a tactful presentation of the duties of hospitality.

L. M. C.

\* \* \*

### A Traveller's Shower

A FRIEND has recently given me a glowing description of a "shower," given her on the eve of her departure from a far Western City, that surrounded her leavetaking with all the glamour of Western cordiality. The gifts presented were so appropriate and covered such a wide range of usefulness they may well have enumeration. Evidently, the affair had been carefully planned, which accounted for so little duplication. Among the remembrances was a most acceptable thermos bottle, a dainty little vanity bag, a bottle of wine of real old vintage, a writing case

equipped with a goodly supply of paper, postal cards, stamps and a fountain pen, a bottle of refreshing cologne, some scented pads for trunk trays, pretty cases for enfolding different articles in packing, a much-needed handkerchief case, a fancy basket brimful of some of California's choicest fruit, and a mysterious little package labelled "not to be opened till aboard the train." Her curiosity was, at last, rewarded by finding a bunch of the jolliest of letters, each plainly marked with the date of perusal, and thus many moments, which otherwise would have been monotonously dull, were transmuted into sunniness and good cheer.

### The Woman Who Does Her Own Work

The magazines of the present day are rich in tempting recipes, and replete with descriptions of attractive cooking utensils for their preparation. But very little is said of the housewife herself—how she may best be equipped for the complicated art of housekeeping. And on this often depends the success or failure of her task.

For, first of all, the woman who does her own work should be appropriately and comfortably clothed. The work corset should be of light weight, a size or two larger than that used for dress occasions, and shorter hipped. The under-garments, or under-duddies, as my up-to-date friend facetiously calls them, should be of the modern combination type, whereby the weight falls from the shoulders, thus doing away with cumbersome waist bands.

The morning dress is preferably, a simple one-piece affair of either gingham or some pretty dark-colored muslin. In Summer, these should be cut with Dutch neck and short-sleeved. Percale is neat and attractive, but is so warm it is more adapted for Winter wear. Woolen materials should be tabooed for kitchen garments.

As to shoes, it cannot be too emphatically stated that the housewife must be comfortably shod. Taking for kitchen wear the half-worn afternoon slippers, with the run-over high heels, is not an economical procedure. The house shoe is of equal importance with the dress boot. It should be of some soft kid or canvas, low-heeled, and if possible rubber-capped. These are not only conducive to the ease of the wearer, but where there are polished floors, the rubber-heel cap is of prime consideration.

Then, there are many little changes in aprons that add to the comfort and convenience of the workers.

For the heavier tasks about the kitchen, an oilcloth apron is most useful. These may be made of either pure white oilcloth or that containing a small design. Made in a large circular pattern and bound with blue or gray tape, they are neatly attractive and just fill the requirements for mussy work.

Although the housewife may not do her laundry work, oftentimes there are many delicate tea cloths and bits of fine embroideries she prefers to launder herself. For such occasions there is a heavy galatea or bed-ticking apron, made with a capacious pocket to hold the pins, which is very desirable.

The ample-sized, bungalow apron, which completely protects the house gown, has won high favor as a cooking apron, it is so easily slipped on and off.

Very pretty little dusting caps may be made from the large art handkerchiefs. The style known as "the Gretchen" is particularly becoming. So often in the various Woman's Exchanges one comes upon new and simple ideas for caps for house wear, and only the good hausfrau herself knows how necessary they are.

Gloves, too, must merit our consideration. There are the rubber gloves for protection in dish washing and the numberless demands for wetting the hands, also, the fine white canton flannel gloves

for sweeping, which have the additional advantage of being frequently laundered.

When one realizes how many hours each day it requires to run successfully the average ménage, the housewife cannot afford to be indifferent to the important question of clothing. Simple and sensible should be the housekeeper's watchwords in the matter of dress, and, above all, each separate article should be made to measure up to that most satisfactory of descriptions, "a comfortable fit."

E. R. W.

\* \* \*

### Pieplant Conserve

- 1 large pineapple, cut into small pieces, or rather diced
- 4 cups of pieplant, peeled and cut into small pieces
- Juice of one lemon
- 2 oranges, rind of one grated, pulp cut into small pieces
- $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of almonds, blanched and run through meat grinder
- 8 cups of sugar

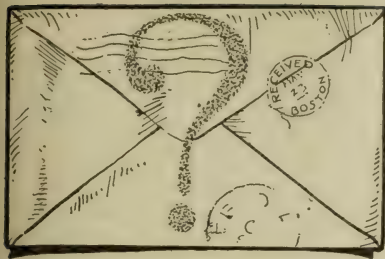
Let sugar and fruit stand over night to draw out juice; stir thoroughly and cook rapidly  $\frac{3}{4}$  an hour or until rather thick. It will have to be stirred often. The rapid cooking keeps it light in color. Put in nuts ten minutes before taking from fire.

### Prune Whip

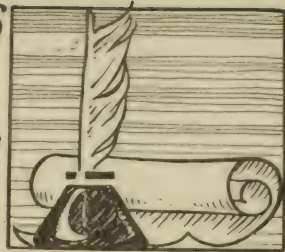
In making prune whip we make it the usual way, using whites of eggs and prunes; then we put it in a buttered mold with funnel in centre; set this mold in pan of hot water and bake about twenty-five minutes. We then put the mold in a cool place and let stand until ready to serve. We make this in the morning. It then can be turned out on a platter and sliced and served with a boiled custard. It does not fall and is more like a gelatine dessert.

Dredge the mold with sugar after it is buttered. If the pudding or whip, be cooked very slowly, it will "fall" but slightly.—Ed.





# QUERIES & ANSWERS



**T**HIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. **BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.**

QUERY 1965.—“Kindly give suggestions for the main dish for a church supper, served at twenty-five cents.”

## Main Dish at Church Supper

Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin, Potato Salad; Veal Loaf, Potato Salad; Creamed Corned Beef au Gratin; Corned Beef and Potato Hash, slice of carefully broiled bacon with each service; Creamed Haddock au Gratin, with Mashed Potatoes holding peas, Philadelphia Relish; Mashed Potatoes, Sausage or bacon cooked in oven; Swiss Steak, Mashed Potatoes, Boiled Onions; Mexican Rabbit; Fresh Fish Chowder, Crackers, Olives, Pickles; Round Steak en Casserole (with onions, carrots, potatoes) pickles.

QUERY 1966.—“Recipe for a Salad Dressing served under the name of Chiffonade.”

## French Dressing Chiffonade

Make a French dressing of half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, a grating of onion pulp, six tablespoonfuls of oil and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar; add one hard-cooked egg, one teaspoonful of chives and one tablespoonful, each, of red and green pepper and cooked beets, all chopped very fine. Serve with endive or any variety of lettuce.

QUERY 1967.—“Should the Chocolate Fudge

Cake by A. E. K. contain milk or baking powder, or is it correct as published?”

## Chocolate Fudge Cake

The recipe for Chocolate Fudge Cake is correct. It contains neither milk nor baking powder.

QUERY 1968.—“Is a baking pan used for molding Sultana Roll?”

## Mold for Sultana Roll

As a mold with a tight-fitting cover is a necessity for use in salt mixtures, we do not see how a baking pan would answer for shaping a Sultana roll. Empty baking-powder boxes are often used for this purpose.

QUERY 1969.—“Where may small papers showing the different cuts of meat be obtained?”

## Charts Showing Cuts of Meat

In the December number of Volume IX of this magazine two pages of cuts of meat were given. These were reproduced from photographs taken under direction of the department of Domestic Science, Teachers College, Columbia University. The college may have charts of these cuts for sale. The cuts shown in our magazine are particularly good. Ten cents will secure the copy of the magazine containing them.

QUERY 1970.—“Recipes for Spanish Omelet and Rice Muffins in which much rice is used.”

### Spanish Omelet

The mixture used in a Spanish omelet may be set aside in a cool place and kept for several days. Chop fine half a small onion and half a green or red pepper, also cut in thin slices enough raw or cooked ham to make two tablespoonfuls; fry these in two tablespoonfuls of butter or olive oil until the vegetables are softened and yellowed, stirring them, meanwhile, to avoid overcooking any part of them; add about a cup and a half of raw tomato, or rather less of cooked tomato. Use the fleshy part of the tomatoes, discarding seeds as far as possible. Let simmer until the moisture is evaporated; add a teaspoonful of beef extract and a scant half a teaspoonful of salt. One or two fresh mushrooms, cut in fine shreds, may be added with the other vegetables. Beat four eggs with a spoon or fork until a full spoonful can be taken up; add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and four tablespoonfuls of water and turn into a hot omelet pan in which a tablespoonful of butter has been melted. Shake the pan over the stove, to keep the mixture sliding on it, tipping it, meanwhile, to let the uncooked part of the mixture down upon the pan. When creamy throughout, spread part of the prepared mixture on the top of half the omelet, fold and turn upon a hot platter, surround with the rest of the mixture and serve at once.

### Rice Muffins (Creole Recipe)

Press boiled rice through a potato ricer. To two cups of such rice, add the yolks of three eggs, beaten light, one cup and a half of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of flour, sifted with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and, lastly, the whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes. A little sugar may be added if desired. For a smaller quantity use one

cup and a half of prepared rice, two eggs, one cup of milk, one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter, three-fourths a cup of flour, and one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

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QUERY 1971.—“Which word is correct in speaking of a formula for compounding food, recipe or receipt? What is the correct position of knife, fork, spoon and napkin in laying the table for a simple dinner?”

### Recipe or Receipt?

There is good authority for the use of both of these words, therefore it is largely a matter of choice. In this publication the word “recipe,” the preferable word, is used invariably for food formulas,—while “receipt” is retained for acknowledgment of money paid.

### Disposition of Articles in “Cover”

The knife, cutting edge towards the plate, is set at the right of the plate, one inch from the edge of the table. The soup spoon is at the right, beyond the knife, as that is used first; the fork is at the left of the plate, tines turned upwards. The napkin is at the left, beyond the fork. A teaspoon may be set above the plate, if desired.

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QUERY 1972.—“Recipes for Club House and Denver Sandwiches.”

### Club House Sandwich

Have ready four triangular pieces of toasted bread spread with mayonnaise dressing; cover two of these with heart-leaves of lettuce, lay thin slices of cold chicken (white meat) upon the lettuce, over this set slices of broiled bacon, then lettuce and the other triangles of toast, spread with mayonnaise. Set at the side of the plate two or three heart-leaves of lettuce holding a teaspoonful of mayonnaise. A Denver sandwich may possibly be composed of thin slices of crisp, mild onions, and bread, but we are not able to verify such a statement.



QUERY 1973.—“Give several uses for canned pimentos, that, when a can is opened, all may be used.”

### Uses for Canned Pimentos

Pimentos should always be rinsed in cold water and dried before use. Pimentos may be added in small bits to almost any salad or “made” dish, being appropriate with meats, fish, vegetables or fruit. They are a good addition to almost any sandwich preparation. They may be added, in bits, to dressings for stuffing fowl, veal, fish, tomatoes, etc.—to creamed chicken, fish or vegetables, to hashed meats and vegetables, to an omelet or to scrambled eggs, to cheese pudding or rabbits, or to a dish of rice, macaroni or hominy. They are good in creamed potatoes.

QUERY 1974.—“Should cabbage be cooked covered or uncovered? Should cabbage, left over, be eaten?”

### Cooking Cabbage

Cabbage is thought to be more delicate in flavor if cooked uncovered in a large quantity of water. It should be left slightly crisp. We see no reason why any portion “left over” may not be eaten. It should be covered as soon as it becomes cold.

QUERY 1975.—“Give a good recipe for Doughnuts with directions for rolling, cutting and cooking.”

### Making Doughnuts

Sift together two cups and one-half of sifted pastry flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of soda, a slightly rounding teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar, and half a teaspoonful of mace. Beat one egg and the yolk of another; add half a cup of sugar; mix, add half a cup of milk—neither skim milk nor the cream from the top of a bottle of milk will answer—mix again and the dough is ready. Take out a little on a floured board, turn it over and over in the flour, with a knife, then

knead a little, very gently—the dough should be soft—and pat and roll with the pin. Dip a doughnut cutter (with hole in center) in flour and cut out a cake. Lift by running a broad spatula under the cake, gently slide to the hand and drop into hot fat. The doughnut should rise almost immediately to the top; turn with a fork, and turn frequently, until well colored on both sides; drain on soft paper. Two persons are needed for quick work. When one person shapes and cooks the cakes, the fat must be kept at a lower temperature as the forms will not be added so fast. The doughnuts will not be soft and tender, if enough flour is used to admit of cutting out all the forms before frying is begun. After the doughnuts are fried, let the fat cool a little, then strain through a cloth laid over a strainer. Use a cloth from which the particles of flour may be removed. Flour burns in fat at a comparatively low temperature, and, if not removed, this will spoil the fat.

QUERY 1976.—“Peanuts ground in a food chopper are too dry for peanut butter. Is olive oil a good article with which to thin the preparation?”

### Oil for Peanut Butter

We see no reason why olive oil could not be used to make peanut butter; peanut oil—if available—would be the ideal article.

QUERY 1977.—“How may chickens be fried tender?”

### Frying Chickens

Only very young chickens are suitable for frying (without parboiling). Also the chickens must have been “hung” about a week. Use plenty of fat; roll in flour after dipping in milk. Let cook slowly after the outside is seared over. The legs and second joints of a two-pound chicken will take fifteen minutes to cook.

QUERY 1978.—“Give a simple recipe for hot Chocolate for Two Persons. What is the difference between ‘hot chocolate’ and ‘breakfast cocoa’?”

### Hot Chocolate for Two

Melt one ounce of chocolate; add two rounding teaspoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth a cup of boiling water; cook and stir until smooth; add the rest of a cup of boiling water and let boil once, then let simmer two minutes or longer; add one cup of hot milk and serve. Hot chocolate would be a beverage made from chocolate; a cup of “breakfast cocoa” would be made of cocoa, purchased in tins, in a powdered form.

QUERY 1979.—“How can Grease be removed from unpainted floors?”

### Removal of Grease from Floors

Simmer a quart of wood ashes in a quart of water an hour, then pour on the spots to be removed; renew the solution several times. A yellow stain is often left as a result of this treatment which is conspicuous on a very white floor. To avoid the stain, stir lime into the solution to make a thick paste; let the paste remain on the floor about twelve hours.

QUERY 1980.—“Recipe for a rich, yellow, fine-grained, Sheet-Cake in which both whites and yolks of eggs are used. To what degree do you boil sugar for frosting? One cup and a half of sugar, six tablespoonfuls of cold water, one-third a teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar boiled to 238° and used with two whites of eggs makes a hard frosting. I like it firm on the outside but soft underneath.”

### Regarding Boiled Frosting

The above recipe for boiled frosting, with syrup boiled even two degrees higher, gives ordinarily a frosting firm on the outside and soft beneath. Use granulated sugar; omit the cream-of-tartar, cover the saucepan, after washing down the sides, and let boil two or three minutes, then uncover and finish as usual, and note results.

### Rich Fine-Grained Cake

For the cake described, try the recipe for “Newport Cake,” given in the February issue in answer to Query 1961.

QUERY 1982.—“Suggestions for the proper Outfit, service, menus, etc. for a Tea-room started in a small way. One that caters to automobile parties and gives afternoon tea. What is the best way of making coffee for a varying demand?”

### Outfit, Etc., of a Tea Room

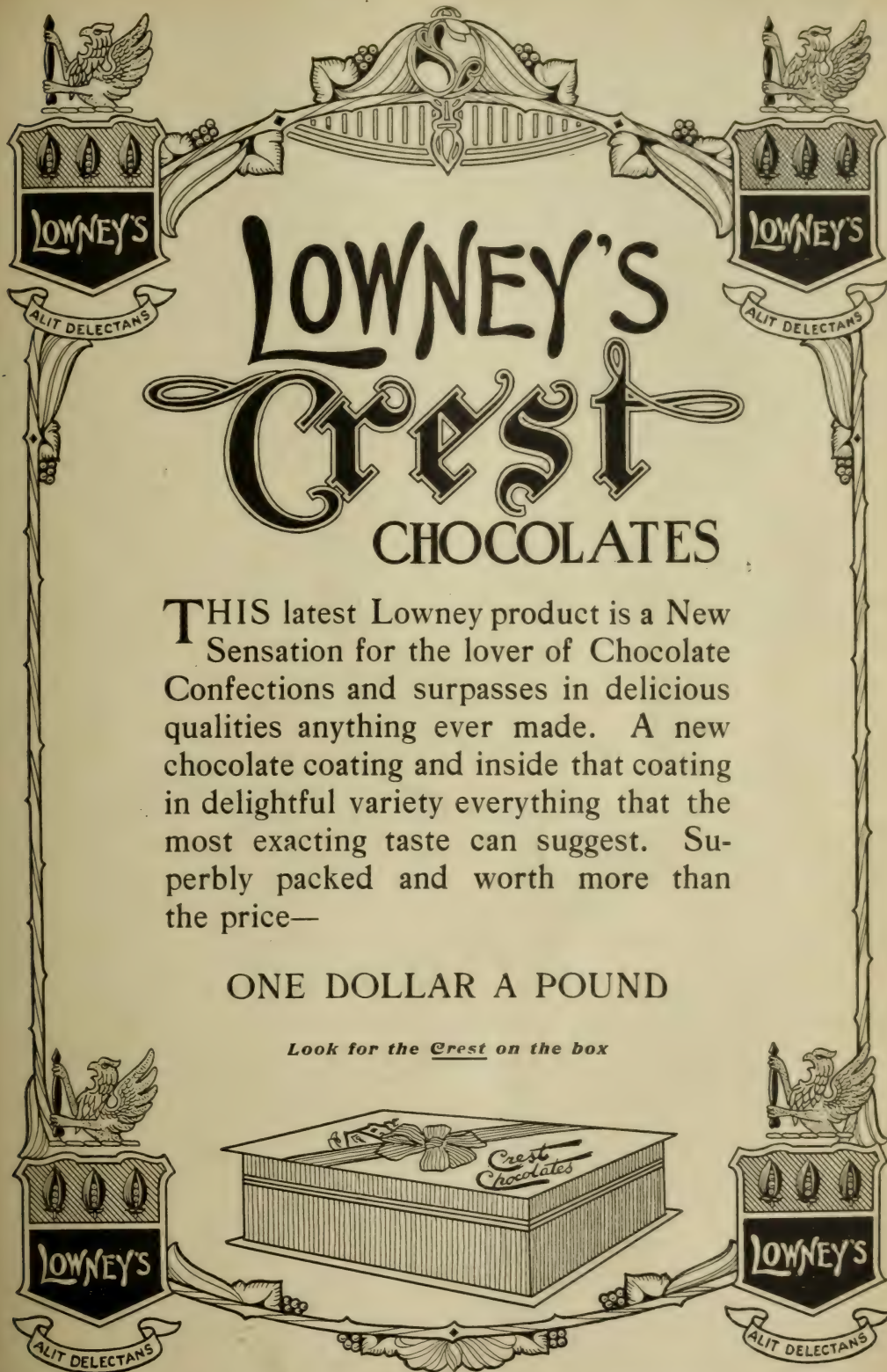
In all things connected with the opening of a Tea-room, the laws of supply and demand hold good. In one place a front room or, better still, a piazza and front room, with two tables, will suffice for a start, while, under other conditions, one would make no mistake to furnish at once half a dozen tables. The possession of judgment necessary to run a Tea-room will guide one unerringly in the start. Absolute orderliness and neatness in all details are the first essentials. A few good prints on the walls are attractive but linen and china are the first requisites. Good china—imported—does not “chip” with ordinary use and is, thus, cheapest in the end. For luncheons suitable for automobile parties consult the page of menus in this issue. Select with care and leave final preparation of the dishes until the order is received. It takes twenty minutes to prepare almost any dish; sandwiches might be in readiness for parties unwilling to wait that length of time. For a party, coffee might be made by the waitress, in a percolator, on the table at which the guests are seated. Coffee urns, in which a gallon of coffee may be made and kept hot, are available, but for one or two cups at one time, the old-fashioned coffee pot will give the best results.

### Menus for Afternoon Tea

I  
Hot Bismarck Rolls  
Coffee, Tea or Cocoa

II  
English Muffins, Toasted  
Marmalade  
Tea





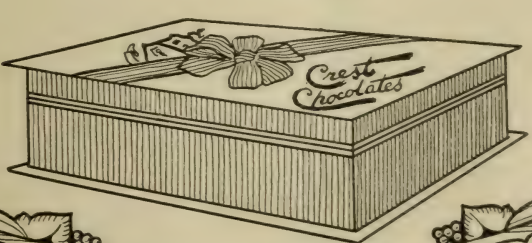
The advertisement is framed by a decorative border featuring four crests at the corners. Each crest is a shield with three flames at the top, the word "LOWNEY'S" in the middle, and a banner at the bottom that reads "ALIT DELECTANS". Above the central text is a decorative archway with a central crest and floral motifs.

# LOWNEY'S Crest CHOCOLATES

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ONE DOLLAR A POUND

*Look for the Crest on the box*



The illustration shows a rectangular box of chocolates. The top of the box is wrapped in a decorative paper with a bow in the center. The words "Crest Chocolates" are written in a cursive font on the top right of the box. The sides of the box are decorated with vertical lines.

Buy advertised Goods — do not accept substitutes

III

New White Bread  
Toasted, Buttered Dredged with  
Sugar and Cinnamon  
Cocoa Tea

IV

Lady Finger Rolls, Butter  
Strawberries  
Tea

V

Hot Rye-Meal Biscuit  
Preserved Ginger  
Tea

VI

Toasted Crackers  
Bar-le-Duc Currants  
Cream Cheese  
Tea

VII

Salad Rolls  
Cress, French Dressing  
Tea

QUERY 1983.—"Recipe for Date Bread."

One Loaf of Date Bread

1 cup of milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of molasses
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cake of com-pressed yeast	1 cup of dates
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of milk	2 cups of whole wheat flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of salt	White flour to knead

The milk is scalded and cooled to a lukewarm temperature; mix the yeast (use a whole cake, if the bread is mixed in the morning, less than the half-cake may be used at night, especially in warm weather) with the small measure of milk; add to the rest of the milk with the salt, molasses and dates, chopped rather coarse, then stir in the flour. At first put in two cups of the white flour, then add as much more as is required. When double in bulk, shape into a loaf and, when again light, bake one hour.

QUERY 1984.—"Recipe for a dessert called Marie Louise; apparently it is wine jelly and mousse."

Bombe, Marie Louise

Line a melon or bombe mold with raspberry ice; fill the center with angel parfait flavored with vanilla, cover, filling the mold to overflow with the ice, and pack in equal measures of rock salt and crushed ice. The mold should stand one or two hours and will, probably, need to be repacked during this time.

QUERY 1985.—"Kindly reprint the recipes given in article, "How To Cook the Cheaper Cuts of Meat," published in Vol. XIV. of this magazine."

Flank Steak, Stuffed and Braised

(Weight about two pounds and a half, cost about forty cents.)

Have the dealer peel off the fat and outer tissues, and cut the surface of the meat on both sides, diagonally, in both directions. Lay the steak upon a board, spread over it a thin layer of bread dressing, roll up very compactly, and sew the side and ends to enclose the dressing securely. Cut one or two slices of fat salt pork or bacon in bits and let cook until the fat is drawn out; dredge the roll of meat with flour and rub it in thoroughly, then brown it in the fat, turning the roll as it browns, until the whole surface is nicely colored. Set the meat in a casserole or an agate dish that can be tightly closed, put in, also, an onion, sliced very thin, half a carrot, cut in thin slices, and a cup of tomato purée. Rinse the frying pan with a cup of boiling water, turn this into the dish, cover and let cook, three hours or longer, in the oven. Let the heat be very moderate. Have ready two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper, mixed to a smooth paste with cold water; stir this into the liquid in the casserole. Let the sauce boil ten minutes, then strain it over the meat. Set boiled onions around the dish. This dish may be cooked in three hours, after the browning process is completed. But in a slow oven or in a fireless cooker it may stand a much longer time (even six hours) and be improved thereby. This dish, if properly rolled and fastened, will cut, when cold, in smooth, handsome slices.

Dressing for Flank Steak

Have a generous cup of soft bread crumbs; add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of



“Just add a dash  
before serving”

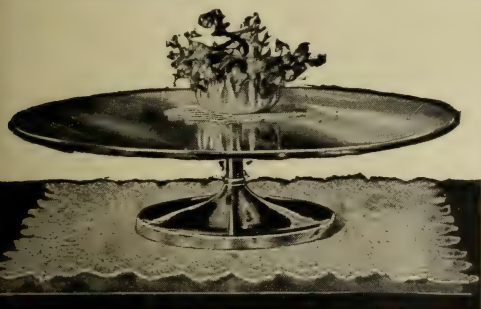
It's really the secret of  
good cooking



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# Worcestershire Holbrook's Sauce

Imported Absolutely!!



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sweet herbs or poultry seasoning. Sweet basil, often used for fish and venison, is good in the dressing for this meat. Add also a chilli pepper and a slice of onion, chopped very fine, and one-fourth a cup of melted butter or bacon fat. Mix thoroughly and use as directed.

### Hungarian Goulash

Cut two pounds of meat from the chuck ribs or neck, near the chuck ribs, in inch cubes, put these in a granite dish, pour over them two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and let stand an hour or two. Heat two tablespoonfuls of beef dripping or marrow in a porcelain-lined dish, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped onion and let cook, stirring often, until yellowed and softened; add the prepared meat, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of caraway seed and powdered sweet marjoram (these may be omitted) and cover close to keep in the steam; let simmer slowly an hour; stir a level tablespoonful of flour in half a cup of cold water or broth and stir into the meat; if the meat is not tender, add a half-cup of water or broth and let simmer until tender, then add a teaspoonful or more of salt, half a cup of cream, and paprika to taste.

### Curry of Beef

Cut two pounds of beef from the round, vein, neck or chuck in two-inch pieces. Mix four tablespoonfuls of flour with one teaspoonful of curry powder; in this roll the meat. Cook an onion, sliced thin, in one-fourth a cup of beef drippings until well browned, then skim out the onion and cook the pieces of meat in the fat, until nicely browned on both sides. Put the meat in an earthen dish, return the onion to the frying pan, add about a pint of boiling water and stir until smooth, then strain over the meat. Cover the dish secure, to keep in the steam, and let cook in the oven, at a very moderate heat, five or six hours. Before serving add a teaspoonful of salt, a

tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon juice, and two tablespoonfuls of fruit jelly, as apple, currant, etc. Serve boiled rice at the same time.

### Beef en Casserole

Cut two pounds of the same cuts of meat as used for curry of beef into small pieces, roll in flour and let cook in hot bacon or salt pork fat in a frying pan until brown on one side, then turn and brown the other side. Put the meat in a casserole, add about a pint of boiling water, cover, and let cook about two hours. Peel eight small onions; add more fat to the frying pan, if needed, and in this cook the onions until browned, turning, as is needed, to color evenly. Add the onions to the meat in the casserole, and return to the oven for another hour. Meanwhile, pare eight potatoes and cut them in eighths, in the shape of the sections of an orange. Pour on boiling water, let boil three minutes, then drain, rinse in cold water and add to the casserole. Add, also, eight small carrots, scraped free of skin, or the equivalent of a larger carrot, cut in slices, and boiling water to nearly cover the whole. Sprinkle in a teaspoonful or more of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, mix thoroughly, cover close again and let cook about half an hour, when all should be tender. Longer cooking is no disadvantage.

### Beef en Casserole, French Style

Prepare as Beef en Casserole, but omit the potatoes. Cook a cup of fresh or dried Lima beans or flageolet till tender; season with salt, pepper and a little butter, and mix thoroughly. Five minutes before sending the casserole to the table, add the beans in a circle next to the dish, pressing them down a little, partly under the gravy.

### Beef en Casserole, Italian Style

Prepare as Beef en Casserole, omitting the potatoes and carrots, and using



# "The Head of the Works"



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half tomato purée and half boiling water as the liquid. When about ready to serve, add a cup of macaroni, cooked tender, drained and rinsed in cold water, also a teaspoonful or more of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika and half a cup of grated cheese; lift the meat and macaroni with a spoon and fork, until the ingredients are well mixed, and return the dish to the oven, that the contents may become very hot.

### Beef and Macaroni, Creole

Cook one cup of macaroni, in inch lengths, in boiling salted water until tender, drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. In the meanwhile cook one pint of canned tomato, three-fourths a cup of sliced onion and half a teaspoonful of salt, until the onion is tender. Stir a pound of beef, chopped for Hamburg steak, in a very hot frying pan, until it turns from red to brown, then add the macaroni, one-fourth a cup of marrow, beaten to a cream, or the same quantity of butter, half a cup of grated cheese, a teaspoonful or more of "kitchen bouquet" and the hot tomato and onion. Lift the whole with a fork and spoon until well mixed, then serve at once.

### Tenderloin Cutlets

Prepare meat as for Hamburg steak. Also, if desired, use nutmeg in the place of onion and parsley. With the hands press the meat into cutlet shapes, rather less than half an inch thick. Roll these in sifted bread crumbs—from center of a loaf baked, at least, twenty-four hours—then cover with beaten egg, diluted with two tablespoonfuls of milk or water, and again roll in crumbs. Fry about five minutes in deep fat. Serve with tomato sauce. These cutlets may, also, be broiled over the coals or pan-broiled in a hot frying pan, without fat. When cooked, spread with marrow or butter. Marrow, beaten to a cream, may be mixed through the chopped meat, for any of these dishes, and the dish be thus improved.

A NOTE.—In answering inquiry 1933, in our January issue, we failed to take into consideration the fact that the term "Kitchen Bouquet" is the trade-mark of a unique, proprietary article that has become well-known and extensively used for flavoring soups, sauces, etc.

### Self-Knowledge

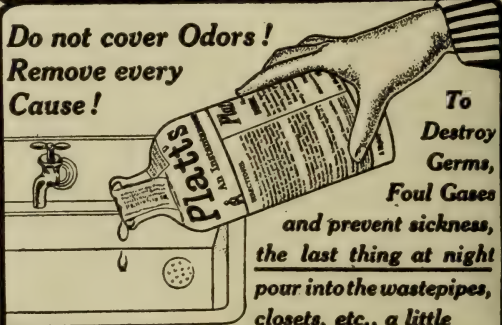
Suffer me to recommend to you one of the most useful lessons of life, the knowledge and study of yourself. There you run the greatest hazard of being deceived. Self-love and partiality cast a mist before the eyes, and there is no knowledge so hard to be acquired nor of more benefit when once thoroughly understood.—*Abigail Adams to Her Son.*

The late James Molloy once asked a friend, "Why do you live in the country, anyhow?" "So as to save money," was the reply. "Are vegetables and milk and meat cheaper?" "No, slightly dearer." "How do you save then?" "No 'Salome' opera, \$50 a year. No restaurant dinners, \$100 a year. No theatre, \$100 a year. No taxi-cab fares, \$50 a year. No distractions of any kind, \$75 a year." "Look here," said Mr. Molloy, "could not you save money if you died?"—*Washington Star.*

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## New Books

*Lessons in Cooking through Preparation of Meals.* By EVA R. ROBINSON & HELEN G. HAMMEL. Price \$2.00. Chicago: American School of Home Economics.

This is a correspondence course prepared to teach the art of cooking in the home, through a series of graded menus, with directions for preparing the meals as well as the separate recipes.

"The course is divided into twelve parts, each containing the recipes for a week's menu, typical of one month in the year. With the exception of seasonable fruits and vegetables, the menus may be applied to any month. In the first lessons the simplest recipes are given, gradually increasing in difficulty to advanced work in the lessons of the later months. The recipes, in most cases, give quantities suitable for serving a

family of four. The average cost of the food served and its food value is given, followed by suggestions for reducing the cost, if desired."

The work is quite comprehensive. It gives no little scientific and technical information about food, food units and cost of menus, which will be especially useful to those who are desirous of making something of a study of the nature, composition and respective values of food products. It provides a means of learning how to prepare wholesome meals in the home.

*Candy-making Revolutionized.* By MARY ELIZABETH HALL. Cloth, Ill. Price .75. New York: Sturgis & Walton.

Here is a new idea in candy-making and one that is of especial interest to the home candy-maker. Vegetable candy may seem a strange production, at first, but it is already regarded by many as an ideal confectionery. Of its purity there can be no doubt. Moreover, it furnishes the valuable element of sugar so combined with nutritious vegetable bases that, because of the bulk, there is less temptation to overeat. The advantages that follow are manifest.

Novel as are candies made from vegetables, they must not be thought faddish. Sugar and chocolate are here: caramels, marshmallows, bonbons and all the rest are here; tastes that have already won favor are here, and many new ones as well. The constituents are only less concentrated. The goods have been well received. This book tells, in detail, just how to make the confections and all about them.

*The New Hostess of Today.* By LINDA HULL LARNED. Cloth, Ill. Price \$1.50 net. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The "Hostess of Today" was widely accepted as a helpful household adjunct.

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The quality of coffee and tea served often determines the character of the greeting.

## White House Coffee and Tea

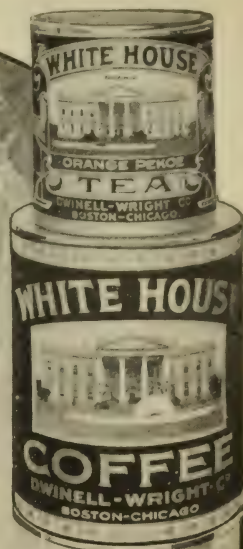
Have the "tang" of the Orient.

The finest coffee and tea ever marketed. Always in the "all-tin" cans that preserve the exquisite quality to the very last. Sold by over 25,000 dealers in the United States. Never sold in bulk. Buy of reputable merchants. See that label is unbroken when it reaches you; then you are sure to get it exactly as we pack it in our sunlit factory.

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Brown a pot roast nicely; then let it simmer slowly in a little water for several hours. Serve it with Stickney & Poor's Mustard and you'd ask for nothing better.



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Every family has a critical cousin, and when Cousin Milly came that day to the little luncheon after the wedding tour, the bride had her moment of nervousness as the cocoanut cake appeared—for she had made it herself. Cousin Milly's comment was the final test.

Cousin Milly looked at her slice as if expecting the worst (brother Bill said "Hoping for the worst") then, after her first bite, exclaimed suddenly, "Delicious! Who taught you to use Burnett's Vanilla?"

"One of my teachers in the Domestic Science Course," said the bride proudly, "She always used—"

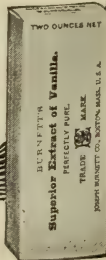
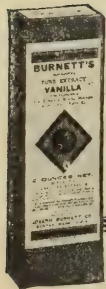
## Burnett's VANILLA

Painstaking cooks know they are giving themselves all the chances of success when they use the exquisite flavor of Burnett's. Experience proves its economy. Critical judgment calls it *the best*. There is no real rival to the pure, delicate fragrance of the genuine Mexican bean—and Burnett's is prepared with the utmost care to insure the ripest perfection.

Let us send you our Recipe Book of 115 tempting desserts. Please mention your grocer's name in writing for it.

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Western Package  
Eastern Package



The New Hostess is a decided improvement on the old. The division and arrangement of topics are excellent and the subjects are treated in clear and concise manner. It is not the design of the author to instruct beginners in the minute details pertaining to the preparation of all ordinary dishes in daily use, or to cover the entire duties of a butler or waitress. Nor does she attempt to give any of the science which underlies the nutritive values and the preservation and preparation of all foods. Furthermore, the so-called "fancy cooking" is rarely introduced in these pages. Her main endeavor is to assist the housekeeper and hostess in selecting and serving a menu suitable for an elaborate repast or a simple meal; to show her how to prepare and serve each course, and to provide a quantity sufficient for six persons. For this purpose the volume is exceptionally well done.

*Soyer's Standard Cookery.* By NICHOLAS SOYER. Price \$1.50 net. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

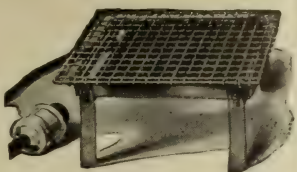
"There was a saying, current many years ago, that 'the French have a hundred sauces and one religion, while the English are a nation of a hundred religions and one sauce.'

"This friendly gibe has lost its point, for while the French have retained their hundred sauces, and even added to the number, they have come near to losing—if they have not lost—their one religion; while the English, with their tale of religions undiminished, have, thanks to their French neighbors, given kindly welcome to more than ten times one hundred sauces, and made it difficult to trace the one which used to reign in solitary state."

This remarkable change dates from the period when two enterprising Frenchmen and chefs invaded England, armed with nothing more warlike than their toasting-forks and bains-maries. These were Louis Eustache Ude and Alexis Soyer, the latter being grand-



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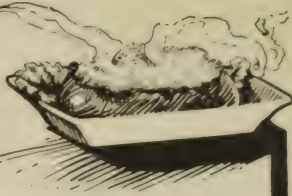
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potatoes as for ordinary use. When done cut off top and  
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*Welch's, the National Drink, is recommended in the  
Westfield (Mass.) Book of Pure Foods*

father of Nicholas Soyer, well-known chef and author of today.

Within the pages of this volume is embodied the experience of a lifetime as chef in many of the great homes of England, and every one of the recipes is thoroughly recommended by Monsieur Soyer as worthy of careful consideration and equally careful preparation.

It is not a household guide. M. Soyer has too great a respect for the housewife to presume to teach her how to manage her household, a task which she has reduced to a fine art.

With a view to making the work as complete as possible, the bulk of the recipes contained in the brochure, "Paper Bag Cookery, have been incorporated, thus bringing within the scope of a handy volume as complete a guide to present day cookery as could be well achieved." A subject so important as cookery can not be studied from too many points of view. Here it is treated by a Frenchman who has had noteworthy experience as chef in both London and Paris.

*Household Bacteriology.* By R. E. BUCHANAN, Ph. D. Cloth, Ill. Price \$2.25 net. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Bacteriology as a science is comparatively new, practically all of the work having been accomplished since 1860, and by far the greater portion since 1890. In the last two decades of the nineteenth century knowledge of the cause of disease advanced so rapidly that it can be said, today we know the causes of most of the infectious diseases of man and animals, although a few still baffle the investigator. At any rate the development of the germ theory of disease has determined largely the direction and magnitude of growth of modern sanitary science and preventive medicine.

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LITTLE FALLS  
N. Y.



scientific investigation, or be regarded as a back number. Teachers and students of Domestic Science, as well as others, engaged in laboratory work, will find in this volume a thoroughly scientific and modern treatment of bacteriological study as it concerns the affairs of everyday life.

## Edible Flowers

In this country the food value of flowers is little known. We find the candied violet to a certain extent in use among confectioners, likewise a few rose leaves are candied, but it may be said that we know practically nothing of the use of flowers as flavoring or food.

In some parts of Great Britain and in a limited extent in the United States the blossoms of the garden nasturtium are used for salads and some epicures praise the marigold as an ingredient in soup making. Sage is widely known as a dried herb, but the value of the primrose is little known.

In China one of the choicest delicacies is a species of lily known as "Thunbergi." It is dried and used for seasoning. The lily is grown especially in many provinces and is regularly marketed. They are also cooked as a fresh vegetable. The Chinese also are very fond of candied violets, jasmine, and candied rosebuds. A delicious jelly is made out of the yellow waterlily. The banana blossom is also pickled by the Chinese.

The Turks and Greeks make a sweetmeat preserve by boiling rosebuds in sugar. In Turkey, Arabia and Persia various flowers are utilized in flavoring sherbets. The famous violet sherbet of the Caliph is well known to this day. The Turks also use the waterlily in the preparation of a cooling drink.

In the West Indies the blossoms of the shaddock are used for flavoring and the banana buds are used in a sweetmeat.

In Afghanistan a shrub, *Calligonum polygonoides*, is raised for its beautiful



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Reduce cost of living, with **NIKPAN NAPKIN**

Rival linen, and **hemmed ready for use**, but cost you only 60c to \$2 per dozen, according to size. Wear well—wash well. Lint won't come off.

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Our Rental-Purchase Plan to any responsible person without extra charge. This machine, style 244, Auto-Drop is the most attractive chain stitch machine ever made. The price includes all regular attachments,

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Wanting positions in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, Washington, Idaho, Montana,



**A New Knife For Grape Fruit— THE EMPIRE GRAPE FRUIT AND ORANGE KNIFE**

The blade of this knife is made from the finest cutlery steel, finely tempered, curved just to the right angle and ground to a very keen edge, will remove the center, cut cleanly and quickly around the edge and divide the fruit into segments ready for eating.

The feature of the blade is the round end which prevents cutting through the outer skin. A grape fruit knife is a necessity as grape fruit are growing so rapidly in popularity as a breakfast fruit.

Sold by leading dealers, but if not found, we will mail them for 50c. each, postage paid, provided dealers name is sent us.

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Are inseparable terms when you attempt to describe Maple Flavor. The true Maple Flavor to be delicious must be delicate. If you haven't realized this important fact, perhaps you haven't realized all that you should in using

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(THE FLAVOR DE LUXE)

If you've tried to make it better by using just a little more than the recipe calls for you have missed the best part of the Mapleine—the delicate elusive tang of the Maple sap. Mapleine makes it, if you use it right. If it isn't delicate, it isn't delicious.

If you haven't produced that delicious delicacy with your trial of Mapleine, write us. We will be glad to explain why, and to send you a sample of a Mapleine-made syrup to demonstrate.

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pink blossoms which when dried are eaten alike by the rich and poor. The withered blossoms are also pounded and made into cakes and are also cooked with butter. The ripening flowers somewhat resemble the strawberry in flavor and are exceedingly agreeable.

The flower of the butter-tree of India is perhaps the most remarkable. The blossoms of this tree are the chief means of subsistence of certain tribes. An average tree yields from two to three hundred pounds of flowers which are eagerly gathered by the natives when they drop off during the months of March and April. When fresh the blossoms have a peculiarly luscious taste, but a most unpleasant fragrance. They are usually cured in the sun and then somewhat resemble raisins. The natives boil them and eat them for food or make into sweetmeats. A strong alcoholic liquor is also distilled from these flowers.

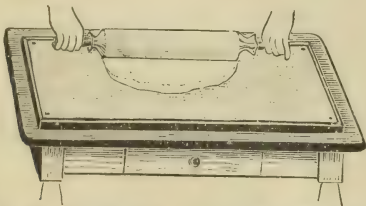
The butter-tree of the interior of Africa is remarkable for the abundance of oil or butyraceous fat which the seeds contain which is used for many purposes by the inhabitants. The Galam butter is highly valued and forms an important article of internal commerce. The seeds of the fruit, which resembles an olive, are dried in the sun, or in a peculiar kind of oven, and the kernels are then boiled in water in order to obtain the butter from them which not only keeps for a whole year without salt but is said to be whiter, more solid and more pleasant to the taste than true cream butter.

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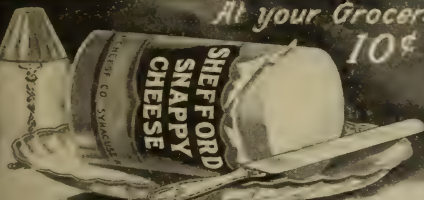
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The name "butter-tree" is given to quite a variety of tropical trees, belonging to quite different orders, the fruits of which yield fixed oils having the appearance and being used for the same purpose as butter.—*W. G. Bright in The Steward.*

People who are in the habit of taking a dram for mental stimulus will, unless under the influence of a dram, be effectively rebuked by the observation of Miss Lillian Russell that "people with active brains need nothing to stimulate them more than a little appreciation and an intelligent listener. An argument will intoxicate a genius far quicker than a glass of wine. Clever people should never drink anything with alcohol in it, for the stimulation accruing from it is liable to cause them to exaggerate and magnify their ideas to the unbelievable point. We often hear people say: 'I can drink any amount of wine without having it effect me in the least.' That is true in many cases, but those people have a numb brain to begin with. If you will observe, you will notice that such people are obtuse and dull naturally, and although the alcohol does not intoxicate them, it generally makes them quarrelsome and stubborn to an unpleasant degree. I have never seen a well person to whom alcohol in any form was beneficial. In fact," says Miss Russell, "all of the clever people whom I know are total abstainers."

"Papa, said Jack, as he gazed at his week's allowance, ten cents, "do you know what I'd do if I was an awful rich king? I'd increase my allowance to twenty-five cents a week."—*Harper's Young People.*

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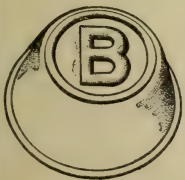


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Pound Cake for Little Tins

$\frac{1}{3}$  cup butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
2 egg yolks  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoonful brandy or  
milk

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful baking powder (level)  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful mace  
2 egg whites

Put a little of the mixture in the center of each tin, the heat of the oven will cause it to run and fill the tins. The recipe makes about sixty little cakes. Spread confectioner's icing on the top or leave plain.

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The recipes in this book have been tested by years of use at the author's home table, and by her pupils North and South, East and West.

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From a recent letter to the author: "I already have your 'Practical Cooking and Serving' and find it invaluable. I do not know any book or collection of books to take its place, and I have been using about twenty."

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*"Keep a thing seven years and you will find a use for it."*

Doubtless you have in your attic a trunkful of odds and ends such as trimmings and draperies whose places have been usurped by newer things. Yet many of these pieces if restored to their original brightness would suggest the use which the proverb promises.

Try Ivory Soap. You will be surprised at the way it brings back the old time charm to laces,

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# Menus for Large April Weddings

## BUFFET SERVICE

### I

Chicken Croquettes, Peas in Chafing Dishes  
Scalloped Oysters  
Lobster Salad  
Assorted Sandwiches  
Small Yeast Rolls  
Coffee  
Vanilla Ice Cream molded in Ring Molds  
Peaches, Melba Sauce  
Vanilla Ice Cream in Brick Molds,  
Melba Sauce Poured Over  
Biscuit Tortoni  
Mushroom Meringues  
Maccaroons  
Sponge Drops, jelly between, Iced  
Little Pound Cakes, Decorated  
Pink and Green Peppermints  
Salted Nuts  
Claret Cup

### II

Veal and Sweetbread Croquettes  
Peas in Chafing Dishes  
Lobster Poulette in Chafing Dishes  
Creamed Lobster in Swedish Timbale Cases  
Cold Asparagus Mousseline,  
Lettuce, French Dressing  
Chicken Salad, Spring Style  
Assorted Sandwiches  
Salad Rolls  
Coffee  
Bombe Jeanne D'Arc  
Fancy or Brick molds of Orange-and-Straw-  
berry Sherbet, Spun Sugar  
Lady Fingers  
Angel Cakelets, Iced  
Chocolate Carolines  
Almond Wafers  
Small Pound Cakes  
Almond Meringues  
Grape Juice Cup  
Assorted Salted Nuts



AFTERNOON TEA AT THE LEXINGTON



# The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVII

APRIL, 1913

No. 9



THE LEXINGTON CHINA

## The Lexington Tea Room

By Elinor Wolf

*Illustrations by Harriett Adams Stover*

**A**TMOSPHERE is to a place what manner is to a person. It stamps as genteel or boorish; it serves to soothe or to jar; it has power to attract or to repel. And atmosphere is as subtle as manner. It is an innate something that lays a spell whose source defies detection.

It is this elusive quality of atmosphere that makes an adequate description of the Lexington Tea Room in the Hoosier

city of South Bend impossible. Personified, we should call the place distinguished, for it is certainly "separated from others by superior qualities," as that adjective implies.

Stepping from the elevator on the eighth and top story of the tallest building in the city, into a long, Roman-tiled corridor, the visitor is confronted at its end with a heavy ground-glass door on which "The Lexington Tea Room"



EXIT FROM DINING-ROOM

stands forth in sturdy black letters. Opening this the formal entrance is disclosed. It is a small L-shaped hallway giving entrance to the tea-room proper through an artistic French doorway, charmingly portrayed, standing ajar in one of the accompanying illustrations. Above the door is fixed a richly-carved stucco window box, filled the year round with vining plants. In the L, in a recess beneath a high window is a stucco bench, a reproduction of an old Italian work of art, a more elaborate companion to which may be seen just within the tea-room. A beautiful piece of chintz in the rose tones curtains the window.

The quiet that pervades the place, when the first door swings to, shutting out the sound of hurrying feet, of unrestrained voices and the clang of elevators, is emphasized by every tone in the decorative scheme into which the hall leads.

The coloring is unique, and, perhaps, could have been successfully combined by no one but the artists of the Tiffany

studios, who did the work. The flat-oil walls are of a warm gray tint, bordering on tan. The furniture is a soft gray, a tone introduced on the walls in the plate rails. The motif for the stenciled border on the walls, on the tan burlap curtains, and on the chair-backs, was furnished by a conventional design in tan and green on the china, which was the first purchase in the equipment of the tea-room. Its dignity of line and simplicity of adornment are effectively shown in another of our illustrations.

The woodwork is mahogany and the floor Idealite, an art cement, brick-red in color. An unusual feature of the furniture, which adds to the attractiveness and individuality of the room, is the method of covering the tables. Lunch cloths are never used. Over the tables has been stretched English linen, in which blues, greens and tans predominate on a white background, and upon this a plate-glass cover is laid. The material advantage as well as the artistic



LOOKING INTO DINING-ROOM





GENERAL VIEW OF TEA-ROOM

value of this arrangement is self-evident.

The room was originally forty feet square, but off of the north-west corner was taken a twenty-foot square for the kitchen, leaving a main room forty by twenty, with a twenty-foot wing, the division being marked only by the broad square pillar supporting the beam running the width of the room. Windows on three sides give a diversified landscape that is no inconsiderable element in the charm of the place. To the south, in the foreground, lies the business district, more distantly a portion of the manufacturing center and in the remote background a semi-circle of wooded hills. To the east may be seen the picturesque St. Joseph river, running beneath an arched stone bridge and over a dam. The northern windows command a charming view of the main residence district, buried, in the summer time, in a wealth of foliage that would give South Bend claim to the title of "The Forest City." Beyond it, two miles from the city, the golden dome of

Notre Dame university and the spires of St. Mary's college and academy may be seen. On clear days the radius of the view obtainable from this aerie is extended from three or four miles to ten or fifteen.

The fascination of the view is partially counteracted by the call from within, for even the arch enemy of Epicureanism must succumb to the delights of the tea-room table. Not only tea and light lunches are obtainable, but breakfasts and dinners as well, and for this reason it is as popular among men as among women. One of the distinctive features of the tea-room is the varied trade to which it caters; to the business man and the business woman, to the shopper and the woman of leisure.

Large functions, such as dinners, teas, or luncheons, of which the tea-room is frequently the scene, are unsurpassed for their elegance. For such occasions not only is the hostess given a choice of fare, but of table service, also; for beside the china of common use, the tea-



A FAVORITE CORNER

room boasts several sets of more elaborate if not more artistic design. "The square," as the wing has come to be known, may be screened off and gives ample room for smaller functions in privacy. The room, with its numerous flower pockets, stucco pedestals and jardinières, and its neutrally tinted walls, adapts itself well to any decorative scheme and is always found in gala dress when opportunity affords.

Much of the homey atmosphere of the Lexington is induced by strictly home cookery. Since the day of its opening, two years ago, nothing but home-made bread, pastry, ice-cream and ices have been served. Teas and coffees are of the finest, the teas being purchased directly from a Chinese importer. The milk and cream come in sealed bottles from Clenny farm. The quality of food and service have made the tea-room deservedly famous and have elevated it

above the mere eating house. It has become an inspiration to every housewife who visits it, and affords her a standard in purity of material, excellence of preparation and daintiness of service.

A step farther, the kitchen affords her an example of economical arrangement, sanitary furnishing and labor-saving equipment—a practical example, because it is not built on a large scale. The kitchen was designed by Miss Cora Colburn, who has become famous in her line of work as the designer of the rearranged kitchen of Vassar college and that at Chicago university. The Lexington kitchen is about twenty by twenty-five feet, with windows on two sides. Tables of varying width surround it and above these are shelves on which are arrayed such articles of everyday use as immediately designate to the casual observer the use of the table beneath.



The large gas-range occupies an alcove built for it and equipped with a hood that conveys every odor from the room. What has proved to be the most advantageous feature of the kitchen, however, is the so-called hollow-square arrangement. A space twelve feet square in the center of the room has been enclosed with hardwood tables, and within this the sinks are located. Here all the dishwashing is done. By removing the interference of cooks and dishwashers the routine is greatly facilitated, especially at rush times. Above one of these tables and opposite the stove two shelves are placed for dishes, which are handy, therefore, to both stove and sink.

The refrigerator was built by special design in a kind of table-cabinet form and takes the place of a table at one end of the kitchen. It is divided into three compartments. The center one for ice and those on either end for food. So generous are the proportions of the

refrigerator that it prohibited all common modes of entry into the building and must needs be hoisted up the eight stories on the outside and let in through a window. This refrigerator, with its special construction, is only one of many things which justify the conclusion that no expense was saved in carrying out the plans conceived in the minds of the owners. So thoroughly does every appliance correspond to and co-operate toward making an ideal institution that no room is left for doubt as to there having been a thoroughly preconceived plan.

Several times a season the proprietors journey to Chicago to purchase accessories or to get new ideas for kitchen conveniences or dining-room adornment. Firms making specialties of such things and establishments noted for up-to-date equipment are regularly visited and every innovation contributory to the perfecting of the original plan of the tea-room or to



THE HOLLOW SQUARE AND RANGE

its improvement is adopted, so that the tea-room kitchen affords the up-to-date housewife a progressive record of what's what in the culinary world. The drawers beneath the tables are treasure-chests filled with every conceivable kind of specialized instrument, knives, molds, and cutters. In specially built cubby-holes are stowed ventilated bread-boxes, and in its own corner stands an improved ice-cream cabinet. Nothing is lacking and, as a consequence, few feats of cuisine are impossible.

But, as is always the case, it is not the frills and furbellows that hold the most lasting charm, but the plain and staple. Those dishes for which the tea-room is most famous are such things as waffles, corn-bread and club-house sandwiches, the last of which have elicited praise from Bostoners and New Yorkers. Perhaps an ordinary day's menu would be of interest:

Grape Fruit  
Creole Soup  
Corned Beef, Chili Sauce  
Chicken Pie with Cabbage Relish  
Cold Lamb, Catsup  
Baked Beans with Pork  
Mashed Potatoes  
Hashed-brown Potatoes  
Boiled Cabbage  
Rice Croquettes, Cheese Sauce  
Buttered Onions

Hot Rolls  
Corn Bread  
Brown Bread  
Swedish Rye-Bread  
Bread and Butter  
Sandwiches  
Club Sandwich

Head Lettuce Salad  
Perfection Salad  
Gingerbread  
Apple Pie  
Pumpkin Pie  
Prune Whip  
Caramel Ice Cream  
Fruit Ice  
Cake

Tea Coffee Cocoa Chocolate Milk  
Grape Juice  
Individual Bottle Clenny Farm Milk

Seldom has one the pleasure of seeing more willing and thorough co-operation between employer and employed than that which lends to the comfortable atmosphere of the tea-room. Three cooks and two dish-washers constitute the kitchen force; beside these there are at least five regular dining-room girls, assisted frequently by young girls from the high school department of economics, seeking experience. In connection with the waitresses, it may be mentioned that they are permitted to accept no gratuities, customers being requested in a note appended to the menus to offer none.

The actuating motive of every em-



SOME LEXINGTON TEAPOTS



ploye seems to be the best interest of the tea-room, and the employers are scarcely less solicitous of the welfare of their help. Orders are smilingly given and smilingly executed. Domestic tragedies, from which the best regulated kitchen is not immune, are met with mutual toleration.

From a little brown office, containing a large brown desk, the Moving Spirits of the institution administer its affairs. They are two charming middle-aged women who entered upon the venture more as a hobby than as a money-making proposition, and it is, probably, as much their personalities as any other influence that creates the atmosphere of the place. They conduct the tea-room more as a systematic housewife does her home than as a man, his place of business. Their circle of friends and acquaintances is so large that they seem merely to have moved a private dining-room into more spacious quarters; for the air of the place breathes hospitality and invites sociability.

In December, 1908, the executive board of the local Orphan's home opened a small tea-room in the rear of one of the larger dry-goods stores of the city. It was the first venture of the kind in South Bend and met with little success, owing both to limited quarters and to limited backing. By May it became apparent that the board would no longer be justified in conducting it. It was then that two members of the board, with faith in its possibilities, first conceived the idea of personally fostering such an establishment and took the tea-room off the hands of the Orphans' home. The kitchen and dining-room occupied scarcely more than a corner of the store. The space was inadequate, but none larger was then available. In the winter

of 1909-'10 the erection of the new Studebaker building was begun. Immediately negotiations were started to gain the present location of the tea-room, but it was three months before they succeeded; for Mr. Studebaker looked askance upon the undertaking, because he wanted no failures in the new building. It was March before the quarters were leased. Architects and decorators were put to work at once and successful tea-rooms in other parts of the country investigated. On the afternoon of August 31, the tea-room was opened for a reception and the following day for business. Since that time it has been an unqualified success.

"How did you happen to call it the 'Lexington'?" is a question frequently put to the owners, for the name is so appropriate, so suggestive of the quaint and dignified hospitality of Colonial days, that it admits of romantic connection. But, like many poetic things, it is of prosaic origin. The problem of naming the tea-room was one of the most puzzling encountered. Because South Bend is fertile with Indian legends, an attempt was made to find a pretty Indian name, but without success. While selecting the silverware, the name of the design finally decided upon was asked and proved to be "The Lexington"—and the tea-room was named.

The name must have attracted the public, at first, but now the excellence for which it stands retains its first friends and continues to extend its popularity.

One of the Moving Spirits calls the tea-room "a pleasant vent for two detached females." May every city find someone to seek within its borders a vent so wholesomely contributory to public pleasure and benefit!



# When Dreams Came True

By Helen Forrest

"**A**ND this," exclaimed Winifred, with a comprehensive wave of her hand, is what I came to England for!"

"That pump?" queried her married sister pointing to the trim, buckled shoe which the girl held poised in dramatic fashion over her silk-stockinged foot. "Don't say that you came to England for a pump like that; they don't grow here. This is the land of queer, web-footed shoes, which look like the word, *Prunella*, though that may not be their name."

"Oh, you know very well I don't mean my shoes; I mean the hotels, the food, the everything," Winifred finished desperately. "All my life I have been building up a dream of England; now I am here, and I am so disappointed. I expected something different, and it's all the same old story; I might as well be back in New York, and I wish to goodness I were."

"Only a week before we sail," answered Mrs. Bob comfortably, then, with the superior little air which she had assumed with her wedding ring a year before, she added:

"You know, my dear, French cooks and Paris gowns are to be found wherever civilization has penetrated; be happy, and don't expect the unusual."

Dead silence, soon broken by the breezy entrance of Bob, Winifred's cheerful brother-in-law. "Oh, I say, are you asleep up there?" he demanded in very broad English. "How's that for local color? I was on top of a bus, just now, and that's what a man yelled from the street by way of stopping us."

He pulled from his pocket a package of letters which he had found at the American Express Office, and giving Winifred her share, he asked curiously:

"Say, child, whomever do you know in Bletchley? An eminently English hand, too."

The girl opened the square envelope: "Sunnyslope-Alton-Hants; why, who in the world lives down there?"

"Read and find out," suggested Mrs. Bob, wisely.

"Miss Winifred Evans—

"My dear Cousin," the girl read wonderingly, then exclaimed, "Why, that must be the one that Dad went to see when he was last abroad. I know he said the biggest root of our family tree was in Hampshire soil in Bletchley." She read again:

"In a recent letter from my cousin, Mr. John Evans, your father, I note that his daughter, Winifred, is at present in England, so, on the remote possibility of establishing communication with you, I write you, in care of The American Express Co., his address while here.

"Mrs. Evans and I shall be honoured, indeed, if you will come to us for a week's end, choosing your own date, and naming time of arrival. Would further state that I have recently gained possession of a small property once belonging to our family, but which passed into other hands during the Protectorate. Your father mentions that you share his interest in family research, and I trust that you will choose to stop with us.

"Faithfully yours,

"JOHN EVANS."

Winifred looked up, her face flushed, her eyes bright.

"Will I go? Never, never could I have hoped for such luck!"

A hurried interchange of letters, and four days later her brother-in-law escorted Winifred to the Bletchley station,



there to consign her to two dignified, elderly cousins, their roomy, old-fashioned carriage, the responsible coachman, and the equally reliable appearing horses.

They waited until the London train had carried off the energetic Bob, strangely out of place with his crisp, American clothes and general air of hurry, then Winifred turned eagerly to "The Road to Yesterday," fairly hugging herself in delight, at the thought that here, at last, was England.

Jogging steadily along the country road, they went, by meadows fenced with green hedges—past cottage after cottage with the thatched roofs of her dreams sloping down almost to the doorways, blonde children playing before them; past Publics galore—"The Hen and Chickens," "The Jolly Farmer," cheerful stopping places where the opened doors disclosed white-aproned barmaids serving the frocked farmers, whose sober teams waited outside.

"You have such a homely look, Cousin," was her Hostess's seemingly disconcerting observation, then continuing illuminatingly, "as I grow older I dread new friends and new faces, but you look like our own people."

And now they were approaching Sunnyslope, and the comfortable horses drew up before a long, low, wooden house, its many windows flashing back the afternoon sunshine.

"Sunnyslope possesses no great interest, my dear," began her cousin in leisurely fashion, "merely that my grandfather built the place, and we Evanses have lived here ever since. Tomorrow we will show you the real Evans home-acres."

They walked to the house through box-bordered paths and her guide touched the stiff, green edge critically. "It takes time to perfect the growth of box," she told Winifred, "this needs another fifty years before it will be at its best."

Tea waited them before a big open

fire in a brown-wainscotted hall; the thinnest of bread and butter, gooseberry jam and clotted cream, and a dark, fragrant tea—a glorified edition of what Winifred recognized as English Breakfast Tea.

"Perhaps, my dear, you prefer China Tea," suggested Cousin Evelyn, the name by which Winifred was graciously bidden to call her, but the girl eagerly disclaimed a choice. What liquid could she not have drunk, she asked herself in her enthusiastic young heart, when the delicate Minton cups brought it to her lips, and what could she not have eaten from the fiddle-backed spoons which had belonged to a remote ancestress—a Winifred, too.

At the end of the hall a many-paned casement swung wide open, letting in flower-scented air. The girl rose impulsively—"May I look out that fascinating window?"

Her elderly relations smiled, well-pleased at her enthusiasm. "Do so, my dear," replied her host, "but while you are admiring your cousin Evelyn's tenuous roses do not forget to notice my wall fruit on the south wall of the garden."

"Wall fruit!" ashamed to confess her ignorance, Winifred scanned the boundary walls and was able to express honest appreciation over what she later described as a peach vine, loaded with glorious fruit, a tree whose branches were fastened to the south wall, its fruit ripening in the sunshine and general warmth.

"I must tell father about that," she meditated, as an old-time quotation of his came to her mind: "No fruit ripens in England except a baked apple, yet the fruits of every nation lie at her ports."

Winifred waked early the next morning in her chintz-hung bed-room. Sweet, unfamiliar bird-notes sounded, fragrant breaths from the rose garden floated in to her. Beyond the green woods, stretching away to the left, Cousin John had pointed out the road to "Grey-

ladies," the old home once again in the possession of an Evans, and which she was to see that very morning.

The day was yet young, and the hedges were dewy, when the Evanses, Winifred and her Cousin John started on horseback to visit the family acres. The girl fairly quivered with delight as she smoothed the skirt of an old-fashioned riding habit once worn by Cousin Nora, now the wife of an officer in India.

"You two Evanses can go together," Cousin Evelyn had laughingly announced, "and leave me in peace to my flower garden. I shall be more interested in Greyladies, when the repairs have been made, and the place is fit for living."

"The old house lies on a quiet road, my child," said Cousin John, as they proceeded in leisurely fashion, "but this way our kinsfolk traveled for the business of life, their labor and pleasure, their love and their war."

"And here they sleep well," he said, as he lifted Winifred from her horse at a quaint little Norman church, whose low embattled tower and spire rose stately from the quiet graveyard that lay behind it. They entered by the solid oak door, past the dark wooden pews, by rudely carved stone pillars and up to the altar before which lay the Crusader, whose last will and testament had deeded part of his lands to the support of this little church.

A dignified figure, this Crusader. The chilly marble showed a strong, stern face, chain armor, and his knightly coat-of-arms.

"Sir Richard de Weston lies here, God have mercy on his soul, 1540," read the carved inscription.

The church records were open to her gaze. Why, the Evanses had been here before ever the Pilgrims had found Plymouth, her own people on their own land, many a John and a Winifred among them. How dared Cromwell stable his horses in this sacred place?

The ancient church had heard the bugle call of war as well as the hymn of peace.

The Evanses, always loyal to their King, had staked their all on the side of Royalty, and before the Restoration had been obliged to give up the old home which, only during the present year of grace, had come back into the family that had built it.

Old battle flags, torn and dusty, hung from the dark walls of the church.

"Our people fought under them," whispered Cousin John.

Out of the dusty edifice into the welcoming sunshine, they passed and on to Greyladies. Quiet indeed was the road, only, now and then, a laboring man toiled by, and once they drew up to see, in the distance, one of the stone towers built for signal fires of the old days. And now they approached a high stone wall, wide and with an arched entrance gate.

"And here we lived," said her guide solemnly. Thrilled and wondering, the girl could almost believe that, in some forgotten life, she, too, had dwelt here. Entering the gate they faced the rear of the house which, in English fashion, fronted its own lawns and not the highway. The house rose, stiff, grey and tall, vines softening its stone front, great old trees surrounding it, neglected flower beds on either side, and a mossy sun dial on the garden's edge.

It was deserted, save for scattered workmen, but wide-doored and open stood the mansion, with its vast fireplaces and great rooms, its carved woodwork and massive settles. Greatest wonder of all, serenely facing her over the fireplace in the hall, the Evans coat-of-arms, the very same which she, thoughtless one, was using on her notepaper, and never thinking whence it came, and all that it meant.

A workman repairing the massive garden wall had called to Mr. Evans and his young relative stood alone, "In the halls of my ancestors," she mused. Then she hurried, startled to the door; someone had called her name. Could



that strange, agitated voice be Cousin John's?

She found him, pale and breathing quickly, standing by the garden wall, now partly torn down. "My child," he said solemnly, "come here, it is your right, you, too, are an Evans. You have come at a wonderful time.

He turned to a group of workmen who had gathered quickly, "Go on," he directed briefly. A crash of mortar, a sudden dust, and a gold-framed portrait was lifted from the wall, and the figure of a slim, straight boy gazed at his long-deserted home. Another, this time a woman in a scant yellow gown, and wearing some beautiful jewels. Then, "A Rubens, by all that's holy," exclaimed Mr. Evans. So on until some fifty pictures, portraits and other paintings had been released and the wall emptied of its horde.

Winifred, trembling with excitement, leaned against a friendly tree. No such wonderful thing had ever happened in the seventeen years of her life. Her cousin, no less stirred, eagerly scanned one canvas after another.

"Here, child!" he exclaimed suddenly, lifting a portrait on which his eyes had just fallen, "this is the first Winifred of

our line; we have a miniature of her, your great-great (yes more) grandmother, Winifred Lyle, the wife of Geoffrey Evans."

Golden-haired and blue-eyed in her filmy, low-necked gown, slight and girlish looking, Winifred Lyle smilingly regarded her young descendant who, wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, promptly burst into tears.

It is easily explained," said Cousin John soothingly, "don't cry, child, you see our people hid their pictures for safety in the troublous days of The Protectorate, when Cromwell's soldiers were ravaging the country and just before the Evanses left their home. There has always been a tradition that the pictures were hidden somewhere in a wall, but no one could guess where, in this length of wall the family treasures might be concealed. Lucky you and lucky me to have been here when this tumbling wall was repaired, and gave up its secrets."

He put in her hands the smiling portrait of Winifred Lyle.

"My child, this is yours, in memory of the day when our little American cousin, another Winifred, helped to welcome her ancestors back to their old home."

## If I Were Not I

If I were not I, I'd rather be  
The stirring wind in the poplar tree;  
O my, O me,  
The whirring wind in the poplar tree.  
Away up high in the open sky  
I'd stretch my arms in a long-drawn sigh.  
If I were not I, I'd rather be  
The great big wind in the poplar tree.

I'd like to be, if I were not I  
That silly flirt of a butterfly;  
O me, O my,  
That light young, bright young butterfly.  
I'd spread my wings where the brooklet sings,  
And catch the gleam that it upward flings.  
I'd like to be, if I were not I,  
That silly flirt of a butterfly.

But I'd rather be, could it come to pass,  
The little child in the waving grass,  
The child who smiled in the waving grass;  
For I'd so beguile with my coaxing smile  
The joy-fleet hours that they'd pause a while.  
I'd rather be, could it come to pass,  
The child who smiled in the waving grass.

# The Apple and the Apple Tree

By Mrs. Chas. Norman

AS a child there was nothing I wanted so badly as an apple orchard, with trees to climb up into. I did not get it, but now have the satisfaction of seeing my children in possession of an orchard—also the satisfaction of noting that they are disposed to make the most of it.

I used to go visiting and sit in apple trees, at which times I reached the seventh heaven of bliss. At one of these places a girl of my own age was my companion, and we took our dolls with us into snug little homes in "Apple Tree Place." The other orchard belonged to a grown-up cousin. There were no children to inherit that Eden and I had it all to myself. I do not remember ever eating a single apple from those trees, but the perfume exists for me even yet. No dolls intruded there—I sat alone telling fairy tales to myself, and

"The bright eyes of angels only could behold  
My paradise, so pure and lonely."

That Nature intended those branches for such use, I still believe, else why those boughs with backs to them and foot rests, equal to Morris chairs, and canopied better than a royal seat? I did not miss cushions and push-buttons. Those bare branches were all I desired.

That my shoes injured the trees no one was cruel enough to hint, and I too unenlightened to suspect. If such a fear had crossed my mind, the shoes would certainly have been removed, for I loved an apple tree too much to inflict, consciously, an injury.

This fondness for the apple orchard was, I believe, only natural and normal. But though I never had one of my own, my craving for fruit was duly satisfied. Respectable people did not, in those times, live "from hand to mouth"—at least, my mother thought not. Father saw his duty and performed it, and, not

being able to store away enough apples in the cellar, he had the rosy fruit laid carefully upon a bed of straw and buried in the garden. No Ben Davis went into that cairn, but bushels of the favorites, Snows and Winesaps. How marvelously delicious they were, when about February first they came out, and how we children stood agape to see if they had kept well!

Burroughs says, "The apple is the fruit of youth—as we grow old we crave it less." I dare say Burroughs is right, as he usually is. Fortunately, the "ominous sign" has not come to me yet, and Burroughs, at the age of seventy-six, acknowledges himself still fond of carrying apples around in his pockets; however, he may not find it quite so hard to let them remain there. Perhaps fondness for apples is not a real sign of youth, unless, indeed, the fruit has transmitted youthful qualities and those who adore it never grow old.

One thing, however, ought to be impressed upon parents, and that is that apples are an inalienable right to children. "It is so nominated in the bond"—as Dallas Lore Sharp and many another will tell you.

Ten years ago there were some two hundred and two million trees in the United States bearing apples. I do not know what the figures are today, but millions of barrels are shipped to England. In no country are fruit trees so common a feature of rural districts. Missouri and Kansas have orchards of thousands of acres. New York, on smaller areas, raises splendid Baldwins, Northern Spies and Spitzenbergs; Michigan's pride is her Yellow Bellflower, while Ohio surpasses in the beautiful Jonathans. Every State from Oregon to West Virginia has its special apple crop. Medium-grade apples sold on our farms in Indiana, last year,



for twenty cents a bushel, yet we read that "the Housewives' League, believing that *fifteen cents a quart* was too high for apples of ordinary grade," was trying to reduce the cost to the consumer in New York.

"Fifteen cents a quart" makes our hearts heavy—for we know that the children can not get their rights.

All are familiar with "apple sayings" borrowed, probably, from England:

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

"Apple in the morning—doctor's warning."

"An apple as you go to bed

Knocks the doctor on the head."

Still another—which must have been born of the Apple Renaissance in this country,

"Roast apple at night,  
Starves the doctor outright,"

for, in the estimation of many, a baked apple is more valuable than any item of our pharmacopoeia. Indeed, there are those who believe that wilful neglect to eat baked apple ought to be counted public misdemeanor. It might be said that some apples bake better than others. Spies and Baldwins are both fine. They must be baked quickly—with the jacket on to be sure—and with nothing added.

Very likely there are people still living who have no need for apples save to put them in pies. Now, I like pies, but for "pie fiends" I have a feeling somewhere between pity and disdain. And I have no patience with people who cannot eat apple sauce—provided it be made right, and isn't slop. According to dietetics, apple sauce is one of the few foods that is entirely assimilated; and though man cannot live by apple sauce alone, it will render less burdensome the heavier foods and give splendid stimulation to the various organs.

It is not for me to give recipes, but I will suggest that, if the peeling of the apples is fair and smooth, the apple sauce will be better for being made of unpeeled apples. Both beauty and flavor will be improved, also the food value, as apples, like potatoes, store their best

elements next to the skin.

Apple-butter is another easy possibility, cooked in the oven. If you don't believe me, try it; and do not hug the delusion that to have good apple-butter some poor woman must stand out in the November wind and stir the contents of a great kettle from daylight till dark—having previously peeled and cut apples from dark to daylight.

I know these points are trifles, but no trifle is to be ignored in this matter of food. It is said that one-fourth of our people are too poor to maintain life in a state of physical efficiency. Whether this is strictly true or not, we seem to have a shortage of courage and wisdom. We need every bit we can muster, and it is no small help to our spiritual progress *just to have digested our dinner*.

It is for this reason that a woman may study the subject of food, with religious fervor.

The apple is said to yield a higher per cent. of phosphorous than any other vegetable. It is, therefore, good brain food, and the rustic poet spoke more wisely than he knew when he wrote:

"Apples, you know,—and mental pabulum  
Go hand in hand some."

It must be an intuitive knowledge of this point that prompts the youth to take an apple out of his desk at school and eat it on the sly. His sluggish brain needs a spur, and yet the teacher—psychologist that he is—will not let him have a single nibble. But perhaps I speak of a decadent custom. Do school children now have apples? Do mothers save the very choicest for the lunch basket, as my mother did? Another thing, is it still the fashion for boys and girls to take apples to the teachers? In my childhood, we often gave away what we wished to keep, but I dare say we got the benefit.

Adam and Eve are the only persons, I ever heard of, who repented eating an apple. Surely "one more" would never hurt any school teacher, whose habits are sedentary and whose brain is—pre-

sumably—astir at all times. So let the children carry apples to teachers, so long as the supply is adequate, and present them, not as a sop to Cerberus, but as love or peace offerings.

But it is not the apple alone which is dear to mankind—but also the tree that bears it. Since the world was created it has had its share of affection. That exquisite poem, "The Song of Solomon," gives us these lines:

"As the lily among thorns, as the apple-tree among the trees of the woods, so is my beloved . . ." "I sat down under his Shadow with great delight and his fruit was sweet to my taste." . . . "Comfort me with apples."

Aye, comfort us with apples and comfort us, also, with visions of apple orchards! If there is any sight more lovely than an apple orchard in bloom, it

must be the same orchard decorated with ripe fruit.

Two million trees are not enough for our vast areas and our great needs. Those who cannot plant orchards or tend orchards already planted might perhaps set out one tree.

The agricultural department at Washington will send specific information as to varieties; for though almost any soil, not too wet, will raise apples—the particular kind must have particular conditions. If you already have a thrifty tree of a poor sort—graft better fruit.

The happiness that comes from tending a tree will be pure and unadulterated. "Speak to the earth and it shall teach you," said Job. The apple tree you plant will bear blossoms and fruit and intangible blessings besides.

## The Nervous Woman

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

ONCE upon a time, as the fairy story starts—but this is not a fairy tale—there was a very gifted needlewoman who embroidered the most exquisite centerpieces, but she had a way of placing them about her home wrong side up to save them, and this is precisely the modern fussy woman's attitude toward life. She has a habit of turning down the pleasant things of existence and dwelling on the ugly features. Who has not visited her when she was in a confiding mood, and, by the way, this mood is almost chronic, only to glimpse in a brief half hour the reverse side of all her domestic affairs.

You may know that her home-life is graced with untold blessings and hidden beauties, but she has given you only a vision of painstaking labor and frayed ends, as it were, to carry away with you. But you must excuse her, she is "so nervous."

Poor, little, over-worked word, nervous. So small and shrinking itself, but

daily and hourly called upon to screen idleness, irritability and a host of undisciplined emotions.

But we women are slowly but surely learning that poise and self-control are as much the habits of growth as high tension and fly-off-the-handleness, and that these widely differing qualities can be cultivated under the same existing conditions. We are learning to marshal our forces and to agree with George Eliot, when she said, "There is a great deal of unmapped country within us."

Our lady of the smelling salts and sedative powder is fast giving place to the creature of radiant health, thanks to our preachers of hygienic living and the gospel of fresh air.

Even our leading neuropaths are not backward in telling us that a large percentage of the weary women that annually wend their way to the sanatoriums need never have gone, if some drug habit or the inordinate use of stimulants had not been such potent



factors in their lives. Health is largely the reward of right living—a trite saying—but it cannot be repeated too often.

For the woman of nervous temperament, perhaps, there is no greater boon than in cultivating a hopeful attitude of mind; we are mainly the magnets of our desires, and it, indeed, behooves us to expect the good things of life and face healthward.

A trained nurse of my acquaintance has laughingly told me how she completely routed an attack of nervous depression by simply courting cheeriness. She searched all the magazines and humorous publications for funny pictures and decorated her room with them. She kept the corners of her mouth turned up, and when tempted to burst into a flood of weeping she broke forth in song; and as the old-time savage believed that the strength of his slain enemy entered into his own veins, so the victory of such conquests as these entered into her mental, moral and physical fibre and today she is a very convincing testimonial of what a little persistent effort can do. Of course, this treatment was supplemented with adequate rest, plenty of fresh air and work.

It is at the work question that the average nervous woman is apt to balk. But remember that "Every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself," and the same sentiment applies just as forcibly to women. So *work*, she advises, even if your present strength permits of little; do some needle work, care for a few plants—allow no day to pass without giving expression to the beauty within you.

I believe that a very small number of the cases of nervous prostration can be truthfully attributed to over-work, but rather should be laid to a lack of system in work and the consequent useless frittering away of energy. Add to this the drain of too many social demands, and the victim succumbs, because she has simply failed to conserve her strength

for the vital issues of life.

One of the most common leakages of energy may be traced to the way we spend our days in the apprehension of what we are about to do, in regretting what has been done, in useless yearning for that which is denied us, and, last but not least, in doing our work over mentally a hundred times in advance and still another hundred in retrospect.

Again, how many women know how to breathe properly, or, knowing, make use of the knowledge? Set aside ten minutes of each day for deep breathing, and inhale slowly and to your full lung capacity great draughts of God's pure, life-giving ozone. In six months' time you will discover a great change in your condition, noticeable in a vastly improved complexion and a perceptible increase in poise.

As to food, eat such wholesome nourishing foods as agree with you, and eat regularly. Many people of nervous temperament find that tea and coffee tend to aggravate their complaint; if such is your case, eschew them, but be careful to eat slowly and know that each well-masticated mouthful is to be assimilated for the upbuilding of the body beautiful.

Keep in the open air as much as possible, and preferably in the sunshine. One nervous sufferer has told me that she derived more benefit from sun-warmed sand baths than anything else. She would bury her limbs for hours at a time in the hot sand, which, in her case, was productive of sleep and its consequent exhilaration.

Of bathing it is scarcely necessary to speak; the person of mature years has decided for herself what baths are best adapted to her constitution, and in her nursery days was doubtless taught to bathe, to keep clean instead of get clean.

So much for the "Does," and now for the all-important "Don'ts."

If you are nervous, stop talking about yourself; your complaints are wearisome, to the last degree, to your listeners and

in reality are detrimental to yourself—therefore, cease such unpleasant discussion and be assured that your recovery will date from the day you stop harping about yourself. Remember this does not mean silence on your part; it means losing your self-centered view-point and entering into the ambitions and heart interests of those about you.

Allow no one to sympathize with you; the majority of sympathy in nervous troubles is weakening. In time you will forget to be sorry for yourself, you will have outgrown self-pity, which perhaps you have already discovered is a highly unsatisfactory occupation.

And, lastly, don't worry. If anyone wants positive proof of the futility of worrying, let her look back on the conjured array of her old worries and count up how many have actually materialized. From time immemorial the masculine mind has taken keen delight in an occasional stray shot at the ludicrousness of some of our feminine worries, and too often are we forced to join in the laugh. A capital illustration occurred recently in "Harper's Weekly," and for those who may not have seen it I quote in full:

There was evidently something on Mrs. Nerviss's mind. For several days she had been very much preoccupied, and, finally, Nerviss himself, fearful that he might in some way have been the cause of it, made certain subtle inquiries designed to clear the situation.

"How's the new cook getting on, Maria?" he asked, as a feeler. "Does she—does she seem satisfied with her place here?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Mrs. Nerviss. "She remarked only yesterday that she had never lived with such nice people as we are, and she said she felt like one who had traveled far and found her home at last."

Nerviss resumed his newspaper. It was not a domestic difficulty, certainly, that was so depressing his good wife, but this was not particularly reassuring,

for he now came to have an uneasy feeling that he was himself the cause of her troubles. So he began again, resolved to take the bull by the horns.

"I hope you didn't mind my coming in so late from the club last Tuesday night, Maria," he said. "One o'clock is an unholy hour, I know, but, really, I couldn't help it very well. You see——"

"Not at all, James dear," the good lady answered. "I think it is a good thing to do once in a while. If there is one thing in the world that I should hate more than another, it would be to have your friends think you were hen-pecked. Really, I was glad you stayed as long as you wanted to."

Nerviss drew a deep sigh of relief. That little poker game was not the cause of her worry, and in all other respects his conscience was clear. So this time he plunged boldly.

"Then what is the matter with you, Maria?" he demanded. You can't deceive me—you've got something on your mind. You are worrying about something."

"I certainly am," said the woman, her voice tremulous. "I am very much worried. Do you think the people at our bank are honest, James?"

"Why, certainly," laughed Nerviss. "Whatever made you think they weren't?"

"Well, something very strange has happened lately," said Mrs. Nerviss, "and I think you ought to look into it. You know you have been giving me my allowance lately in \$10 bills, and I have been depositing them at the bank."

"Yes, I am aware of that," said Nerviss.

"Well, somehow or other I don't like the looks of that receiving teller, James," said the woman, "and so for the last three weeks I have been putting my initials on every bill deposited, up in one corner, and yesterday, Mr. Cleaver, the butcher, in cashing a \$20 check for me, handed me one of those marked bills."

"Well, suppose he did?" demanded



Nerviss. "What of it?"

"What of it?" echoed Mrs. Nerviss. "What of it? Doesn't that prove that those bank people are letting other people use my money?"

So I repeat, don't worry. If the whole procession of worrying women—and my! what a long procession it would be,—could be questioned, not one could say that worry had ever done her any good. Yesterday's care, last week's sorrow, and last month's disappointment have come and gone, and dwelling upon them will never change them one iota; rather as the wounded oyster mends his shell with pearl, let us try to find the lesson in such discipline and turn each experience to beautiful results.

Out of the rugged realm of experience has flowered this lasting statement—"No door ever closes against us, but another is opened, and when baffled or perplexed we would do well to remember it. Alike to the fretting female with a trumped-up worry and to the bearer of real trouble it carries the balm of a great truth.

Yet in putting the quietus on past problems, we should strive to deal as summarily with worry for the morrow. The compound prescription of faith and work, I apprehend, has cured more cases of this form of anxiety than anything else. "Let not future things disturb thee, for thou wilt come to them, if it shall be necessary, having then the same reason which now thou usest for present things," said Marcus Aurelius, and it is as sage counsel today as when first written.

Occasionally, we come upon a refreshing woman who has mastered the blessed art of living, a day at a time, and such refreshment is like a veritable oasis in a desert of boredom. Many times hers have been the hardest problems to face, her sorrows deep, but through it all she has managed to keep her "soul on top,"—the cross-stitches of life, the maze of loose, shaggy ends are her own secret.

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street,  
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat."

---

## The Return

It seemed just now the silence spoke!  
The pebbled path along the shore,  
With interlaced, green boughs arched o'er;  
The tree we loved, the old, old oak,  
Whose gnarled knee always was our seat,  
When first our spirits learned to meet  
One perfect life, in all complete;—  
Earth holds for me no spot so fair!  
Strange if no voice should speak to me  
Here in the sacred valley where  
She used to be!

As wistful Winter dreams of Spring;  
In Maylike days, my whole heart thrills  
With beauty of the love that fills  
The world before young hope takes wing!  
No blot of change on all I see;  
I from the coil of years am free;  
All joy of life comes back to me!—  
Oh, brief, brief dream! I grow aware  
I am alone; and, suddenly,  
How void the doleful valley where  
She used to be!

STOKELY S. FISHER.

# One College Girl's Career

*How one College Girl lived a useful, happy, contented life as a "stay-at-home" and had a career after all.*

WYNDEMERE, October, 1911.

**P**RECIOUS OWLS:—

How long ago it seems since we met in the "Nest," and solemnly made our compact to write often and give accounts of ourselves!

You know how thoroughly I was prepared for teaching English and all the 'ologies, and how sure I was of an opportunity, but summer passed and no position for me, as no one wanted just my kind of goods. I was not planning to live with my married sister, for her home was already full. You remember, too, there was not as much left, when the property was settled, as we had expected, so imagine my misgivings, when September finally arrived. Then my brother Ernest asked me if I would not like to take care of him and mother his little girl. Of all things that was the last I had anticipated, and I can hear you all laugh at me as you recall my many tirades on housekeeping and the fun I made of girls who stayed at home and did nothing. I shall have to eat my words and let you enjoy it, for I accepted my brother's offer, but with many doubts, you may be assured. My experience with children had been so limited, I was almost afraid of them, and as for housekeeping, well! I can't conceive why he asked me, unless he felt it would do me good.

My little niece, Clarice, was a dainty, dreamy, nervous child, but very lovable and greeted me most warmly. A strong, independent Irish girl ran the whole house, inmates included, and knew, oh! Shades of the Inferno! far more than I.

Consequently for the first few days I merely looked on—quite helpless—more like a guest than anybody else, when a neighbor, dropping in to call in a

friendly way, gave me ideas. She took magazines on cooking and home decoration, care of children and of plants, belonged to societies and clubs, had active church duties and no one knows what not.

You may be sure I had a good half-hour with myself after she left, and pressed my lips in a firm straight line and determined to study, yes, harder than any of us ever did over those terrific conic sections. Armed with my purpose, the first achievement was the purchase of one of Elizabeth Harrison's books. Over and over—from beginning to end—it has been thumbed 'til it is dog-eared and fairly burned into my brain. Next time I am in town I shall add to my library.

Light is beginning to break through my ignorance and to show me how I can help my little niece. It is a most chastening experience, but mother-love is growing and suffrage somehow has lost interest and does not seem nearly so necessary as of yore. More later, from your humble

BEE.

WYNDEMERE, December, 1911.

We are going to move, dearest Owls, for brother and I have been house-hunting, and have decided on a severe old colonial place, a bit farther out. He defers to me in everything, and Clarice and I are absorbed in home decoration.

The common interest makes us most companionable, and little differences of opinion, that heretofore loomed up in the day's atmosphere, have entirely disappeared. The dear child is so refined and genteel that old colonial surroundings suit her perfectly. Yesterday, when we were deep in a chest of her mother's heirlooms, we unearthed old bed-quilts,



cross-stitched samplers and quaint pictures. Each treasure was hailed with delight, for we could see great possibilities. Clarice suggested we remove one of the old portraits from the gold-leaf frame and have, instead, a mirror, then she could use it over her dressing-table.

Tomorrow we go in town to hunt old-fashioned furniture and, meanwhile, we are studying the different styles. Clarice has been making some little sketches of settles and bookcases that amaze me, and she enjoys the work so much more than the three "R's," that I am fast being won over to champion her hopes for the future. College has never appealed to her, and dear old Dickens and Scott bring no enthusiasm to her drooping, half-hearted spirit when I suggest reading aloud. My brother finds recreation in planning how his special sanctum shall be arranged, and, last but not least, Delia is taking a vital interest respecting cupboards in her domain. Her ideas are practical, "And sure, miss, it would be no good to me there, at all, at all——" came in response to one suggestion of mine.

We are fast getting to highly esteem each other, and later, when I feel a little more secure of my ground, perhaps Delia may respond to a few hints I have waiting.

Not many days ago Clarice, terribly upset and uncomfortable, called me in the night, but the diagnosis proved to be nothing worse than "liver"; however, I no longer treat the matter with levity, for the significance with which the doctor pronounced the verdict set me to thinking, and, behold! another book has been added to my book-shelf, i. e. one on dietetics.

Clarice is so amused with these new hobbies of mine, but unconsciously on her part, we are really sharing them. Consequently, heavy chocolates are no longer eaten after supper, and the yellow, pasty look is leaving her skin. Listen! I have an idea: Clarice and I

must select a beauty book together. I can hear you all roar, but who knows but that "yours truly" will be having a facial, even before this year is ended!

My interests are broadening, you notice, but I must not forget to tell you of another. It began in this way: Clarice had not been going to church for some time, no more her father. Most naturally, for he needed air and recreation on the one free day, and Clarice had no great desire to go alone.

We talked the subject over, we two, she preferring to go to the church where Janet (her chum) and all the young people went. The main thing, it seemed to me just then, was to go somewhere, anyway, so I buried my cast-iron prejudices and acquiesced. "Busy" doesn't express my state; also, there is a much stronger word than "happy." Try "contented" and you will be nearer the truth regarding my feelings.

Yours devotedly,

BEE.

THE ROOKERY, February, 1912.

We are getting settled, Best Beloved, and observe the name of our retreat. Ernest discovered some deserted rooks' nests in the high trees back of the house and we all felt it was quite significant.

Such a change has come over Clarice, that my brother who is more loath to give praise than any one I ever heard of, said recently, "What magic are you working, Bee, to have so improved my daughter?" "She is happier and prettier, isn't she?" I ventured. "In every way," he answered and added, "I don't pretend to understand, but let the good work go on for I like it." And then he was gone.

After the front door had closed behind him, I felt myself grow pink, and, girls! I was prouder than when "excellent" was tacked by Fraulein to the end of my exams.

Get your heads together, Owlies, for I am going to confess: I think I shall have to be baptized all over—just what

Continued on page 716

# THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

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## Answered

O will of the wind, I have followed your flight  
And, so ruthlessly flung by the way,  
I have found some sad blooms that were gay  
yester-night,  
I have found torn leaves in a mirey plight,—  
And light on the grass by the ground breezes  
stirred  
Were feathers which came from the breast of  
a bird;  
O will of the wind, I have followed your  
flight!

Said the Wind's mocking voice, "let me search  
you to-night,  
Let me blow o'er your path of to-day;  
I may find where you listlessly laid some  
dream low,  
I may find how you brought a dear hope unto  
woe,  
And thoughtlessly left for some light lips to  
spend  
The secret you found in the heart of a friend."  
Said the Voice of the Wind, "let me search  
you to-night."

ELEANOR ROBBINS WILSON.

## FOOD AND EFFICIENCY

THOUGHTFUL people are now pretty well aware that the efficiency of individuals and races depends largely upon the kind and quality of the food they eat. In the final test the best-fed and best-nourished win out. Regarding strength and development, nations are graded in accordance with the abundance and quality of their respective food supplies. Efficiency and natural resources are co-existent. Abundance of wheat, for instance, seems ever to have been an essential condition of a high degree of human development.

Sometimes it would seem, however, people, who know well the relation between efficiency and nourishment, in case of animal feeding, fail to appreciate this relationship when applied to the sustenance of human life. Here hit or miss, happy-go-lucky methods too often prevail. We eat or abstain from food, with little thought or discretion, and trust to luck for the outcome. How long since it was realized that the quality of milk is intimately connected with the care and feeding of the cow?

Happily the food problem has now come to be regarded one of great significance. The subject of a nutritious diet, of plain and wholesome living, has assumed proportions and consequences that are amazing. In its treatment, the well-being of humanity is at issue.

## WATER AT MEALS

THE following statement is from the New York *Herald*: "The long accepted tradition that the drinking freely of water at meals by diluting the gastric juice retards digestion is at last passing. In the last five years many experiments and careful observations on human beings have shown that the taking of considerable quantities of water with food causes a



marked increase both in the quantity and the digestive strength of the gastric juice. Not only that, but fasting can be borne longer with less loss of weight and strength, when an abundance of water is allowed, thus indicating that water promotes economical nutrition—a consummation which surely is devoutly to be wished in these days of high prices. How much of this is true?"

On this the Editor of *Good Health* remarks: "It is still true that taking an excessive quantity of water at meal-time may disturb digestion by over-burdening the stomach. The old argument that the use of water dilutes the gastric juice has been shown to be an error, for it has been demonstrated that free water drinking causes the stomach to pour out gastric juice in considerable quantity when the water is retained in the stomach. In health, water taken into the stomach is quickly passed out of the stomach into the intestine. When food is in the stomach, the pylorus is closed, and large quantities of water taken into the stomach may over-burden the stomach and thus interfere with digestion."

#### COFFE-DRINKING

**E**XPERIMENTS have been made which tend to show that, "cafein appears to relieve fatigue and increase efficiency. The smaller the person the greater the stimulation. Fat men usually are only slightly affected by a single cup of coffee a day. The stimulating effect of cafein is not followed by secondary depression, as is the case with alcohol. After the stimulation of a cup of coffee the individual returns to his normal efficiency, but does not fall below it. Four grains of cafein a day (a cup of coffee averages 2.5 grains) apparently has no bad effect upon persons who weigh more than 110 pounds. Larger doses produce frequent nervousness, headaches, and irritability."

It is said that Dr. Wiley, when chief

government chemist, showed that good coffee such as is served on the tables of well-to-do families and in first-class hotels, contains four grains, instead of two and one-half, to the cup, so that two cups of coffee would constitute an overdose, capable of producing nervousness, headache, etc.

From these statements it is evident that in coffee drinking, as well as in partaking food of any kind, moderation should be practiced. Safety and health, anyhow, lie in the formation of habits of moderation in eating and drinking. Moderation, too, in all things conduces to greater satisfaction and enjoyment in life. Excess destroys, prudence conserves and prolongs activity. Experts estimate that twenty-five billion cups of coffee are consumed in the United States every year. Next to water it is the one beverage in universal use, and people are not likely soon to deprive themselves of their cup of breakfast coffee.

#### OUR NEW REGIME

**T**HE recent inaugural address of our new President is certainly a high-class production. At every point the progressive spirit of the age is in evidence; the tone rings clear in every line. Recall the bitter strife and wrangling of parties in the past, then listen to these words in reference to our late political revolution: "This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. The firm basis of government is justice, not pity. This is the high enterprise of the new day: to lift everything that concerns our life as a nation to the light that shines from the hearthfire of every man's conscience and vision of the right." In every sense the address is ideal and worthy of the most careful perusal.

But the saddening thought that clouds somewhat the lofty vision is the obstacles to be met and overcome, in order to bring to pass, or put in practice, the re-

forms so clearly indicated. It is worth much, however, once in awhile to catch a glimpse of the promised land, and thus revive hope and courage for future endeavor. Our social welfare and individual prosperity are dependent on the wise and prudent management of the nation's resources.

### THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS

**T**HOU shalt love thy husband faithfully.

Thou shalt familiarize thyself with all the arts of housewifery so thou canst organize thy household as efficiently as thy husband does his business.

Standardize thy home; imitating not the flaunting propensities of the extravagant neighbor on thy right nor the penuriousness of the neighbor on thy left, but seek the satisfaction of one who knoweth her income and bringeth expenditures within the boundaries thereof.

Discuss not thy husband's faults and foibles with friend nor neighbor; loyalty is always admirable.

Thou shalt not nag. Use tact; for knowest thou, O Woman, that all the happy victories of wifehood are gained thereby.

Thou shalt not whine. It is a two-edged sword in the domestic circle, often severing the marriage tie.

Cultivate good humor, for, verily, a cheerful helpmate is more to be desired than much gold.

Keep trig looking. Post-nuptial neatness is as attractive as ante-nuptial trimness.

Oust suspicion as thou wouldst a weed from thy garden. There is less incentive for a man to keep doing right who is always suspected of wrongdoing.

Let the progressive spirit animate thee, leaving no way barred toward self-improvement. For when beauty fades, the well-stored mind and lovely spirit shall remain unfailing magnets to a worthy husband's love. E. R. W.

**O**UR illustrated article this month presents an ideal Tea-room. Establishments like this, catering chiefly to women, have become quite common and popular. For the most part they are conducted by women. Anything in this line, equipped and managed with taste and tact, is sure to find favor and be well patronized. In hundreds of cities and towns there are openings for women who are fitted to conduct with exquisite taste and skill a Tea-room. Public places where one can lunch or dine reasonably, *sans* fear and *sans* reproach, are not numerous.

But the Tea-room is only one of the good things in the present issue of the Magazine. We trust our readers will find something of interest or usefulness on every page. For the earnest, enterprising housekeeper our management aspire to provide a special periodical.

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Before Bismarck made a united Germany a Yankee once had his carriage stopped at the frontier of a petty prince's country. The controller at the custom-house sharply demanded keys of the trunks, which his subordinate began handling roughly. "Here, hands off!" shouted the Yankee. "I didn't come from the United States of America to be controlled by you! Put those trunks back! I'll turn back. You're no country: you're only a spot. I'll go around you." And he did.—*London King*.

---

'Twas years ago that Mark Twain wrote A line that filled him with despair,  
For through his brain it long did float,—  
"A pink-trip slip for a five-cent fare."  
The jingle oft comes back to me.  
Like to a half-forgotten air,  
Its rhythm, halting though it be,  
Long held me with its jingle rare.  
But now, at last, I have cut loose  
From Mark's old-fashioned rhythmic snare,  
Because I'm caught in Kipling's noose,  
"A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair."

— *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.





CHILD'S TABLE FOR USE ON BED, WHEN SICK ("SUN-BONNET" CHINA)

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Consommé, with Poached Eggs

**P**REPARE consommé with beef, veal and a fowl, and clarify in the usual manner. When ready to serve, set a carefully poached, fresh egg in each plate of soup. Or, carefully drain off the white from each egg, when breaking it, and drop the yolks in boiling water, and let cook just below the boiling point until firm throughout. Do not hurry the cooking as the yolk should be cooked gently, until crumbly and mealy throughout. Use the whites for some other dish. Serve one yolk in a plate of soup.

### Chicken Soup, with Meringue

Scald one quart of rich chicken broth, flavored with onion, celery, carrot and sweet herbs, in a double boiler; stir in two level tablespoonfuls of fine, quick-

cooking tapioca and let cook, stirring occasionally, until the tapioca is transparent; add two cups of hot milk. Beat two yolks of eggs, add half a cup of cream and stir into the hot soup; stir until the egg is set. Season with salt and pepper, and pour into cups. Have ready the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, with a few grains of salt; set a tablespoonful of the meringue above the soup in each cup, and pour one or two tablespoonfuls of the hot soup over it; or, simply turn the meringue over in the cup of soup.

### Giblet Soup, à la Anglaise

Have ready two quarts of second stock, made from the remnants of a roast fowl, and the uncooked giblets, neck, ends of the wings and skinned feet, with a few bits of veal. Have also one-third a cup of pearl barley that has been cooked tender in boiling water or

a double boiler. Cut the giblets into small cubes (less than half an inch); cut also into cubes one onion, one carrot, half a green pepper, two branches of celery, and one white turnip. Cut, fine, the leaves of the celery and chop three branches of parsley. Cook these until yellowed in two tablespoonfuls of butter, then add to the broth with one cup of tomato purée or tomato sauce, the barley and the giblets. Tie a clove of garlic, one-fourth a bay leaf, two cloves, and a teaspoonful of thyme in three branches of parsley and drop into the broth. Let cook half an hour. Remove the parsley bouquet, add two tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce with salt and pepper as needed, and the soup is ready.

## French-Fried Potatoes

Pare potatoes of uniform size, cut, each, into quarters, lengthwise, and the quarters into halves or thirds, lengthwise. Let stand several hours in cold water; drain and dry on a cloth. Set to cook in hot fat, a few at a time. Use a basket; when soft turn from the basket on to hot tissue or blotting paper. When all are cooked soft, return them, a few at a time, to the reheated fat where they will quickly brown. Drain again on paper, sprinkle with salt and serve at once.

## Potato Gaufrette

Cut pared potatoes, with a handy slicer, lattice fashion. Chill, drain and



FRESH CODFISH, FRIED, NEW HAMPSHIRE STYLE

## Fresh Codfish, Fried, New Hampshire Style

Have a cleaned fish cut in slices about three-fourths an inch thick. Grate over the slices a little onion juice and sprinkle with lemon juice. Roll in Indian meal, seasoned with salt. Cut slices of fat salt pork in cubes or strips and cook in the frying pan over a very moderate fire, to draw out the fat. Take out the pieces of pork to serve with the fish; in the fat cook the fish until well-browned on one side, then turn to brown the other side. Serve on a hot dish, one slice overlapping another. Garnish with slices or quarters of lemon and French-fried potatoes.

fry as French-fried potatoes. Serve with steak, chops, fish, etc.

## Beefsteak-and-Ham Pie

Line a mold with flaky paste or with a rich baking powder biscuit mixture, rolled very thin. Spread a ham force-meat mixture over the lining. Fill the open space with short strips of beef steak cooked tender in second broth or water. Season as needed with salt and pepper and pour in broth to come nearly to the top of the meat. Brush the upper edge of the paste with cold water and set a cover of paste above. Cut out figures to decorate the cover; brush the under side of these with cold water and press in place. Put a paper or other funnel in



an open space at the center of the cover. Bake about three-fourths of an hour. For a mold holding a scant quart, take a

### Brown Fricassée of Veal

Cut veal steak in pieces for serving;



BEEFSTEAK-AND-HAM PIE

generous pound of beef steak and, for the forcemeat, three-fourths a cup of cooked ham. Chop the hame fine, add half a cup of tomato sauce, one egg and such seasoning as is at hand. A few chopped mushrooms, onion juice and parsley are good; salt and pepper may constitute all the seasoning. A half pint of oysters may replace part of the meat. Veal may be used alone or with the beef. When the pie is done and cooled a little, remove the funnel and pour in a cup of rich broth in which half a tablespoonful of gelatine has been dissolved. Serve cold. This dish was made in response to a request for a meat pie to be eaten cold on an automobile trip. The upper crust should rest on the meat.

roll in flour and set to cook in hot fat tried out from salt pork; when the veal is browned on one side turn to brown the other side, then add light broth or water to cover and let cook at a gentle simmer about one hour. Stir one-fourth a cup of flour (for each pint of liquid) half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper with cold water to form a smooth thin paste; add to the meat, stir until boiling, and let simmer ten to fifteen minutes, when the dish is ready to serve. A little tomato purée is a good addition to the sauce.

### Loin of Veal, Pöeled

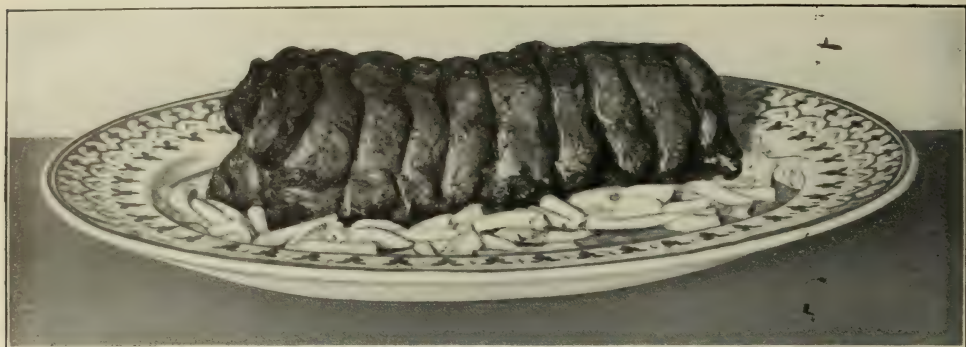
Roll a boned loin of veal and tie in several places. Slice an onion and half



BEEFSTEAK-AND-OYSTER PIE, CUT IN HALVES

a carrot into an earthen casserole; on these set the veal, and slice onion and carrot above. Pour over some hot fat

of sauce. Have ready a cup of macaroni, cooked tender in rapidly boiling water, drained and rinsed in cold water.



LOIN OF VEAL, POELED:

from salt pork, cover and let cook very gently in the oven for three hours. Turn the meat two or three times and baste with hot fat three or four times each hour. Do not have the fire hot enough to burn the vegetables. A very moderate heat is needed for good results. While the veal is cooking, let the bones and trimmings from the flank end, covered with cold water, simmer about two hours, then add a few thin slices of onion and carrot, parsley and sweet herbs and let simmer half an hour. Strain off this broth. Remove the meat to a serving dish; pour in to the dish about a cup of the broth and let simmer ten minutes, then strain from the vegetables, skim off the fat and use with half a cup of tomato purée, and three tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour in making one cup and a half

Pour the sauce over the macaroni, add half a cup of grated cheese and lift the macaroni with a spoon and fork till the ingredients are well mixed. Turn the macaroni around the veal and serve at once. Serve at the same time spinach, asparagus, string beans, or a green salad.

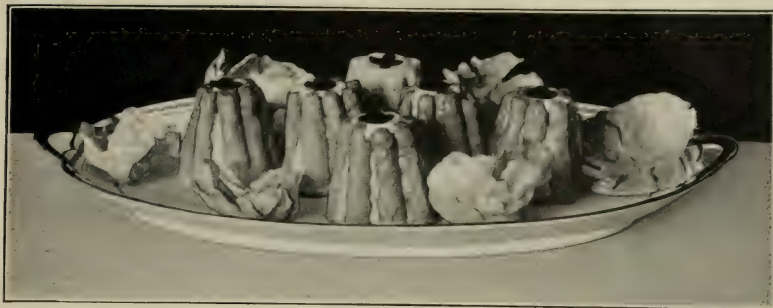
### Eggs à la Grant

Allow a green pepper for each service, and two eggs for each pepper. Beat one half the number of eggs to be used until a full spoonful can be lifted, and add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt for each egg. Into an omelet pan put as many tablespoonfuls of cream as beaten eggs; add the eggs and scrape and stir constantly until thickened slightly. Keep the eggs very soft. Beat the rest of the



EGGS À LA GRANT. ONE PEPPER OPEN-SIDE DOWN,  
ONE OPEN SIDE UP, TO SHOW FILLING.  
ONE CUT IN HALVES





COLD ASPARAGUS MOUSSELINE

eggs, season with salt and pour over the scrambled eggs. Use this mixture to fill the peppers. Set the peppers in timbale or other molds to keep them upright. Let cook in a moderate oven until the egg is set throughout. Turn on to a hot platter, open side down. Pour around half-glaze sauce to which shredded truffles have been added.

### Half Glaze Sauce

To a cup of brown sauce add a cup of brown stock and let simmer in an open saucepan until the mixture is reduced one half. Skim as needed. When ready to serve, beat in one teaspoonful of butter and two or three tablespoonfuls of sherry wine.

### Eggs, with Spinach

Chop, fine, cooked spinach. For a pint of well-drained spinach make three-fourths a cup of cream sauce; stir the spinach into the sauce. Do not have the

spinach too moist. Season as needed with salt and pepper. Dispose the spinach in flat rounds on individual plates. Set a poached egg above each round. Surround with a string of sauce made of chicken or veal broth.

### Poached Eggs, "Times Square" (New York Style)

*(The Caterer)*

Mix small cubes of cooked chicken breast, fresh mushrooms and pimentos with a little Mornay Sauce. Spread a thin layer on the bottom of individual earthen au gratin dishes, set a poached egg above, cover with Mornay Sauce mixed with tomato purée and a dash of paprika. Sprinkle with grated Swiss and Parmesan cheese. Set into a hot oven for an instant. Serve at once.

### Mornay Sauce

Make a sauce of three tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, scant half a tea-



COLD STRING-BEAN MOUSSELINE

spoonful, each, of salt and pepper, and one cup and a half of consommé, chicken or veal broth. Add one-fourth a cup, each, of grated Gruyère and Parmesan cheese, and stir until melted.

### Cold Asparagus Mousseline

Line fluted individual molds with asparagus tips cut to the height of the molds. Set a stalk in each flute of the mold or in alternate flutes. A small can of asparagus is enough for eight molds, if the tips are set in alternate flutes. Rinse the asparagus with cold water and dry on a cloth, as soon as taken from the can. Put over the fire the trimmings of the asparagus, one cup of

Serve, unmolded, with lettuce and French dressing.

### Cold String-Bean Mousseline

Prepare as the asparagus mousseline, lining the flutes of the molds with choice, green string beans. Use about three-fourths a cup of string beans, with the other vegetables and broth, in making the purée. Spinach, tomato, cauliflower and other vegetables may be used in the same way.

### Cream Cheese, with Bar-le-Duc

Split Boston or the smaller Hub butter crackers; toast or let brown in the oven. Work a cream cheese or press it



CREAM CHEESE PIPED ON CRACKERS (SPLIT), WITH BAR-LE-DUC

chicken broth, two slices of onion, four slices of carrot, half a stalk of celery, and two branches of parsley and let cook about fifteen minutes. Press through a sieve. (There should be about one cup of pulp and liquid); add half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika and one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water. Let stand over the fire until the gelatine is dissolved, then set into ice and water and stir until beginning to set, then fold in one cup of cream, beaten firm. Set a figure, cut from a slice of truffle, in the bottom of each mold. Fill the molds with the cream mixture.

through a sieve, to make it light, then fold in about one-fourth its bulk of cream, plain or whipped, and a few grains of salt. Pipe the prepared cheese on the edge of the crackers and set a teaspoonful of red bar-le-duc currants in the center. Serve as a part or the whole of the dessert course at luncheon or dinner.

### Chestnut Bavarian Cream

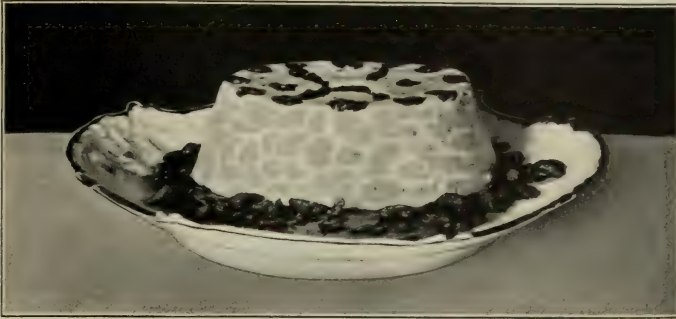
Home-made chestnut preserve, either whole or broken nuts, is the best form in which to use chestnuts for this dish. Decorate the bottom of the mold with slices of candied or maraschino cherries



and chestnuts. Cook one-third a cup of raisins in boiling water to cover, until the raisins are tender and the water is nearly evaporated. Cut a dozen cherries

### Ring of Ice Cream, with Peaches, Melba Sauce

Pack vanilla ice-cream into a ring



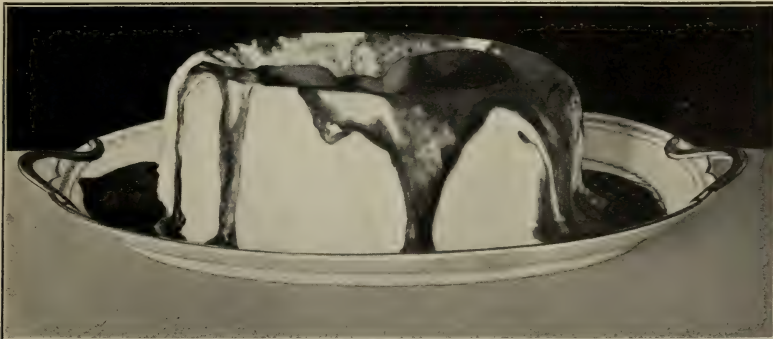
CHESTNUT BAVARIAN CREAM

in pieces, add the pieces left from decorating the mold, and the raisins; add one-fourth a cup of chestnuts, in small pieces, and one-fourth a cup of the chestnuts pressed through a sieve, and enough of the chestnut syrup to make, in all, a generous cup of material; let heat and in it dissolve one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine, one-fourth a package, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water. Set the dish into ice and water and stir till it begins to thicken, then fold in one cup of cream, beaten very light. When the mixture will "hold its shape," put it into the mold by spoonfuls. When unmolded, surround with pieces of preserved chestnut in syrup. If the preserve has not been flavored, add a teaspoonful of vanilla before folding in the cream.

mold, cover securely, and pack in four measures of crushed ice to one of salt. When unmolded fill the center with canned or preserved peaches. Pour Melba sauce over the whole. Half-frozen raspberry sherbet may replace the Melba sauce.

### Bombe Jeanne D'Arc

Line a mold with vanilla ice-cream; fill the center with angel parfait mixed with *praline* powder, and cover with ice-cream. Let stand two or three hours in equal measures of salt and crushed ice. When the bombe is unmolded, pipe whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, above, and sprinkle the whole with the rest of the *praline* powder.

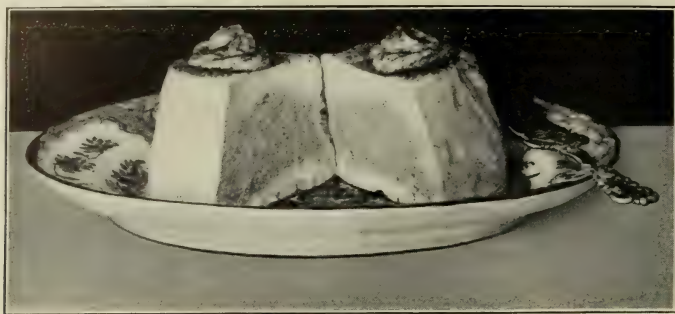


OVAL RING OF ICE CREAM, WITH PEACHES, MELBA SAUCE

*Pralined Angel Parfait*

## Devil's Food

Cook half a cup of sugar to caramel;      Melt half a cake of chocolate in a

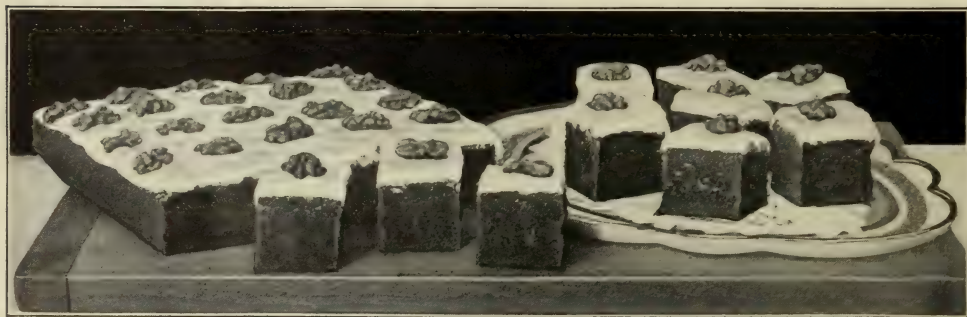


BOMBE JEANNE D' ARC

add half a cup of blanched and dried almonds, let cook a moment, then turn on an oiled marble or an agate pan. When cold, pound the candy in a mortar (or strong cloth) and press it through a sieve. Pound the portion remaining in the sieve a second time, or as is needed, that all may pass the sieve.

Beat one cup of cream quite firm, and the white of an egg dry; into the egg fold one-fourth a cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla; add the cream and two-thirds of the *praline* powder and fold the whole together. An angel parfait is often made by boiling the sugar with half the measure of water to the thread degree, and adding it to the white of egg as in boiled frosting. When cold

double boiler; add one cup of brown sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs and half a cup of milk, and stir and cook over hot water until the mixture thickens; let cool and add to the cake mixture just before it is turned into the pan. For the cake, beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of brown sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs and half a cup of milk. Sift some soda, measure out one teaspoonful and sift again into the sifted flour, then sift the flour and soda into the cake mixture; beat thoroughly, add the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, and the chocolate mixture; beat thoroughly. Bake in a sheet. Cover with a boiled frosting, made with the whites of eggs left over from the



DEVIL'S FOOD

fold in the cream, flavoring and, in this case, the *praline* powder.

chocolate part of the cake. Decorate with halves of English walnut meats.



# Menus for a Week in April

*"Unskilful or slovenly cooking, or an unwise selection of food may neutralize a vigorous appetite, or even breed dyspepsia."*—Jordan.

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Salt Codfish Balls, Sauce Tartare  
Radishes  
Buttered Toast Rice Cakes  
Honey Syrup Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Oyster Stew  
Loin of Veal, Pöeled, Mashed Potatoes  
Boiled Onions, Buttered  
Beet Greens Pineapple Sherbet  
Waldorf Triangles  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Poached Eggs in Spinach Nests  
Parker House Rolls  
Rhubarb Stewed with Raisins  
Devil's Food Tea

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Salt Mackerel in Milk  
Creamed Potatoes Radishes  
Dry Toast  
Pop Overs Cocoa Coffee

## Luncheon

Ham Timbales, Tomato Sauce  
Bread and Butter  
Chocolate E'clairs Tea

## Dinner

Hamburg Steak  
Potato Gaufrette  
Canned Tomatoes, Stuffed  
Stewed Figs, Whipped Cream  
Toasted Crackers Cheese  
Half Cups of Coffee

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Dried Beef in Cream Sauce  
Plain Boiled Potatoes (in halves)  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Mexican Rabbit  
Olives or Pickles Canned Fruit

## Dinner

Tomato Soup  
Veal Soufflé, Mushroom Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes  
Canned Stringless Beans Cabbage Salad  
Chocolate Custard, Fudge Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Cream of Wheat, Thin Cream  
Spanish Omelet  
Philadelphia Butter Buns (reheated)  
Grapefruit Marmalade Cocoa Coffee

## Luncheon

Creamed Oysters in Chafing Dish  
Endive and Lettuce, French Dressing  
Grape-Juice Sherbet  
Sponge Cake Half Cups of Coffee

## Dinner

Crabflake Croquettes  
Hot-House Cucumbers  
Veal Ragout Mashed Potatoes  
Asparagus, Melted Butter  
Orange Sherbet Half Cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream  
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin  
Mashed Potato Cakes, Baked  
Rye Meal Bread  
Baking Powder Biscuit, Toasted  
Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Cream of Corn Soup  
Dried Lima-Bean Salad  
Bread and Butter  
Prune Jelly, Whipped Cream

## Dinner

Broiled Shad Creamed Roe  
Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Parsnips  
Sliced Tomatoes, French Dressing  
Rhubarb Pie  
Cream Cheese, Toasted Crackers  
Bar-le-Duc Currants Half Cups of Coffee

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Boiled Rice, Thin Cream  
Eggs Cooked in Shell Baked Potatoes  
Glazed Currant Buns  
Honey in Comb Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Eggs à la Grant  
Stewed Lima Beans (dried)  
Parker House Rolls Dried Peach Pie  
Cheese Coffee

## Dinner

Cream of Onion Soup  
Fresh Codfish, New Hampshire Style  
Potatoes Gaufrette Parsnips, Buttered  
Cucumber-and-Pimento Salad  
Lemon Jelly, Boiled Custard  
Half Cups of Coffee

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin  
Horseradish  
White Hashed Potatoes  
Bread-Crumb Griddle Cakes  
Maple Syrup Cocoa Coffee

## Luncheon

Tomato Soup, Toasted Crackers  
Hot Cheese Sandwiches  
Prune Pie  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Dinner

Round Steak en Casserole  
(With Vegetables)  
Tapioca Custard Pudding,  
Vanilla Sauce  
Oatmeal Macaroons  
Coffee

# Menus for Small April Weddings

## Wedding Breakfasts

### I

Strawberries, French Fashion  
Breaded Fillets of Fish, Fried  
Cucumbers and Radishes, French Dressing  
Glazed Sweetbreads in Macaroni Nests  
Fin de Siecle Salad  
Rolls  
Chestnut Bavarian Cream  
Coffee  
Wedding Cake in Boxes

### II

Strawberry-and-Orange Cocktail  
Lobster or Crabflake Cutlets, Sauce Tartare  
Lamb Chops, Maintenon  
Peas  
"1912 Salad"  
Frozen Apricots  
Bride's Cake  
(Cut by Bride)  
Coffee

### III

Consomme, with Poached Egg  
Bread Sticks  
Broiled Squabs  
French Fried Potatoes  
Sliced Tomatoes  
Vanilla Ice Cream, Crushed Strawberries  
Bride's Cake  
(Cut by Bride)  
Coffee

### IV

Grapefruit-and-Strawberry Cocktail  
Chicken Croquettes, Peas  
Cold, Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin  
Hot Rolls  
Mayonnaise of Tomatoes  
Chestnut Bavarian Cream  
Coffee

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## Small Evening Weddings

### Buffet Service

#### I

Chicken à la King  
(Chafing Dishes)  
Lobster Salad  
Rolls  
Coffee  
Caramel Parfait in Tall Glasses  
Assorted Cakes

#### II

Scalloped Fish in Paper Cases  
Chicken Salad, Spring Style  
Sandwiches Small Baking Powder Biscuit  
Strawberry Sherbet, in Tall Glasses  
Whipped Cream Decoration  
Coffee

#### III

Crabflake Timbales, Cream Sauce  
Chicken Salad  
Rolls Sandwiches  
Coffee  
St. Jacques Cup  
Sponge Cake

#### IV

Chicken Timbales, Mushroom Sauce  
Salmon and Lobster Salads  
Yeast Rolls Sandwiches  
Olives Salted Nuts  
Coffee  
Almond Meringues Macaroons  
Lady Fingers Angel Cakelets  
Orange Sherbet

#### V

Scalloped Oysters  
Galantine of Chicken, Aspic Jelly  
Sliced Tomatoes, Mayonnaise  
Yeast Rolls Sandwiches  
Coffee  
Bombe Jeanne D'Arc  
Bride's Cake





## Dietetics in Hospitals

By Fairfax T. Proudfit

(*Dietitian to The Lucy Brinkley Hospital, Memphis, Tennessee*)

THERE is no course of study in the nurse's curriculum that should occupy a more important place than that of dietetics. This is, unfortunately, not the case,—probably for the reason that at present the course of dietetics in hospitals is summed up in the word "cooking." Nothing could be more incorrect than this term applied to the science of dietetics. Schools, like Teachers' College, are making a valiant fight to raise the standard, and are training women to teach the subject on broader lines, the course of which consists of physiological and pathological chemistry, biology, physiology, and nutrition, which includes work in the selection and preparation of food under normal and abnormal conditions.

The course contains a certain amount of work in the care and feeding of infants. The students visit milk stations and other institutions where the poorest specimens of infant humanity are brought for food and treatment. It is here that the very worst examples of wrong treatment and feeding are found. The mother of these children are appallingly ignorant of all that is supposed to be a part of every woman's birthright, the right of protecting her young. These mothers, many of whom cannot understand the language, are brought into contact with conditions such as they have never before encountered. Is it strange that they do not know how to combat the evils that surround them, or

that their babies should suffer and die through their lack of knowledge?

Unfortunately it is not the poor little foreign baby, alone, that suffers from this lack of proper attention and feeding. When it comes to a question of intelligent care, there are, probably, none that are so inadequately looked after as the babies of our country, and when we stop to think of the various ills that their little bodies are heir to, we wonder that so many survive.

The hospitals in large cities have wards in which babies are cared for, but in small cities and towns this is not the case. In fact they are conspicuous by their absence. This was brought home to the writer forcibly some months ago when a physician, a specialist, called on me to send him a nurse that understood the care and feeding of infants, the feeding of the child being the important part of the nurse's duty. I looked the ground over and had to acknowledge that I knew of no nurse in town that could answer his purpose, although there were a number of good nurses in other lines of work. This state of things should not go on, especially in the South, where the babies have to combat so many other conditions that are impossible to overcome.

There must be a reason for this lack of good nurses and I began to inquire into the training that nurses receive along these lines, and found that it consists chiefly of lectures. Now every

chemist, in fact, every physician, knows that lectures without laboratory work are practically useless in certain lines of study. Theory is all right, but it does not go far enough. This has been demonstrated, again and again, especially in dietetics.

Much harm has been done by not knowing how to interpret a diet sheet, or to read correctly a formula. The fault is not that of the nurse alone, but in her lack of technical training. She has not been taught to think in percentages, and a gram represents no visible amount to her. This must be overcome. Either the nurse must be taught the system of weights, by practical measuring and weighing out definite quantities, or the physician must write his formulas in household terms, understandable to all.

The trained dietitian must be ready to meet such problems, for they are very common and are of the greatest importance. I saw a case in which this point was graphically demonstrated. A class of students in dietetics was given the problem of formulating a Diet Sheet for Diabetes. Each student was supposed to eat the meal, prepared, for her own luncheon, thus gaining a practical knowledge of how her diabetic patient would fare.

The professor did not stipulate how the diets should be written, but told the class that they must conform to the physiological and nutritional rules governing the pathological condition. This the students did to a certain extent. That is, they allowed the proper amounts of protein, carbohydrates, and fats, indicated in the dietary. But when it came to a question of definite measures, some of the students showed a lack of knowledge that would, carried into private practice, undo the work of the most efficient of physicians.

As I looked over the tables containing the meals for the diabetic patients, I doubted if many of them would have survived the ordeal. It was not that the diet was not well prepared or daintily

served, but that the portions of certain articles, meat in particular, were such as to appall a well person, much less a sick one.

One student made this mistake and had it brought home to her in a particularly ludicrous manner. Having a certain amount of protein to provide in the diet, she decided that, as roast beef was very palatable as well as nourishing, she would give the protein in that form. When she began to weigh out the desired number of grams, she was astounded at the amount of space that a few ounces of meat occupied. I heard an exclamation from her, "Surely I do not have to eat all of this beef for one meal, why it spreads all over the plate." It did, indeed, for she had arranged it so that her unfortunate patient would have to consume, provided he did not die in the attempt, five large slices of rare roast beef. No wonder she was astonished and overcome by the diet that she had prescribed. The professor had allowed the student to carry out the meals as she had written them in her diet sheet, that she might profit by the mistake she had made in calculating amounts with regard to measure.

Would not such a mistake be apt to occur with any one who had not had training to show the relations of weights with measures? This particular student was so forcibly impressed with this point that she reviewed the aspects of the disease thoroughly, giving special attention to the point in question. In so doing she discovered that the amount of meat provided in her dietary was wrong, not only from the standpoint of bulk, but likewise from the standpoint of health, also that the physiologists all over the world had the best of reasons for limiting the amount of meat in the diet of diabetic patients.

To return to the subject of training nurses to care for sick babies, it is one of the most important subjects, and the one that, I believe, receives the least attention. Of course, this is not the



case in hospitals that make a speciality of the care of infants and children, but in the general run of hospitals, particularly in those of smaller cities and towns, where very little, if any, attention is given to this branch of nursing.

I believe that many of the nurses, otherwise excellently trained, are wholly at sea when it comes to a question of feeding a sick baby, even if the disorder be a slight one. This is not astonishing, when we know that they are doing practically new work, and we cannot expect a correct carrying out of directions, when there has been no scientific background of training to give them the knowledge of what to do or what to expect.

Every hospital should have its own laboratory, where the nurses can be taught by practical demonstration. Thus by preparing the food themselves they would gain a knowledge of the diet indicated in different pathological conditions. This would prove invaluable to them in their future work, and make them so efficient that, when their hospital training was over, they could competently care for any case, whether the patient be an adult or a suffering child.

It may be a Utopian dream, to think that the day will come when every town and city will be provided with nurses trained for special work; that every mother will have the opportunity of learning beforehand what she must ex-

pect, and be prepared to do the right thing for herself and for the little life for which she is responsible; that the subject will be given recognition in the schools, for it is there the "little mothers" receive their first training. All this must be the work of the future, and we must look to the future to bring about these necessary changes and improvements.

At present, it rests with the heads of "Hospital Boards" to provide teachers who are trained to teach dietetics, not cooking alone. This course should include simple physiological and pathological chemistry, dietetics, that is, nutrition, which embodies a knowledge of food-stuffs and their behavior in the body, under normal and abnormal conditions, a knowledge of diseases, that they may utilize this knowledge correctly, by being able to interpret and carry out a diet indicated in each case and as arranged by the physician.

All this we hope some day to see accomplished. The trained nurse will then be trained indeed. No one branch will receive attention at the expense of another, as is now the case. And the nurse, who desires to specialize in one particular line of nursing, will take that branch as a post-graduate course, coming after and supplementing her regular course, thus increasing her efficiency and general usefulness in a field of work where women excel.

## Daffodil

Out of her snowy bed she crept—  
One balmy morn in Spring,—  
And stood upon her slim green throne,—  
To list a bluebird sing.

Her parasol of yellow silk  
Shone disc-like o'er her head,—  
And round about the dainty form,—  
Her frock in ruffles, spread.

Still higher climbed she on her throne,  
Her curls by sunbeams kis't—  
And as her perfumed fan she waved,—  
Quick fled the dew-drenched mist.

So coy her smiling face she raised,  
The bluebird bold, gazed down,—  
Then sudden trilled he loud and long,—  
"Sweet daffodil has come, has come,  
By sunbeams kissed, to town."

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

# The Dasheen—An Addition to the American Menu

By T. C. O'Donnell

A SUBSTITUTE for the Irish potato with the pleasing name of "dasheen" you would naturally assume to be of Irish origin, would you not? However, you would be mistaken, for the dasheen is a product of the tropics and the Orient. Various species of the plant have been used in Japan and China for thousands of years, while still others are a common article of diet in the West Indies, Central and South America, Central Africa, and Malaysia. Just now the American government is making extensive experiments with the dasheen, with a view to determining the extent to which it can be adapted to growth in the southern States and to the American menu.

Thus far the indications are that the southern farmer has in the dasheen a most profitable crop, since the yield per acre is enormous, four hundred bushels of a Trinidad variety being reported in one experiment. The size of the yield, however, is offset to some extent by the fact that the plant does not thrive on all kinds of land, preferring a rich, wet soil with plenty of potash, either natural or supplied in fertilizer.

The problem of the adaptation of the dasheen to the American menu is more simple. The fact that, besides being long used in China and Japan, it has long been a staple in the Americas, would indicate that there are no obstacles to its becoming as much of a favorite as the tomato and other plants that are indigenous to our western world. As a matter of fact, at the present time, one large institution of a semi-public nature, catering to five hundred persons, consumes the entire output of a southern experiment station, and has found it a most pleasing

addition to the menu, serving it sometimes in the place of and sometimes in addition to the Irish potato.

Baked, boiled, fried, mashed, and made into croquettes, or stuffing for chicken or other meat—the dasheen can be prepared in any form common with the potato, and in others peculiar to itself. The composition of the tuber is similar to that of the potato, except that it contains from 40 to 75 per cent more protein, or nitrogenous substances, than the latter vegetable. Its



BASE OF PLANT SHOWING INTERIOR



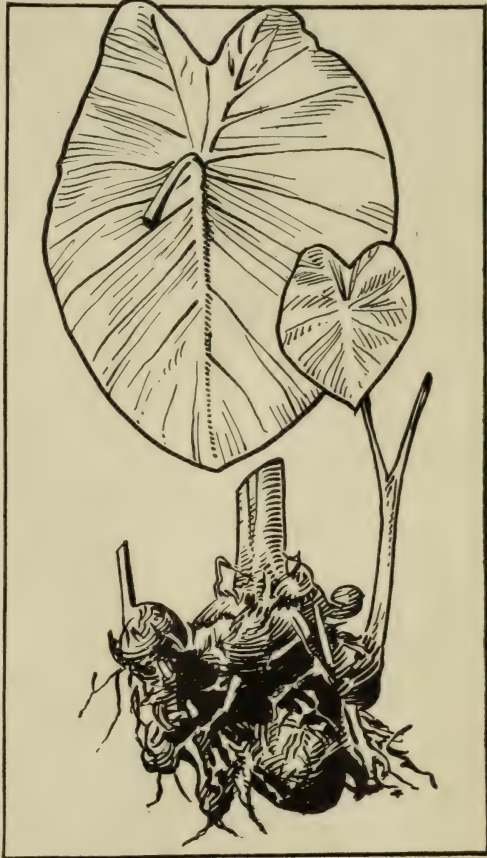
taste when cooked is suggestive of boiled chestnuts.

Botanically, the plant is an *aroid*, as will be seen from the leaf shown in the accompanying cut, being related to the common plant known as "elephant ear." From the corm, or bulb-root, there grow a large number of tubers, in much the same manner as tiny bulbs often attach themselves to the bulb of the gladiolus. These tubers constitute the edible part of the dasheen.

The plants are usually started by setting out either the tubers themselves, or the tops of the corms, much as we plant potatoes, a half-yard to one yard apart. Harvesting is confined to the simple act of pulling at the root stem until the corm and tubers come up. After pulling, the plant is left on the ground for a few days, provided the weather is not wet, and then stored. Given a proper degree of dryness, it will keep from four to six months. In some of the southern States they have been left in the ground and have withstood decay with good success.

At the present time, due to the experimental nature of the work, no dollars-and-cents statement of the commercial value of the dasheen can be given, but the present indications are that the plant will be in much demand, when the people have learned its gustatory value. And, certainly, it would seem that the adoption of new

food plants would be quite as important as the futile striving after new ways of cooking the older plants, if one might judge from some of the specimens with frilled names which one encounters upon the typical bill-of-fare.



LEAF AND ROOT OF DASHEEN

## What She Sent—What She Wanted To Send

By Alix Thorn

"Dear Mr. Brown," so ran the invitation—  
"Will you not dine with us next Tuesday eve?  
'Twill give us all much pleasure to receive  
you;

I trust you can arrange the town to leave:  
I think you know the trains to Ascott Terrace;

And hoping to receive you, Tuesday, then,  
Until that time, believe me, most sincerely—"  
And then her name—

PRISCILLA CONSTANCE FENN.

"Dear Billy Brown, oh, all day I've been  
thinking

How great 'twould be to meet you quite alone  
Out in the garden, where the flowers once  
lingered,

But where dead leaves are now so wildly  
blown:

Dear Billy, though I know its quite improper  
To want to see you, think of you again;  
Yet come to dinner, Tuesday, Mother asks  
you,

And write you're coming, to—

PRISCILLA FENN."

# The Steam Laundry—Wherein It Is Injurious

By R. C. Benner

WE have all heard much of the "good old days and how different things were then from now." But is the difference always in favor of the past? In the convenience of modern life the methods of old-time business would not for an instant be tolerated and nowhere is this difference so marked as in the laundry business.

As a result of the ingenuity displayed by progressive launderers and manufacturers of laundry machinery and supplies, the growth of the laundering industry, since its introduction in this country forty years ago, has been indeed marvelous. The invention of labor saving devices has been perhaps the greatest factor in making the rapid development possible, and recently the value of methods based on chemical principles have helped in obtaining satisfactory results.

Contrary to almost universal belief many laundries do a grade of work that is not only excellent in appearance but is done with comparatively little injury to the fabrics. It is because of the small, poorly equipped and badly managed laundries, where the life of the clothes is shortened by half, that the notion of the harmfulness of the steam laundry prevails.

The successful operation of the laundering industry is dependent upon the proper combination of mechanical and chemical processes, and the more carefully these are controlled the better finished will be the work turned out. For the steam laundering problem of today is, indeed, complex, not only because of the great variety of fabrics to be handled, but as well because of the large number of dyestuffs now used. The textile fibers are, of course, cotton, flax wool and silk, woven either separately or in different combinations. Because of

the difference in properties of the various fibers and dye-stuffs, numerous methods of treatment are necessary for the different classes of articles and a knowledge of the chemical properties of these fibers and dyes is essential.

Another factor, which enters into consideration, when determining the process to be employed, is the nature of the substances to be removed and the extent to which the articles are soiled. A rough classification of these substances is as follows:

1. Albuminous substances, such as blood and egg stains.
2. Vegetable dyes, which cause fruit and wine stains.
3. Fats and oils.
4. Acid and alkali stains.
5. Body excretions and waste epithelial cells.
6. Old starch.
7. Street dirt and soot.

Of the work in the laundry, it is with that in the wash-room that we are most concerned, for it is there that chemical principles are most largely employed and proper handling is necessary for the prevention of excessively harmful action to the fibers by an improper use of the chemicals. As water is used throughout the whole washing process, it is easily the most important of all agents and a large supply of good water must be available, to assure success.

Sometimes the clothes come home from the laundry feeling harsh, and dingy yellow in color. This is due to the use of hard water, either in making the soap solution or in the rinses. Hard water should never be used. The color of the clothing is uniformly better when soft water is used, for larger quantities of the soap and alkaline substances are removed by it than by hard water. Launderers are, as a rule, skeptical about this,



for when soft water is used the rinse water seems to form suds even after several changes. This is not, however, because less is removed than with hard water, but that with the hard water there isn't the foaming. In all probability it is this disbelief which occasions the rather general use of hard water and its attendant consequences upon our clothing.

The clothes are put into the machine, cold water is admitted and allowed to remain for about five minutes. This is to remove the loose dirt and to dissolve albuminous substances, which would be coagulated, if hot water were used at once. After about five minutes this action is complete and the water is drained off. Hot water is now run on and the soap solution containing the alkali, if any is to be added, is introduced.

The cleaning agents used with the water are soap, carbonates and bicarbonates of sodium and potassium, sodium hydroxide, borax and mixtures of carbonates and bicarbonates sold under trade names as washing sodas. Not only should the action as a cleansing agent be considered, in the choice of these, but the possibility of its attacking the fabrics should not be lost sight of.

Soaps are, without doubt, the best cleansers when combined with soft water. Neutral soaps, to the solutions of which small quantities of soda ash are added, are preferable to the strongly alkaline. Soda ash is just as satisfactory as prepared washing sodas and the prejudices against it is due to its occasional use in too large quantities, the operator losing sight of the fact that a much smaller quantity than of washing soda is required to give an equally strong alkaline solution.

Care is necessary in the use of alkalies; while they attack silk and wool much more readily than cotton, they are also apt to give cotton goods a yellow color even in the weak solutions. Often strongly alkaline soaps are used, through ignorance of their alkaline content. The

best soaps for general use are those made from good grades of red oil (crude oleic acid). They are much more soluble than tallow soaps and have a more pronounced cleansing action. The greater solubility is advantageous, inasmuch as it permits of more efficient removal of the soap by rinsing. Resin soaps are inferior as cleansers and, furthermore, they produce a yellow cast in the fabrics when used repeatedly.

Steam is now admitted from the boiler, to raise the temperature of the water to the boiling point, where it is kept during the remainder of the 25 minutes the clothes remain in this solution.

The second soap and alkali solution is made a trifle weaker. The bleaching liquor is added along with the soap and the whole solution discharged after 25 minutes. The bleach most frequently used is chloride of lime, but other reagents, available, are sodium hydro-sulphite, hydrogen peroxide, sodium perborate, etc. This bleaching is unquestionably the most harmful part of the washing process, and if not used with great caution, dire results are sure to follow. If the solution is too strong, the fibers in the cloth will be greatly weakened, shortening the life of the garment. This accounts for threads in collars, for instance, breaking so much sooner than colored clothes which are not subjected to the bleach. The rate at which the bleaching solution is heated, if not carefully watched, will occasion the yellow color we so often observe in steam laundered clothes.

Next comes the acid rinse, the purpose of which solution is the neutralization of all alkalies not rinsed from the goods, that when put into the blueing water the blueing may set evenly, and because, otherwise, the alkali would cause a conversion of starch to dextrine and glucose when heated in the ironing machine. The acids used are acetic, lactic and oxalic. Acetic and lactic, being weak, have no particularly harmful effect. Oxalic is much stronger, but is univers-

ally used because of the ease with which it removes iron stains. Any oxalic acid that is not rinsed out in the washer becomes concentrated in the drying room or on the ironing machine and has a very injurious action on the fibers. Collars will break after few such treatments.

It is a common experience that colored articles, which are sent to the laundry, last much longer than white. The rea-

son is that the bleaching liquor is not used for them and they are not treated with as strongly alkaline solutions.

Woolen and silk articles are not treated either with the alkalies or the chlorine bleach, as these would render them harsh and weaken the fibres. If a bleach is necessary, hydrogen peroxide, sodium perborate or sodium hydrosulphite are used.

## Always a Handicap

By Wilfred T. Grenfell (in *Christian Register*)

Why don't I want to see liquor used at sea? Because, when I go down for watch below, I want to feel that the man at the wheel sees only one light when there is only one light to see; that when the safety of the ship and all it carries depends on the cool head, the instant resolve, and the steady hand of the helmsman, there is not standing there in place of the man, the poor, debased creature that all the world has seen alcohol create—even out of such gifted men as Burns and Coleridge and hosts of others.

I have seen ships lost through collision because the captain had been taking "a little alcohol." I have had to tell a woman that she was a widow and that her children were fatherless because her husband, gentle and loving and clean-living, had been tempted to take "a drop of alcohol" at sea, and had fallen over the side, drunk. I have had to clothe children and feed them when reduced to starvation, because alcohol had robbed them of a natural protector and all the necessities of life. I have had to visit in prisons the victims of crime, caused as directly in honest men by alcohol as a burn is caused by falling into the fire.

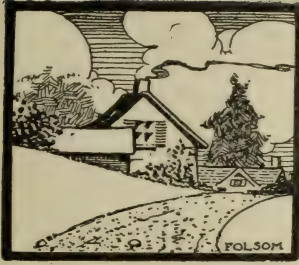
Why do I not want alcohol as a beverage in a country where cold is extreme, exposure is constant, and physical con-

ditions are full of hardship? Simply because I have seen men go down in the struggle for want of that natural strength which alcohol alone had robbed them of. The fishermen that I live among are my friends, and I love them as my brothers, and I do not think I am unnecessarily prejudiced or bigoted when I say that alcohol is inadvisable, after one has seen it robbing his best friends of strength, honor, reason, kindliness, love, money, and even life.

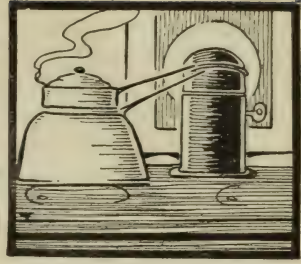
During twenty years experience on the sea and on the snow in winter,—an experience coming after an upbringing in soft places,—I have found that alcohol has been entirely unnecessary.

I have been doctoring sick men and women of every kind, and I have found that I can use other drugs of which we know the exact action and which we can control absolutely with greater accuracy in cases of necessity for stimulating the heart. I contend we can get just as good results without it, and I always fear its power to create a desire for itself. It is not necessary for happiness, for I have known no set of men happier and enjoying their lives more than the crews of my own vessel, and the many, many fishermen who, like ourselves, neither touch, taste, nor handle it.





# HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

## Renewing Plumes

THE April sun has rather a sorry effect on the pretty, light-colored plumes that graced the winter hats, and a good deal of overhauling and cleaning is necessary to give winter hats a spring-time freshness. A good way to clean plumes is to place them in a basinful of soapsuds, made with cold water instead of hot, in which they should be left to soak for an hour or two. They should then be plunged into boiling water and allowed to remain for a quarter of an hour. Each feather should then be taken out, spread on a cloth, and every particle of dirt that still clings to the fronds removed by rubbing these with a soft piece of silk dipped in soapsuds. They must be rinsed in several changes of hot water, and finally laid on a towel across the knee, the fronds being touched lightly with a towel made into a ball, so as to regain the curved shape of the feather. When almost dry, the feathers should be well shapen until they appear perfectly soft and fluffy, then immediately inclose them in tissue paper and place in a cool oven or on the plate rack of the stove, so as to complete the drying operations.

## To Wash Colored Embroidery

To wash pieces of colored embroidery so that there will be less danger of the colors running, put a tablespoonful of powdered alum in the water and use only the purest white soap to make a light lather, but do not apply it direct to the silk. If the latter is of good make, it will

come out bright and clean, with no fading or injury whatever; but when the color runs or blurs in the ground material, the remedy mentioned will usually make the washing safe. A tablespoonful of salt is also good for setting most bright colors and, in any case, tends to brighten and clear the color, with no harm to the fabric.

E. G.

\* \* \*

"Her voice is ever soft and low."

THE poet has ever accredited to to woman a voice, full, rich and musical. But in reality how few such voices do we find.

As a teacher, I have occasion to notice this often. Listen for a few minutes to a group of girls talking—their voices become higher, more shrill and penetrating each minute, until they are all practically yelling and shrieking.

Let us teach our young people, boys, as well as girls, that to make one's self clearly understood, the voice should be pitched somewhat low; that the lips were made to move and help form the words, and these words should be spoken slowly enough to be perfectly distinct.

As a people, all Americans suffer more or less from throat trouble. Why can we not teach our boys and girls that any undue strain on the throat and vocal cords weakens them and leaves the throat susceptible to cold and irritation.

From the view-point of culture, refinement, and true courtesy, there is nothing so all-important as a musical voice. In these days of woman's advancement, we

must be very careful to remember that, after all, we are women, and desire to be known as gentlewomen. Let us be mindful of our voices and thus by example aid our girls and boys to become what we all so much want them to be—true gentlewomen and gentlemen. H. T.

\* \* \*

### Ham Scallop

**T**WO cups of cold boiled ham, ground fine, and six hard-boiled eggs. When cold, separate the whites from the yolks and chop fine. Make a thick cream sauce of two tablespoonfuls of butter and four of flour. Cook until smooth, then add a pint of sweet milk. When thick, season with salt and pepper. Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of sauce first, then add, in succession, ham, yolks of eggs, whites and top layer of sauce, dusted over with fine cracker crumbs and small pieces of butter. Bake until brown, which will be in about half an hour. This makes a nice luncheon dish, and scraps of ham, or pieces clinging to the bone that cannot be served sliced, can be utilized in this way.

Any one who wishes to keep potatoes for use in the winter may do so, if they will try this plan: Take a box or barrel of sufficient size and line inside and cover outside with several thicknesses of paper. Then, after the potatoes have been dug long enough to be thoroughly dry, wrap each potato separately in soft paper (newspaper will answer) and pack in box. Lay more paper on the top, cover and place where there is no danger of freezing, but do not put in the cellar, as they must be very dry. When potatoes are taken out, the papers should be replaced to keep the box nearly full. This is a good way to keep potatoes for seed as well as for table use.

When the family rebels at having canned peaches served to them for dessert, try combining the peaches with oranges. Drain off the juice from the

peaches and sweeten it slightly, unless it is already very sweet. Cut up a dozen oranges to every quart of peaches and arrange them in a glass dish in alternate rows. Sprinkle each with powdered sugar and pour over all the sweetened syrup of the peaches. Serve very cold.

J. J. O'C.

\* \* \*

### Rose Jelly. Guava Preserve

**A**MONG the fascinating displays of edibles to be seen in show windows of fashionable grocers are rose jelly and guava preserve. The rose jelly is apple base with rose flavor; it comes in square, cornered and flaring glasses like inverted pyramids; this makes a nice shape to turn out for tea, dessert or luncheon. It is to be eaten with cream, and fancy cakes are served with it. Or slices of it may be used to decorate many kinds of fine desserts.

The guava preserve comes in tall bottles and is newer than the long-beloved guava jelly or marmalade, called guava cheese when firm enough to cut like cheese. The old English term is fruit butter when soft, like marmalade; when a little stiffer it is called cheese. In old English cook books one finds "damson cheese," etc.

J. D. C.

\* \* \*

### Suggestions

**P**OPOVERS served with hard sauce make a simple and very good dessert.

To keep lettuce or parsley crisp, wash thoroughly, place in granite pan and cover tight. All water should be drained from it, leaving only what clings to the leaves. Place in ice-box or on the floor of a dry, cold cellar. You will find it beautifully fresh at the end of the third day, and when it was newly picked I have kept it even longer.

### Simple Fruit Dumplings

From rich biscuit dough cut rounds



four or five inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick. Dispose any desired fruit in the center of each round and pinch the edges up over it to cover it completely. A ripe peach brushed to remove fuzz; four or five quarters of tart apples; a few spoonfuls of berries or cherries may be used. Sweeten the fruit slightly and in each dumpling place a good lump of butter. Apples should be sprinkled with cinnamon. A few drops of brandy improve the peach flavor. Place the dumplings in a buttered granite pan just large enough to hold them. Over all pour a cup of sugar and fill the pan with cold water almost to cover the puddings. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour. Serve hot with cream.

### Cheese Sandwiches

Cut bread thin and toast brown one side only. Spread the toasted side with a mixture of cream cheese, seasoned with salt and paprika and worked to a paste with cream. Press two slices together, cut in any desired shape and size. Toast the outsides. Delicious with salad.

MRS. R. H. B.

\* \* \*

### Bran Bread (Mrs. J. H. C.)

Soften half a cake of compressed yeast in one cup and a half of water and mix thoroughly; add to one cup and a half of scalded-and-cooled milk; add also one tablespoonful of shortening, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, two cups of bran and three cups of white flour (one of Graham and two of white flour may be used). Mix all together thoroughly and turn into two bread pans. When light bake about fifty minutes.

### Bran Muffins

Beat two eggs light; add one teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of brown sugar or molasses, two cups of sweet milk, three cups of bran and one cup of white flour, with two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls

of baking powder. Mix well and bake, in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes. The recipe makes eighteen muffins. If the batter is too thin, add a little more white flour. A more tender muffin results when sour milk or buttermilk replaces the sweet milk. In this case, stir one level teaspoonful of soda into the sour milk and sift one slightly rounding teaspoonful of baking powder into the flour.

### Asparagus, with Black Butter

Trim and remove tough scales on the stalks, tie in bunches, and cook in boiling, salted water. For one bunch of good size, cooked and set on a serving dish, cook one-fourth a cup of butter until brown, add one tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley, one and a half tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of scraped onion and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and pour over the tips of the asparagus.

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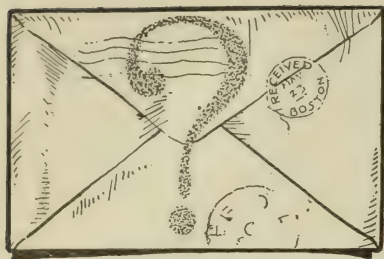
### Spanish Dainties

MISS Katherine Lee Bates, describing the pleasures of a jaunt among "Spanish Highways and Byways," tells of the delicious Andalusian dainties served at a picnic in the ruined amphitheatre of Italica. It fairly makes one's mouth water to read of "cold soups like melted salads, home-made fig marmalade, cinnamon pastes, of which the gypsies knew the secret, and sugared chestnuts covered by a marvelous syrup wherein could be detected flavors of lemon and orange peel and a medley of spices." E. M. H.

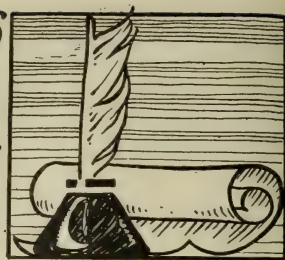
\* \* \*

One of our wedding gifts was a flat silver pie knife or server. As we seldom eat pie, the pie server was put aside, until one day I discovered that it was just the thing to use in serving poached eggs from a flat platter. Since then I have found the pie knife convenient for serving fried eggs, oysters and croquettes.

N. F. M.



# QUERIES & ANSWERS



**T**HIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

## Beef Stew

For a well-flavored stew select a piece of meat that contains fat, bone and lean meat, the latter predominating. In this selection, everything depends on the number of people to be served. If meat is purchased in large quantity and one has a large sirloin roast, the flank end will make a choice stew. If seven or eight pounds of meat, enough to serve thirty people, are required, the aitch bone may be selected. This piece contains some very tender meat, and the joint may be served one day as a rare-cooked roast and, then, the rest be made into a stew. For a stew to serve six people, purchase two and one-half pounds of the "chuck," cut it into small pieces, and brown part of the pieces in a little hot dripping. Cover the rest of the meat with cold water and heat quickly to the boiling point; add the meat from the frying pan and turn some of the hot liquid into the pan; let it stand over the fire until the glaze is dissolved from the pan, then add to the meat. Cover and let simmer about two hours. Add two or three peeled onions, cut in slices, and one carrot, scraped and cut in slices, and let cook half an hour; then add five potatoes, pared, rinsed, parboiled and drained, and let cook until the potatoes are tender, when all should be cooked. Add salt and pepper as needed and the stew is ready. Two and a half pounds

from the hind shank of beef, which is largely lean meat and bone, may be used, though the meat is dry, if a marrow bone be added, for additional marrow.

## Itemized Cost of Stew

Two pounds and a half of chuck, .50, three onions .03, one carrot .02, five potatoes .03, total .58. The price of shank is .10 per pound; of aitch bone, when buying the whole cut, .15 per pound.

QUERY 1987.—"Recipe for '1912 Salad,' given in this magazine last year."

## Dressing for "1912 Salad"

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of olive oil	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt
Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of paprika
Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ an orange	1 teaspoonful of Worcestershire Sauce
1 teaspoonful of grated onion	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of mustard
3 teaspoonfuls of parsley, chopped fine	

Put the ingredients for the dressing into a fruit jar, adjust one or two rubbers and the cover and shake until the mixture is smooth and thickened a little. This is sufficient for eight portions. Select smooth, firm tomatoes; peel and cut into slices, a generous half-inch thick, stamp out rounds from the slices and insert in the center of each four or five cooked asparagus tips. Dispose on heart-leaves of lettuce. Cut the small rounds into cubes and dispose these, with sev-



eral olives and cooked chestnuts, cut in slices, at one side, then pour on the dressing and serve at once.

QUERY 1988.—“In recipes for Bran Bread, is the bran something special or simply ordinary bran? Is it sifted before use?”

### Regarding Bran for Bread, Etc.

Ordinarily any bran is used for bran bread, muffins, etc., though there are concerns making a specialty of “bran flour.” Bran bread is eaten to advantage by certain people; but it is not nutritious and contains tough cellulose, irritating to the lining of the alimentary canal. Such bread should be left to those to whom it proves beneficial. If the two outer coats of the wheat grain be discarded, the next coat is less harsh, and from this part of the wheat a choicer quality of bran might be produced. Bran may be sifted through a very coarse sieve that extraneous material be removed. Entire wheat flour is the natural product.

QUERY 1989.—“How may Griddle Cakes be made with sour milk and be light as a feather?”

### Griddle Cakes with Sour Milk

1½ cups of flour	¼ a teaspoonful of
¼ a teaspoonful of	soda
salt	1 egg
2 teaspoonfuls of	2 tablespoonfuls of
baking powder	melted butter
1 cup of thick sour	
milk	

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder; stir the soda into the milk, add the egg, beaten very light, the melted butter, and stir into the dry ingredients. If the sour milk be rich and creamy, the butter may be omitted. Set by spoonfuls on a hot, well-oiled griddle; when bubbles appear throughout and the cake is well-browned on the bottom, turn to brown the other side. Do not turn the cakes but once.

QUERY 1990.—“When laying a table for a party luncheon and only forks and spoons are to be used, how should they be arranged?”

### Disposition of Forks on Table when no Knives are Used

As the fork is to be used in the right hand, and space is available, the forks undoubtedly should be laid at the right of the place—the soup spoon still farther to the right; the first fork to be used should be next to the soup spoon.

QUERY 1991.—“Recipe for a Salad Dressing, made without mustard or oil, for a fruit salad.”

### Salad Dressing for Fruit

Mustard does not seem appropriate in the dressing for a fruit salad; cream, either whipped or plain, might be used, with salt, paprika and lemon juice for the dressing of sweet fruits, such as dates, figs, peaches and prunes; but with oranges, grapefruit, grapes and other similar fresh fruits, nothing is more appropriate than a French dressing made with oil. Not having learned to relish oil, serve the fruit in some other way than a salad.

QUERY 1992.—“How much butter should be substituted for suet, in a steamed pudding calling for one cup, or half a pound, of suet?”

### Butter for Suet

Without actually making the pudding several times, we can not state accurately how much butter would be equivalent to one cup of suet. Think it would be safe to use half a cup of butter. If that quantity produces too plain a pudding, try using a little more butter.

QUERY 1993.—“Recipes for Canning Mushrooms and Mushroom Catsup.”

### Regarding Mushroom Canning

On page 398, of volume XVI, of this magazine, reliable recipes for canning and for drying mushrooms may be found. These recipes were worked out at the Oregon Agricultural College Experiment Station. The processes are simple, but the text is lengthy and should

be seen in full. As the recipes appeared so recently in these pages we do not repeat them at this time. The following recipe for catsup is called good, but we have not tested it. Other varieties of mushrooms could be used for the catsup.

### Mushroom Catsup

Pick over, wash and dry one peck of *Coprinus comatus*; slice and put over the fire with one cup of boiling water. Cook until the mushrooms are soft, stirring often. Press through a fine sieve. To the pulp add two cups of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of mustard, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful, each, of mace and cloves. Cook about an hour longer, then bottle and seal.

QUERY 1994.—“Can buttermilk, either the by-product of butter making or commercial buttermilk, be substituted, always, for sour milk in recipes? Can you give a time limit for the keeping of sour milk for cooking purposes?”

### Buttermilk for Sour Milk

Sour buttermilk can always be substituted for sour-milk. Sour milk and buttermilk are both at their best when smoothly thickened. When mold appears, neither is in a condition to use.

QUERY 1995.—“Can the fat taken from the water in which chickens and corned beef have been cooked be used in cookies, gingerbread, etc., in case onion or other strong-flavored vegetable has been cooked with the meat?”

### Use of Vegetable Flavored Fat

Such fats as described above can be purified to some extent by cooking them slowly over the fire (or in the oven) with an equal measure of cold water. The flavor of the vegetables will largely be dissipated in the vapor arising from the evaporation of the water. Cook until the fat is still, when the water will be evaporated. While these fats *might* then be used in flour preparations, it would be preferable to use for sautéing meats or, with other fat, in frying croquettes, etc.

QUERY 1996.—“Recipes for Barley Jelly, firm enough to turn from a mold and less firm.”

### Barley Jelly, (Pattee)

Soak three tablespoonfuls of pearl barley over night in cold water; drain and add one quart of fresh water and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; let cook in a double boiler four hours, adding water occasionally as needed. When cooked there should be one pint; strain through cheese cloth into small cups or molds. This liquid paste will jelly on cooling. If the jelly is not firm enough, simply reduce the quantity by further cooking. To make less firm add water that the pint of material may measure from one-fourth a cup to a full cup more, according to the consistency desired.

QUERY 1997.—“Recipe for Boston Cream Pie.”

Bake sponge or plain cup cake in three round layer cake pans. Put the layers together with English custard, sift powdered sugar over the top layer or spread with a thin layer of confectioner's frosting.

### Sponge Cake

3 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of soda
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar	1 teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar, slightly rounding
Grated rind and juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon	
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of cold water	
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour	

Beat the eggs, without separating the whites and yolks; gradually beat in the sugar, the water, grated rind and juice of the lemon, and then the flour and leavening ingredients, sifted together.

### Berwick Sponge Cake

3 eggs	1 teaspoonful, slightly rounding, of cream-of-tartar
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a level teaspoonful of soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of water	
1 teaspoonful lemon extract	
2 cups of flour	

### English Cream

1 pint of hot milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of vanilla
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt
2 eggs or four yolks of eggs	



# LOWNEY'S COCOA

## Lowney's Cocoa Is Simply Nature At Her Best

Certain South American districts grow a superior grade of cocoa beans.

These beans are roasted and ground for Lowney's Cocoa.

You get no man-made additions to blur Nature's best cocoa flavor.

And what a flavor it is! There is joy in the very aroma that steams from the cup. You can taste the purity in each delicious sip.

That natural flavor has never been bettered by man.



Mix or sift together the flour, salt, and half cup of sugar; dilute with the hot milk, then cook and stir over hot water until the mixture thickens; then cook, stirring occasionally, fifteen minutes; beat the egg, add the rest of the sugar and stir into the hot mixture; stir until the egg looks cooked, then cool and flavor. One-fourth a cup of clear black coffee may be substituted for the same quantity of milk, or an ounce of chocolate, cooked with two tablespoonfuls, each, of sugar and water, may be added to the milk.

### Confectioner's Frosting

Into four tablespoonfuls of boiling water stir enough sifted confectioner's sugar to make a paste that will not run from the cake. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla, orange or lemon extract.

QUERY 1998.—"Give list of simple dishes that may be served in the afternoon in a Tea-Room."

### Dishes Served at Tea-Room in Wellesley, Mass.

Grapefruit	.15
Bananas and Cream	.15
Toasted Cornflakes	.15
Puffed Wheat	.15

#### SANDWICHES

Lettuce	.10
Cheese-and-Nut	.15
Cheese-and-Pimola	.15
Pimola	.15
Sliced Chicken	.20
Minced Chicken	.15
Chicken Salad	.20
Club, with Tomato	.35
Club, without Tomato	.30

#### SOUPS

Chicken Bouillon	.10
Tomato	.10

#### MISCELLANEOUS

Plain Toast	.10
Cinnamon Toast	.15
English Muffins	.10
Creamed Chicken on Toast	.25
Rolls	.10
Rolls, with Jam, etc.	.15
English Muffins, with Jam	.15
Eggs to Order	

#### SALADS

Fruit	.25
Chicken	.35

### ICE CREAM

Vanilla	.10
Chocolate	.10

(With Sauces, .15)

### DRINKS

Tea	.05
Coffee	.10
Chocolate	.10
Milk	.05
Iced Tea	.10
Iced Coffee	.10
Iced Chocolate	.10
Grape Juice	.05 or .10
Lemonade	.10
Orangeade	.10
Fruit Lemonade	.15

### CAKES

Caramel	Fudge	Angel	Penuchie
	Cookies	Brownies	

### Menu Served at Another Tea-Room in Wellesley

Tomato Bouillon	.10
Chicken Bouillon	.10
Buttered Toast	.10
Cinnamon Toast	.15
Bread and Butter	.05
Jam Sandwich	.10
Lettuce Sandwich	.15
Minced Chicken Sandwich	.20
Sliced Chicken Sandwich	.20
Chicken-Salad Sandwich	.35
Club Sandwich	.20
Tomato Sandwich	.15
Cheese-and-Nut Sandwich	.15
Olive Sandwich	.15
Cheese Rabbit Sandwich	.20
Creamed Chicken on Toast	.25
Chicken Salad	.35
Tomato Salad	.25
Lettuce Salad	.15
Fruit Salad	.25
Grape Fruit Salad	.25
Ice Cream, Vanilla and Chocolate	.10
Ice Cream, with Sauce	.15
Fudge Cake	.05 and .10
Fudge Cake, Whipped Cream	5c extra
Caramel Cake	.05 and .10
Angel Cake	.10
Sponge Cake	.05
Fruit Cake	.05
Brownies	.10
Doughnuts	.05
Tea	.05
Tea served in pot	.15
Milk	.05
Coffee	.10
Cocoa	.10
Iced Tea	.10
Iced Coffee	.10
Lemonade	.10
Fruit Lemonade	.15



*Imported  
Absolutely!!*

Only the best and purest malt vinegar—made in our own breweries, on the banks of the River Stour, Worcestershire, England—is used.

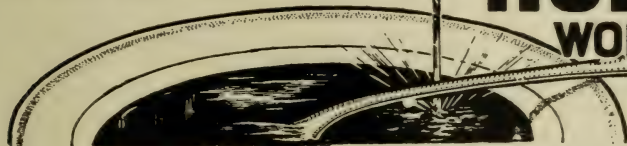
It takes over two years of careful preparation and ageing to produce the full, rich, mellow flavour

A good wine cannot be made in a day—neither can Holbrook's Sauce.



"It is better to use no sauce at all than a sauce that is not Holbrook's."

# HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE



## HUB RANGES

Have Heat on Five Sides  
of the Oven

Other ranges heat only 4 sides

Hubs have all kinds of  
GAS ATTACHMENTS



MADE IN NEW ENGLAND  
BEST IN THE WORLD

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THE FIRE FROM  
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ROLLER BEARING  
COAL PAN

Manufactured by  
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## One College Girl's Career

Concluded from page 685

I said I would never be. You see, Clarice has become more than interested; she is truly in earnest, and wishes to take a decided stand on the right side and desires me to, also. My heart is sincere, so Clarice and I will show our colors together. Bless the dear child! I don't see how I could live without her now. She is thoughtless often, of course, and her room is sometimes most disorderly, but it is less often so, and now with all the dainty new things, there is an added reason for keeping it attractive.

It seems quite the fashion, at present, to go to the *matinée* regularly, and Clarice said, "Why, Aunt Bee! all the girls go, and their mothers, too, and why do you object to it?" I tried to explain that it used to be considered a treat, and that the young people of today had altogether too much excitement (ahem! my wisdom) and that many of the plays would do her more harm than good. However, I promised to think of it. With that allowance on my part, she started off for school linked in Janet's embrace, and I have the firm belief that they talked the matter over and felt I was quite old timey. If there is anything that girls hate, it is to feel "out of it,"—in fact, they wish to be just enough ahead of the rest of the set to act a trifle blasé when suggestions are made, and thereupon I had an inspiration. I bethought me of the Drama League and how I could conscientiously follow whither it led and be doing well thereby. The evening following, when lessons had been duly attended to and books piled away, Clarice ventured to ask me if I had thought about the subject of the morning. In answer I told her that we were both to join the League, and take an active interest in it, and, whenever possible, go to see the plays suggested as well as interest others to do so, adding the statement of a

clergyman that the plays given at the *matinees* were really the choice of women, for in regard to number, they were in the majority, and by their presence gave sanction to the productions.

Clarice was very enthusiastic, and thought it would be a great help, if all the girls and their mothers would become members, and what the League didn't approve of she was sure they wouldn't wish to see anyway.

Tomorrow it is Clarice's turn to entertain the "clique," and it has been such fun to plan courses. Delia has been delightful, entering into all our schemes as heartily as possible. Her little cousin is to assist in serving, and I know Delia is as anxious as I am for the luncheon to go off well. It is to be yellow mostly and Clarice has designed and painted the place cards herself; made the little gifts for the Jack Horner pie; arranged for flowers and accessories, and really the ideas are quite new and ingenious. I have not interfered at all, but feel the whole affair is an incentive to endeavor, and the interest she personally has taken quite delights her father. He has always wanted a companionable daughter, and Clarice is certainly growing in that direction. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if Ernest came home unexpectedly in the midst of the luncheon just to peep. Delia has been busy, too. You certainly would realize it, if you slyly looked into her pantry. Delicious nut bread for sandwiches, rounds of puff paste that later will be heaped with a cream, marsh-mallow nut mixture, cucumbers for cocktail, deviled tunny fish, and so on. Clarice has been in and out of the kitchen all through the preparations, watching Delia, and has accomplished the cakes entirely herself, ornamenting them to suit her fancy. She has had more confabs with Delia, and consulted more cook-books than you can imagine, besides haunting the Industrial Union for suggestions, all because she was in-



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tensely interested. The cakes she achieved after many failures, and no one was better pleased than Delia, when *this* time they were fit to eat, though decorating them was only play, and, there, Delia learned something. Where do I come in? Just making the house orderly and homelike, but I no longer consider either a small thing.

With a contrite spirit,

BEE.

The Rookery, Spring.

'Tis time for another experience, Owls, dear. On the way to school one morning Clarice and Janet were stopped by a most unfortunate little waif, and not having time to talk to her then, they asked her to come to our house in the afternoon. She actually did appear, and a more forlorn little creature I never saw; dirty all over, hair included; almost starved, too. After we had partially filled her, we got enough of her story to realize that she had been turned adrift by a heartless person, who was no relation to her, anyway. She begged us to let her work for us; not to turn her out or put her in a home.

Delia's nose went up, I tell you, when she found us in the laundry trying to get off the upper layer of dirt, but her warm heart got the better of her, and the result is surprising, though I really believe she even used sapolio. Janet ran home to get some of her little sister's clothes and we found stockings and other things. She is going to stay a while—until Ernest is consulted, but Delia, motherly soul, may adopt her herself,—that is, if the clique doesn't.

Clarice was so thoughtful while undressing that night that I asked what was on her mind. "Why, Aunt Bee, couldn't we care for her and bring her up, we girls, you know? We could give her our pin money instead of spending it as we do now."

I don't know where this may all lead us to, but opportunities undreamed of are stretching out before me. I feel as if I had only begun to get a little wis-

dom. I know I am happy, and Ernest seems to think I am useful, but after all, I am only a "stay-at-home."

Your enlightened,

BEE.

I believe *all* children's good,  
Ef they're only understood,—  
Even *bad* ones, pears to me,  
'S jes as good as they kin be!  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Dr. Hale declared once that he had had a special revelation. He was down in Maine with an agreeable company of fishermen, and he must needs leave the trout brook in order to get to Boston in time to prepare his sermon. As he thought of the old trout rod and the new sermon, the "revelation" suddenly came to him, something like this: "It is far better to preach a good old sermon than a poor new one. Edward Everett Hale, stay where you are, and go a-fishing!"

*Russian Official*: "You cannot stay in this country."

*Traveller*: "Then I'll leave it."

*Russian Official*: "Have you a passport to leave?"

*Traveller*: "No."

*Russian Official*: "Then you cannot leave. I will give you twenty-four hours to decide what you will do."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.



Ordinary dusting scatters but does not remove dust and germs. Use cheese-cloth dampened with tepid water to which a little **Platt's Chlorides**, the odorless disinfectant, has been added. Wring out till dry so that it will not streak the wood work, etc.



## How would *you* make a "Welch Rarebit"?

We will divide Two Hundred Dollars among the ten ladies sending us the best recipes for "A New Welch Rarebit," thus:

First Prize, \$50.00	\$15 each to Fourth, Fifth, Sixth,	
Second " 35.00	Seventh	\$60.00
Third " 25.00	\$10 each to Eighth, Ninth, Tenth	30.00

We want a recipe to be known by the name "*A New Welch Rarebit*." Probably it should be a dessert. It may be cooked, or frozen, or both; it may be served hot or cold; it may be soft or solid—but it must be *very good* and it must have Welch's as a characteristic feature.

## Welch's

"*The National Drink*"

The old "Welsh Rarebit" has its devotees, but few claim that it is wholesome or digestible. Welch's Grape Juice has so many uses, its flavor is so delicious and its use is so beneficial to health that we would like to popularize

"*A New Welch Rarebit*." We will make it to your advantage to help us. Many of the most popular Welch recipes in our booklet, "*The Hostess and Welch's Grape Juice*," were originated by delighted users of "*The National Drink*."

**Conditions** With each recipe send exact instructions for using the ingredients, being particular to specify quantities and method of handling and serving. Write only on one side of your paper. Put your name and address in the upper left-hand corner. Send us your recipe not later than June 1, 1913—postmark of May 31st before midnight makes entries eligible. Announcement of prize winners will be made as soon thereafter as possible, and checks sent to winners at once.

*Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"*  
—say "*Welch's*" and **GET IT!**

Welch's is The National Drink. It is not a manufactured beverage. It is the pure juice of the finest Concord grapes grown. The fact that we pay a bonus above the market price to get these choicest Concord for Welch's, together with the care and cleanliness of the Welch process, accounts for the purity and fine flavor. Order a case from your dealer and have a supply always in the house. Write today for our free book of recipes, "*The Hostess and Welch's Grape Juice*."

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for \$3, express prepaid east of Omaha.

**The Welch Grape Juice Company - Westfield, N. Y.**

# New Books

*Brain Culture through Scientific Body Building.* By MRS. THEODORE PARSONS. Price \$1.50, Chicago: The American School of Mental and Physical Development.

"The present world-wide movement for the scientific preservation of life and health has awakened a great interest in the scientific training of the body. The care of health is the first duty of both home and school. Questions of food, exercise and air are fundamental.

"We are coming to understand that activity is the key-note of life. The New Education must be at the bottom activity, involving muscle and will, if it is to prepare for life. It is far better to train a child so that by activity he adds ever so little to the values in the world, than that he should store up an exhaustive amount of unexpressed knowledge. Establish

good muscle habits in childhood, for they are fundamental in the education of the will and the emotions."

The foregoing indicates the thought and purpose that inspire this book. The reasons for cultivating physical training are given, and the methods to pursue, in order to attain certain results, are described and illustrated, to the end that a sound mind in a sound body may be the ultimate good. The new education regards physical as well as intellectual well-being. It aims simply to guide all the native activities of the child in wise and wholesome channels.

*The Kitchen Fire and How To Run It.*

By SAMUEL SEWARD WRIGHT.  
Scranton, Pa. Price \$75.

If you want to burn less coal or gas; if you want to overcome stove troubles; if you want better service from your stove; if you want to know all there is to know about running your kitchen stove or range, read this little manual on fuel and its combustion.

Perhaps, "no item in the housekeeper's domain is more recklessly mismanaged than the coal range, and the greatest of all waste occurs in the cooking of food in the Nation's kitchen." How to burn fuel economically and in a healthful, efficient manner is presented herein. The lesson it teaches is plain, practical and complete. Once learned it means saving in time, trouble and expense. In housekeeping we can not afford to neglect any possible chance to economize or improve conditions.

*Starving America.* By ALFRED W. McCANN. Cloth. Price \$1.50. Cleveland: F. M. Barton.

This book is a startling revelation on the subject of pure food. It indicates that a dietetic revolution is at hand. Because of the many obstacles in the way of food reform, the writer no longer

## Velvet Grip

OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON

## Hose Supporter

For Women and Children



Child's  
Sample  
Pair, 16c  
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give age

Running, jumping, kneeling, stretching, growing youngsters need something light but substantial to hold their stockings. That something is the perfected *Velvet Grip* Hose Supporter with exclusive features — **Oblong Rubber Button, Hump Loop, and cloth covered base.** Get the real *Velvet Grip* and be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

Also Made in Many Styles for Women

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON

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# This pleases Pa for breakfast

At any meal  
this is sure to  
bring a smile—  
French chefs  
do it this way:

## Recipe No. 6—French Toast

Make a batter by stirring 1-3 cup cold water into 1-2 cup sifted flour; add 1-3 teaspoon salt and one beaten egg. Beat all with Dover beater until light and smooth. Cut dry bread into half-inch slices, dip into batter and fry in deep fat until a golden brown. Drain on brown paper, and serve at once with

## TOWLE'S LOG CABIN SYRUP

This economical dish is only one of the many delightful combinations made perfect by adding this pure, toothsome, delicate and wholesome syrup.

You can safely give Towle's Log Cabin Syrup to your children—the reputation of years is back of its purity. It's flavor unequalled, is due to pure Maple Syrup, while our special method of blending with pure cane sugar keeps the flavor uniformly delicious. Say, you just can't beat Towle's in the Log Cabin Can, with the double seal top—and your grocer has it or will get it for you.

I'll send you a book, *free*, telling how to make lots of good things with Towle's Log Cabin Syrup, if you write and ask for it, enclosing two-cent stamp.

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For your  
use the year  
round  
—Jack Towle



## Marjorie's "Three Story" Pie

Brother Harry, who is a young architect, called Marjorie's dessert a "three story" pie—good in design and well built.

"But there's another story," said Marjorie, "When I ordered the flavoring I said just 'Vanilla.' Mother called to me, 'Specify Burnett's, my dear.' That little advice simply made a success of this cream pie. They never tasted so good when I made them of 'any old vanilla' in our school club."

"I see," said Brother Harry, "Mother is the building inspector. She doesn't want to see good material wasted by leaving something important out of the 'specifications.' This means that it's plain business economy when you're making dessert to specify

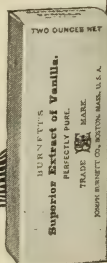
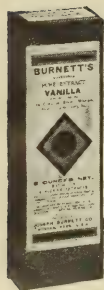
# Burnett's VANILLA

Even the most enthusiastic care devoted to making a dessert may go for nothing if the flavoring is inferior. Burnett's Vanilla, prepared from the pure, fragrant Mexican bean, gives a cook all the help of the best. By insisting on "Burnett's," you are that much surer that the word "best" will be applied to your dessert itself.

Let us send you our Recipe Book of 115 tempting desserts. Please mention your grocer's name in writing for it.

**JOSEPH BURNETT CO.**  
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Western Package  
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looks to commercial publicity, or to legislation as means through which to enlighten people. "The reform work," he says, "must be done in the schools. Our children must be taught the meaning of depraved foods. They must learn how those foods are processed, bleached, colored, de-natured, de-germinated, demineralized, chemically treated. They must be taught the relationship of such food to sickness and death. They must be taught the relationship of natural food to health and life. The true conditions must be exposed, in order that the public may make its own choice, guarded by complete knowledge of facts."

We believe in reform by education, knowledge, light and more light. It is a poor cause, indeed, that can not bear investigation, discussion and the light of truth. People, everywhere, are tired of imposition and exploitation. The demand is for honest, fair, straightforward dealings among men.

*The Etiquette of New York To-day.* By MRS. FRANK LEARNED. Price \$1.35 net. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

To write with authority on matters of etiquette requires experience based on intimate connection with the best society and the instinctive knowledge which comes by inheritance from generations of culture. The author of this book brings these qualifications to her work.

The book is comprehensive and thoroughly modern. It contains explicit and practical information on the subjects covered in its forty-two chapters. These chapters are well arranged in groups and include Invitations and Answers, Lunches, Teas, Informal Card Parties, Cotillions, Dinner Dances and Theatre Parties, The Table and Its Appointments, Dinner Giving, Visiting and the Use of Cards, Wedding Preparations, A Hostess in a Country House, The Employees in a Household, and other topics of interest.

The latest forms for invitations of every sort, formal and informal, and for





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# Heisey's



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# The New NESNAH Desserts

Can be "Made in a Jiffy"

With the aid of fruit, berries, whipped cream, etc., the practical housewife can serve Nesnah in an endless variety of dainty and attractive forms.



You simply dissolve it in milk or cream, let stand a few moments, and you have, ready to serve, a most exquisite dessert.

It is the one tasty, delicious food-dessert. Not to be confounded with gelatine preparations.

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LITTLE FALLS  
N. Y.



visiting cards, are illustrated. Suggestions in detail are given on note-writing, conversation, traveling, dress for all occasions for men and women, etc.

The book is excellent. It is good to read and good to consult. It holds useful information and answers, in detail, questions that concern everyone who wishes to entertain or be entertained, at all. "Manners maketh man."

## The Loving Cup

The late Lord Lyons, British Ambassador at Paris, used to relate the following history of the loving cup:—

King Henry of Navarre (who was also Henry IV. of France), whilst hunting, became separated from his companions, and, feeling thirsty, called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The serving maid, on handing it to him as he sat on horseback, neglected to present the handle. Some wine was spilt over, and his Majesty's white gauntlets were soiled. While riding home, he bethought him that a two-handled cup would prevent a recurrence of this, so his Majesty had a two-handled cup made at the Royal Potteries and sent it to the inn. On his next visit, he called again for wine, when, to his astonishment, the maid (having received instructions from her mistress to be very careful of the king's cup), presented it to him, holding it herself by each of its handles. At once the happy idea struck the king of a cup with three handles, which was promptly acted upon, as his Majesty quaintly remarked, "Surely out of three handles I shall be able to get one." Hence the loving cup.—P. T. O., *In Food & Cookery*.

A bride used to express her husband's perfections in terms of chocolate-cake. When he was good, he was "chocolate cake three layers deep"; when he was very good, he was "four layers deep"; and so on up the scale. One day, however, the system broke down. The bride's mother dropped in, and noticed her





**J**UST a drop or two of this piquant sauce will often transform a dish from a flat tasteless affair into a "triumph of culinary art."

The common every-day dishes, such as soups, fish, meats, eggs and all vegetables are made more appetizing and more palatable by its use as a seasoning.

The art of seasoning is to intensify and improve, not to destroy the true flavor of any dish, and it is most important that all seasoning be thoroughly blended so that the whole is equally flavored.

Keep one of these little bottles of pure unadulterated liquid pepper in your kitchen always. Use it for seasoning, instead of cayenne or black pepper.

But be sure that you get the genuine

## McILHENNY'S TABASCO SAUCE

in the little round bottle with the white diamond shaped label. It is the only genuine Tabasco Sauce, with the true Tabasco pepper flavor and peculiar seasoning qualities.

Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer has just prepared a new book of recipes, hitherto unpublished, in which will be found directions for making many unique and delectable dishes, and other information of value to those interested in good cooking.

**This new book of Mrs. Rorer's will be sent free upon request. Just send a post card to**

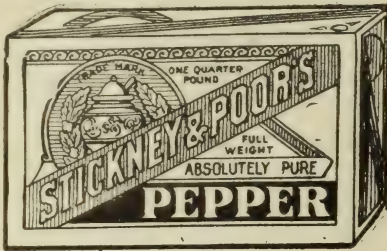
*McILHENNY COMPANY, Dept., H.  
Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.*



## Spice Develops the Flavor of Fruits

and other ingredients with which they are combined. When properly used, they give a subtle flavor that will convert a plain dessert into a tempting and unusual dish.

Stickney & Poor's Spices hold their strength longest. They retain their flavor and aroma because in the grinding process they are cut instead of crushed. They are weighed and packed automatically, so full weight and perfect cleanliness are insured.



**Stickney & Poor's Products are:** Mustard, Pepper, Cinnamon, Cloves, Ginger, Mace, Pimento, Sage, Savory, Marjoram, Celery, Salt, Curry Powder, Paprika, Tapioca, Nutmeg, Cassia, Allspice, Whole Mixed Spice, Pastry Spice, Turmeric, Thyme, Soda, Cream of Tartar, Rice Flour, Potato Flour, Sausage Seasoning, Poultry Seasoning and Flavoring Extracts.

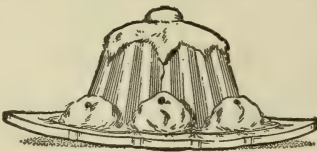
Write for our book of receipts; you will be delighted with it.

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**THE NATIONAL  
MUSTARD POT**



*To complete a good dinner a*

## Knox Gelatine Dessert

You will give your guests the right, delicious and satisfying morsel, when you serve one of the **KNOX GELATINE** desserts. Try this for dinner—

### *Knox Spanish Cream*

1 envelope **Knox Sparkling Gelatine**.  
3 eggs. 1 tablespoonful **vanilla**.  
1 quart milk. 8 tablespoonfuls **sugar**.  
Soak gelatine in milk. Put on fire and stir until dissolved. Add yolks of eggs and 4 tablespoonfuls sugar well beaten. Stir until it comes to the boiling point. Remove from stove and have whites of eggs well beaten with 4 tablespoonfuls sugar. Add whites, stirring briskly until thoroughly mixed. Flavor and turn into mold. If desired, serve with whipped cream. This will separate and form a jelly in the bottom with custard on top.

### **THE KNOX RECIPE BOOK**

Contains choice recipes for Desserts, Salads, Candies, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Cream, Sherbets, etc. Sent **FREE** for your Grocer's name. Pint sample for 2 cent stamp.

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daughter looked vexed. "How is John to-day?" the mother asked, pretending not to notice. "Chocolate cake four layers deep?" "No." "Three layers deep?" "No." "Two?" "No." "Then what is he?" "Dog biscuit."—*The Boston Journal*.

## An Antique History

By Margarette Stuart

**S**UCH a funny, stuffy, crowded shop marked "Antiques that are Antiques." I entered, and, having plenty of time, sat me down upon something antiquated, before a cabinet of old door knockers. They always fascinate me and today I had found one after my own heart. How warm and hazy the shop seemed, and this chair so comfortable. Really, it was too delightful even to think of bargaining. I would just study that dear old knocker a little longer.

Suddenly the spread eagle flapped his wings and yawned.

"My dear," he began in the most paternal manner.

Astonished, I heard myself assent.

"Your interest in me is refreshing, though I did yawn. Jolly little representative of my kind, don't you think?"

"You aren't very large," but beautiful, I might have added. However, I feared for his vanity.

"Yet," he continued, "I've served all through the war, on the dearest old mansion imaginable, just outside of Knoxville. My mistress was Miss Louisa, and through Jennie, the little maid who polished me, I knew all that was happening within, as well as without. Such goings on, for Miss Louisa was beautiful beyond all words, and the delight of the whole plantation. There were house parties all the time, with dances and hunts. Handsome men and lovely girls, but none who could compare with Miss Louisa and Mr. Randolph. They were engaged, you see. Jennie didn't have to tell me this; for didn't





Only Pure, Rich Milk, Produced by perfectly healthy cows, properly fed and housed in sanitary barns, well lighted and ventilated, is used in the preparation of

*Gail Borden*  
**EAGLE**  
 BRAND  
**CONDENSED**  
**MILK**  
 THE ORIGINAL

Best for the Nursery, the Table and Cooking Purposes.

Send for "Borden's Recipes,"  
 "My Biography," a book for babies,  
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**BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.**

Est. 1857

"Leaders of Quality"

New York



Buy advertised Goods — do not accept substitutes

# SPRING! and— “CANDO”

One suggests the other when the great domestic event of the season —



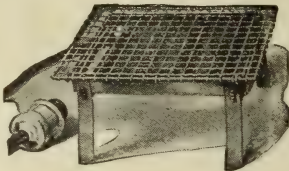
“SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING” is at hand! The wise Home-maker knows she can have absolute confidence in this famous silver polish; that it is unequalled for safely restoring lost lustre and beauty to choice silver, gold, jewelry, china, cut glass, etc.

Ask for it by name, and insist upon “Cando.”

**Paul Manufacturing Co.**  
14 BLACKSTONE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

*Our Royal Brass Polish is as good for brass as “Cando” is good for silver. Try it.*

TRY IT  
TEN DAYS  
FREE



## Delco ELECTRIC TOASTER

uses only about half the current required by an upright toaster, still giving as perfect service as any toaster on the market. Can be used for heating water, chafing dish, popping corn, and many other things. Handsomely nickeled and furnished complete with cord and plug. Can be attached to any electric light socket. We will send you a Delco Electric Toaster, express prepaid

### ON TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

If it does not meet your approval send it back at our expense. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

PRICE ONLY \$3.00

On sale at your dealers or Electric Light Co. Manufactured by the makers of the celebrated Delco Electric Three Heat Iron.

**DIAMOND ELECTRIC CO.**  
40 Frederick Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

*Indorsed by Good Housekeeping Institute*

they go out of the house under my very nose, hardly saying a word, though she was very flushed. I knew something was up, and waited breathlessly. When, bless you! they returned, hand in hand, just like two happy children.

“Then Mr. Randolph left for the war. It is the same old story. But then it seemed very new and very awe-inspiring to me. Miss Louisa was heart broken, but, Oh! so brave, and I am the only one who saw her shed a tear. She bade Mr. Randolph goodbye without a quiver, and only when he was out of sight did she turn and enter the house, with the tears raining down. But Jennie said that, when the others met her in the hall, she was quite composed.

“Of course, you know all about the war?” queried the knocker.

“I’ve studied American History,” I answered, blushing violently, for at that moment I couldn’t have told the dates.

“Well! we got the worst of it, and then, when it didn’t seem as though anything else could happen, Jennie came one day and gave me an extra shine, looked at me quizzically, and said, ‘It’s your turn to serve now.’ Later in the day a funny, weazened old man examined me and nodded in approval. Then they took me down, and I was dumped into a wagon with a lot of other things—old mahogany mostly. Miss Louisa stood by talking with the man.

“Yes,” he said, “I’ll give you one hundred and fifty dollars for the lot, no more, no less.”

“In a haughty tone she assented, and turing from him she spoke, or rather whispered, to a little chair near me.

“Goodby, dear little old thing, I hate to see you go, but you will all bring money for our soldiers, even though a Yankee antique-dealer must have you.”

“I lost Miss Louisa, and all of the dear family, and I never knew what became of Mr. Randolph, either, but I hope he lived through the war, and is now a grandfather. I’ve knocked about quite a bit, at last, landing here. I’m tired of





Wouldn't YOU like a copy of this useful book? It may be obtained free from grocers handling our products, or directly from either of our addresses below, if you are, or when you become, a user of  
**"WHITE HOUSE" COFFEE—"WHITE HOUSE" TEA  
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Dwinell-Wright Co., Principal Coffee Roasters, Boston & Chicago

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*Built for SERVICE—not display*

The EDDY is lined with zinc—because in 66 years of refrigerator building we have found it *the only sanitary lining*. With soldered joints, it is non-absorbent and easily kept clean.

Glass or porcelain linings are showier—until they crack and chip. Their cemented joints absorb moisture, grease, odors. Crevices appear—catch-alls for dirt. In

### Eddy Refrigerators

every vital point—*pure dry cold*, ice economy, sanitation, drainage, convenience of arrangement, durability—has been brought to scientific perfection.

*Sixty sizes. Freight prepaid if your dealer cannot supply you. Send for our catalogue—it tells the REFRIGERATOR TRUTHS.*

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 333 Adams Street, Boston



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Nature's Natural, Famous Flavour

For Cakes, Candies, Custards,  
Tarts and Tasties

Genuine Maple Syrup is almost as good as home-made white sugar flavored with

## Mapleine

(THE FLAVOR DE LUXE)

**MAPLEINE CAKE FILLING:** Mix together 2 cups white sugar, three-fourths cup milk and one teaspoonful (heaping) butter. Boil for five minutes. Take from fire and stir until thick. Stir in slowly one teaspoonful Mapleine.

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**Crescent Manufacturing Co.**  
Seattle, Washington

Send 2c stamp for Mapleine Cook Book.

this stuffiness, and long to be outside again; *do* take me."

With a start I opened my eyes, the shopkeeper was tapping my shoulder.

"Anything I can do for you, madam?"

"Yes, this door knocker, looks very old, and must have quite a history," I remarked.

"One of my finest. I'll give it to you for eight dollars."

Now I did not consider this exactly a gift. But the spread eagle seemed to look beseechingly and murmur, "Please take me!"

So I left the shop with him tucked carefully under my arm.

"While riding in an auto with Mr. Rockefeller recently," said Rev. Dr. Bustard, Mr. Rockefeller's pastor, "we were about to pass a little barefoot girl, when Mr. Rockefeller invited her to step on the running board. The little girl wanted to get off at the second cross-roads, and asked, "How far are you going?" "Oh, we're going to heaven," Mr. Rockefeller answered. The little girl was surprised, as many people are when he says that. Then he asked, "Don't you think we'll get there?" "No," said the little girl. "Why not?" persisted Mr. Rockefeller. "I don't think you're got enough gasoline," she said."—*Cleveland Press*.

In a Berlin café, the coffee is not only boiled by electricity, but a small electric railway carries it to various tables, so that the guests may help themselves to their liking.

It is the cat and the dog that go where they are not wanted.

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THROUGH

### PREPARATION OF MEALS

Beginners easily become experts, experts get latest methods and ideas in our new home-study course. 266 graded lessons, illustrated, 12 parts, each containing a week's menu, suitable for one month in the year, with detailed recipes and full directions for preparing and serving each meal as a whole.

**Food Economy, Nutritive Value, Balance Diet**  
**Menus for All Occasions, Helpful Suggestions,**  
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**TILL APRIL 30**

The Course, bound in green waterproof leatherette, gold stamping, marbled edges, 500 pp., indexed, half-tone plates—the Kitchen Companion DeLuxe, will be sent postpaid on approval for \$2.00 or 50c, and \$1.50 when the book is received.

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**American School of Home Economics.**

503 W. 69th, St. Chicago

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**USE**  
**Sauces**  
**FLAVORING**  
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**10¢ AND 25¢**

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**BENDSORP'S**

is  
Absolutely  
Pure.



Requires only



as much  
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**BENDSORP'S**  
ROYAL DUTCH  
**COCOA**

**DOUBLE STRENGTH**

Always in Yellow Wrapper. Sample on request.

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30 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

### ELEVENTH SUMMER COURSE

FROM JULY 10 TO AUGUST 15, 1913

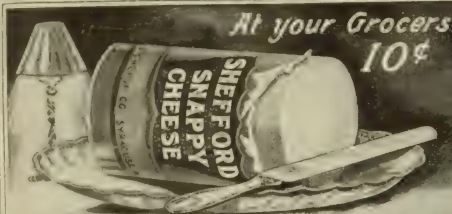
Arranged to meet the needs of teachers of cookery, dietitians, matrons of institutions and housekeepers.

**Lessons** in marketing, advanced cookery, sick room cookery and waitress' work, by members of the school's staff.

**Lectures** on practical dietetics, infant and child feeding and feeding in institutions, by members of the Harvard Medical School staff.

TERMS: \$45 - PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION

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10¢

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*A Dainty Aid to Digestion—One of 20 Ways.*

**If Not at Your Dealers Buy by Parcels Post**

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We will assort parcels post orders as desired

One Dozen in Carton : \$1.20 prepaid  
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Snappy Cheese fresh from our Factory and curing plant is carried by Grocers in largest cities and towns.  
If you don't find it easily, get your friends to join you and send an order directly to us.  
A Booklet "20 Ways to Serve" Free on request.

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**SPECIAL DIETETIC  
FOOD** ~~Four for cases of  
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES  
REQUIRING RATHER STRICT DIET~~

Unlike other foods. Ask grocers. For book  
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Food, health, housekeeping, clothing, children. For home-makers, teachers and for well-paid positions.  
"The Profession of Home-Making," 100-page handbook, **FREE**. Bulletins: "Free Hand Cooking on Scientific Principles," 48 pages, 10 cents. "Food Values: Practical Methods in Dietetics," 82 pp. ill., 10 cents.

American School of Home Economics, 503 W. 69th St. Chicago, Ill.

**\$45.00 instead of 75.00**

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To prove our claim of its worth

A guarantee of Perfection as to material and construction without time limit.

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Our Rental-Purchase Plan to any responsible person without extra charge. This machine, style 244, Auto-Drop is the most attractive chain stitch machine ever made. The price includes all regular attachments,

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# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*



**The Cromwell**

A design of beautiful simplicity.  
Sold by leading dealers.

**INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.**  
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Send for  
catalogue 'E 8'.



The free recipe book mentioned in this advertisement is by Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor of the Boston Cooking-School Magazine

# YACHT CLUB SALAD DRESSING

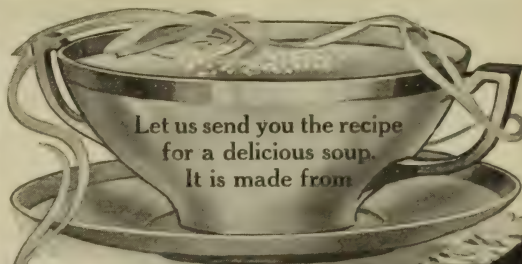
A salad dressing made without good olive oil is about as satisfactory as an omelette made without eggs.

The fine imported *first pressing* Olive Oil that goes into Yacht Club Salad Dressing is renowned for its pleasing bouquet and its unmatched nutlike flavor.

Write for Free Recipe Book

*Tidesley Co*

180 N. Market St., Chicago, Ill.



Let us send you the recipe  
for a delicious soup.  
It is made from

## Kornlet

THE MILK OF GREEN CORN

Ordinary canned corn contains the hulls as well as the solidified contents of the kernels. In making Kornlet we take out the milk of the kernels while they are plump and juicy,—and this milk alone, without any hulls, is boiled down and concentrated.

Kornlet is sold generally by grocers at 20 cents.

If your grocer cannot supply you, send us his name and twenty-five cents in stamps and we will send you a full size can by parcel post prepaid. Also our Kornlet Recipe Book free.

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The Haserot Canneries Co.

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## Make Housework Easier

This Wheel Tray will save you thousands of steps daily. Move it easily anywhere. Beautiful black gloss finish. Height 31 in. Length 28 in. Width 23 in. 8 in. rubber tire wheels. Heavy steel trays. \$10 express paid. \$12 Pacific Coast. WHEEL TRAY CO., 415 West 61st Place, Chicago, Ill.

## Rapid

Fireless  
Cooker

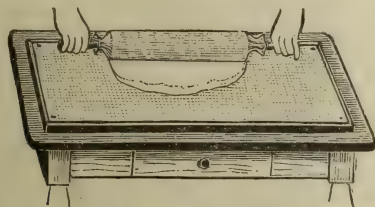
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food tastes better.

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Write for Free Book and direct-from  
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Magic Cover for Pastry Board and Rolling Pin; chemically treated and hygienic; recommended by leading teachers of cooking. By mail, 60c.

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Formerly of F. A. WALKER & CO., the Oldest Kitchen Store in New England  
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## INDESPENSABLE IN EVERY HOME

Tens of Thousands of Delighted  
Housekeepers Daily Use the

## Roberts Lightning Mixer



and recommend it as being  
the most effective beater,  
mixer and churner they  
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Beats whites of eggs in half a minute, whips cream and churns butter in from one to three minutes. In making floats, salad dressings, custards, gravies, charlotte russe, egg nog, etc., it must be used in order to achieve the best results. No spatter. Saves time and labor.

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**Makes  
Cooking  
Easy.**

**Coal, Wood and Gas Range.**

This Range is also made with Elevated gas oven, or if gas is not desired, with Reservoir on right end. It can be furnished with fire-box at either right or left of oven as ordered.

burner top, is made to bolt neatly to the end of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood coal range. It matters not whether your kitchen is large or small—there's a Plain Glenwood made to fit it.

# Your Wife Wants

a Plain Cabinet Glenwood, it is so Smooth and Easy to Clean. No filigree or fussy ornamentation, just the natural black iron finish—"The Mission Style" applied to a range. A room saver too—like the upright piano. Every essential refined and improved upon.

**The Broad, Square Oven**

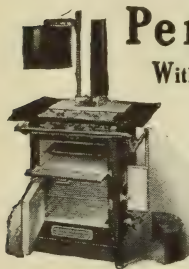
with perfectly straight sides is very roomy. The Glenwood oven heat indicator, Improved baking damper, Sectional top, Revolving grate and Roller bearing ash-pan are each worthy of special mention.

**The Glenwood Gas Range**

attachment, consisting of Oven, Broiler and Four burner top, is made to bolt neatly to the end of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood coal range. It matters not whether your kitchen is large or small—there's a Plain Glenwood made to fit it.

# Glenwood Ranges

Write for free booklet 48 of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood Range to  
Weir Stove Company, Taunton, Mass.



## Perfect Cooking

**With Least Trouble and Expense**

The Chambers Duplex Fireless Cooking Gas Range is the latest improved gas range combined with the fireless cooking principle. It does the work of both—better than either. Retains goodness and flavor. Pays for itself in better food and 50% fuel saving. Sent on free trial. 20 sizes and styles. Domestic Electric Washer and Wringer really washes clothes clean and is economical. Catalogs free.

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**No Drugs. No Diet. No Apparatus. Not Necessary to Discard the Hat.** If drugs and tonics cure hair troubles, why don't all Barbers and Druggists have fine hair? **DANDRUFF—BALDNESS—FALLING HAIR**, all Hair and Scalp Troubles Cured and Prevented **WITHOUT** Drugs, Tonics, Oils, Shampoos, Lotions or Apparatus. Easy method. Use at home. Either sex—any age. Results guaranteed. Testimonials sent on request. Full Personal Course Two Dollars. Chas. E. Smith, H. D., 1150 Merchants Exchange Bank Bldg, Lake Preston, S. D.

**DR. WILEY ON BREAD**

"Measured by actual nutritive power, there is no other complete ration which in economy can compare with bread."

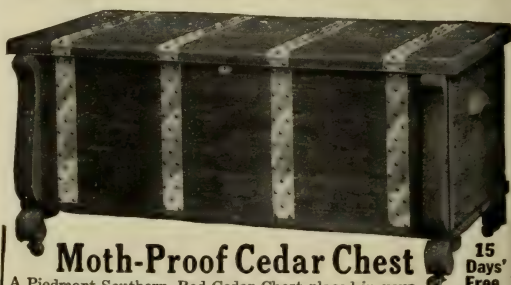
## EAT BREAD MADE WITH Fleischmann's Yeast

Write for Recipe Book—FREE

**The Fleischmann Company**

701 Washington Street

New York City



## Moth-Proof Cedar Chest

A Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest placed in your home on 15 days' free trial. Special spring offer. Protect furs and woollens from moths, mice, dust and damp. Direct from factory at factory prices. Freight prepaid. **Book Free** Write for 64-page finely illustrated catalog and book, "Story of Red Cedar." Postpaid, free. Write today. **Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 124. Statesville, N. C.**

**15  
Days'  
Free  
Trial**

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# Brown Your Hair With Walnut Tint Hair Stain

Light Spots, Gray or Streaked  
Hair Quickly Stained to a  
Beautiful Brown or  
Black.

**Trial Bottle Sent Upon Request.**

Nothing gives a woman the appearance of age more surely than gray, streaked or faded hair. Just a touch now and then with Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain and presto! Youth has returned again.

No one would ever suspect that you stained your hair after you use this splendid preparation. It does not rub off as dyes do, and leaves the hair nice and fluffy, with a beautiful brown color or black if you prefer.

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, is easily and quickly applied, and it is free from lead, sulphur, silver, and all metallic compounds. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction.

Send your name and address, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 1861 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



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**You'll Know**

You'll know how vastly superior Electro-Silicon *really is*, only after you have tried it yourself on silverware or any fine metal. For nearly fifty years

# ELECTRO SILICON

Silver  
Polish

has been the best article on the market for cleaning and polishing *with least labor*, Gold, Silver, Plated Ware, Aluminum, and all fine metals. Nothing so good, nothing so economical. Send address for

**FREE SAMPLE**

Or, 15c. in stamps for full sized box, post-paid.

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Sold by Grocers and  
Druggists Everywhere.

*We pack Hamilton Coupons.*



# EMERY'S DEVILED SARDINES

**Something New**

TOTALLY, RADICALLY DIFFERENT  
from any Sardines you ever tasted.

The Best of the Cleanest Fish That Swims:

cleaned, cooked, prepared with purest oils, spices, vinegar, etc., without preservatives or artificial coloring; packed in sanitary enamel-lined packages; thoroughly sterilized.

**A DAINTY MORSEL YOU'LL FIND A TREAT.  
A LUNCHEON NIBBLE THAT CAN'T BEAT.**

Spreads like butter.

All Ready To Serve.

They're simply great.

10 and 15 cts. per package.

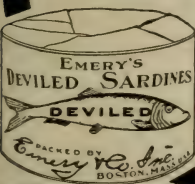
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**EMERY & CO., INC.**

Boston, Mass.

If not  
at your  
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3 tins sent

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*It's Kitchen  
Bouquet  
that makes my  
gravies so rich  
in color and  
flavor.*



**Good Gravy?**

**You can learn the secret, too.**

You yourself can give all that delicious, piquant, appetizing zest to your food that has made French Cooking famous, if you will but use

**KITCHEN BOUQUET**  
*gives a reputation for good cookery*

Try it in a gravy and note the difference in flavor and color. Eminent chefs and famous cooks use it. There is nothing else like it — no substitute for Kitchen Bouquet.

**Write today for your Sample Bottle**

A generous trial bottle with a book of tested recipes sent free, if you will mention your grocer's name. Regular size at your grocer's, 25c. The Palisade Manufacturing Company, 353 Clinton Avenue, West Hoboken, N. J.

Buy advertised Goods — do not accept substitutes



When the circus comes to town, it is not the show alone that fascinates, but the immensity of numbers, the quickness of movement, the sureness of operation and the efficiency which keeps everything as bright as new in spite of the soil of travel and weather. For instance—

Is it not surprising how the gilded figures and scroll work on the menagerie and parade wagons are kept so brilliant? It is evident that circus men know how to clean gold leaf without injury.

#### Here is an Excellent Way to Clean Gold Frames

Shave half of a small cake of Ivory Soap into a pint of water and boil for five minutes. When cool, apply this jelly with a very soft brush or sponge. Then, with a clean soft brush or sponge, apply cold, clear water and let dry immediately in a warm place.

They use Ivory Soap and nothing but Ivory Soap.

Because it is mild and pure and free from alkali, Ivory Soap does not hurt the gilding. And because it contains no free oil, it is rinsed off easily, leaving the finish beautifully clear and bright.

With the circus people using Ivory Soap for this purpose all through the season, the housewife may be certain that there is nothing surer or safer for cleaning gilded articles in the home.

**IVORY SOAP . . . . . 99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE**



# Supper Menus for Convalescents in Hospitals, Elderly People and Young School Children

## I.

Eggs Poached in Cream on Toast  
Stewed Prunes  
Toasted Crackers, Buttered  
Tea Milk

## II.

Hot Boiled Rice, Cream or Whole Milk  
Hot Dates Toast  
Tea Cocoa

## III.

Egg Timbales, Bread Sauce  
String Beans, French Dressing  
Bread and Butter  
Tea Milk

## IV.

Asparagus on Toast  
Rhubarb Baked with Raisins  
Sponge Cake  
Tea

## V.

Chicken Soup  
Croutons  
Rice Pudding  
Tea Milk

## VI.

Creamed Macaroni  
Soft Scrambled Eggs  
Toasted Muffins  
Tea Milk

## VII.

Baked Potato, Butter  
Soft Custard  
Oatmeal Macaroons  
Tea Milk

## VIII.

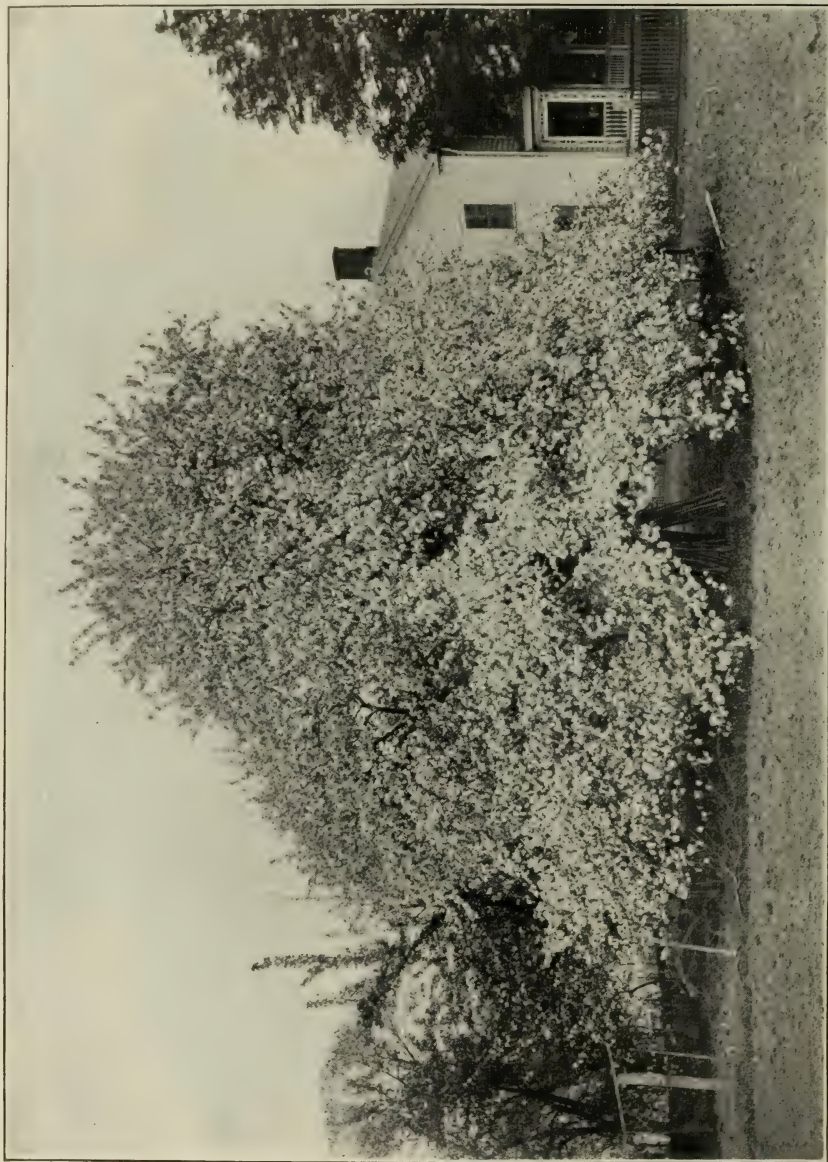
Cream of Spinach Soup  
Toasted Crackers  
Blanc Mange, Sugar, Cream  
Tea Milk

## IX.

Lamb Broth, with Barley  
Bread and Butter  
Ice Cream Sponge Cake  
Tea Milk

## X.

Stewed or Scalloped Tomatoes  
Graham Bread and Butter  
Cup Custard  
Tea Milk



HOME FLOWERS IN MAY-TIME



# The

## Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVII

MAY, 1913

No. 10

### Where the Early Wild Flowers Grow

By A. R. Lampman

**T**O enjoy the bright, warm days of spring to their fullest extent, one should form the acquaintance of the simple flowers that grow in our native woods and swamps, fields and country byways. It is not merely in the study of tedious classifications and long technical names that we may learn to know the early wild flowers; there is an irresistible charm in the knowledge of their sweet, old-fashioned names, nicknames though they are, and their quaint association with old-time folk who loved them and used many of them as remedies for their ills. There is a joy all our own in searching out each favorite's haunt; the sheltered nook or sunny slope, the strip of woodland or boggy marsh, where, blossom by blossom, these "stars of earth" keep their tryst with spring.

There are walks near my home, which in April and early May hold many delights and sweet surprises for me that never grow commonplace. Perhaps you know of just such walks, or similar ones, where on bright spring days the early birds and wild flowers sing and smile their welcome. Today my way wends through a quaint old town; the rambling streets are lined on either side with sturdy old maples and elms, which, if you notice closely, are now sending

out myriads of dainty clusters of minute red and yellow flowers, so tiny that the unobservant might see only a slight tinge of color on twigs and boughs, and a softening of their bold lines. With these come our first spring joys, the red-breasted robin with his joyous note, and the fluffy dandelion, spreading out over the bare, brown spots like a cloth-of-gold. The lawns are becoming green in patches, and here and there a sprinkle of crocuses and nodding narcissus show splashes of white, purple, and yellow. Over the neat garden fences the low spreading brown boughs of the early peach trees are a fragrant mass of delicate pink. In a week or two the stately magnolia, the spiraea shrub, the forsythia, and the flowering quince will each display their wealth of showy bloom.

Turning from the quiet village street, I cross an old-fashioned meadow, irregularly dotted with gigantic apple-trees, set out some fifty years or more ago, which are beginning to show color; a little later their gnarled old boughs will be entirely hidden beneath a drift of snowy sweetness. Down in a little hollow, sunny and warm, two graceful soft-maples, their branches flowered with feathery scarlet, nodding tantalizingly

above my reach, are sending out a faint, sweet perfume. At their feet a little basin of a spring, walled up with twisted roots and brown earth, invitingly clear and sparkling, overflows into a meadow rill, now swollen with melted snows and recent rains, and noisily loses itself in a tangle of last-year's swamp grass.

Here a bunch of unpoetical skunk-cabbage has ventured to exchange her purplish cowl for a more pretentious dress of green. Here and there clumps of marsh marigolds are glorifying the wet patches with gorgeous green and gold, and a little further away a bed of fiddle-head ferns are leisurely unrolling their pale, silky fronds. On a ridge above this marshy meadow, where tender green plants are pushing up everywhere, snuggling close to old mother earth, I find my first blue violets, and a few yellow ones, too, peeking shyly over the rims of their own broad, round leaves, and the charming lines of Lowell's.

"Winds wander and dews drip earthward;  
Rains fall, suns rise and set;  
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper  
A poor little violet."

come to my mind as I stoop to gather, one by one, these babes of spring.

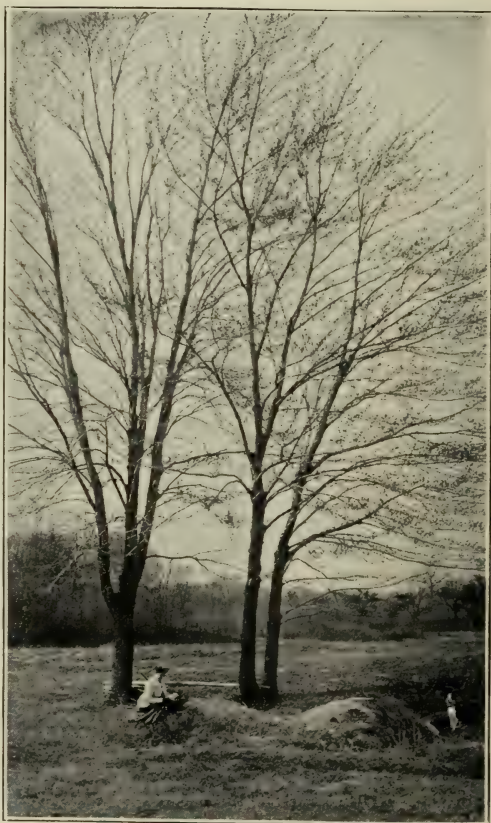
I follow the little meadow stream a bit farther just to see how charmingly the silvered catkins of the fertile willows contrast with the golden fringe of the sterile, and to listen to the high notes of the peepers as they practice to the accompaniment of granddaddy frog's contented croak, croak. Bees singing happily fly airily in and out among the willow blossoms, while two jubilant birds pipe their sweet melody from the swinging tasseled boughs of a speckled alder. A flock of blackbirds, cawing lustily, circle high above my head, and a timid deer-mouse pokes his soft nose out between the stones of an old wall, as if to see what all this noise and din is about. As I enter the woods a forward butterfly, a little bewildered by his early venture, flutters past, and a frisky, red

squirrel whisks nimbly up a tall poplar to peer down at me with keen, bright eyes. Here, as everywhere in the fields and woods, happy little habitats, commonplace and unassuming, are

"Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things."

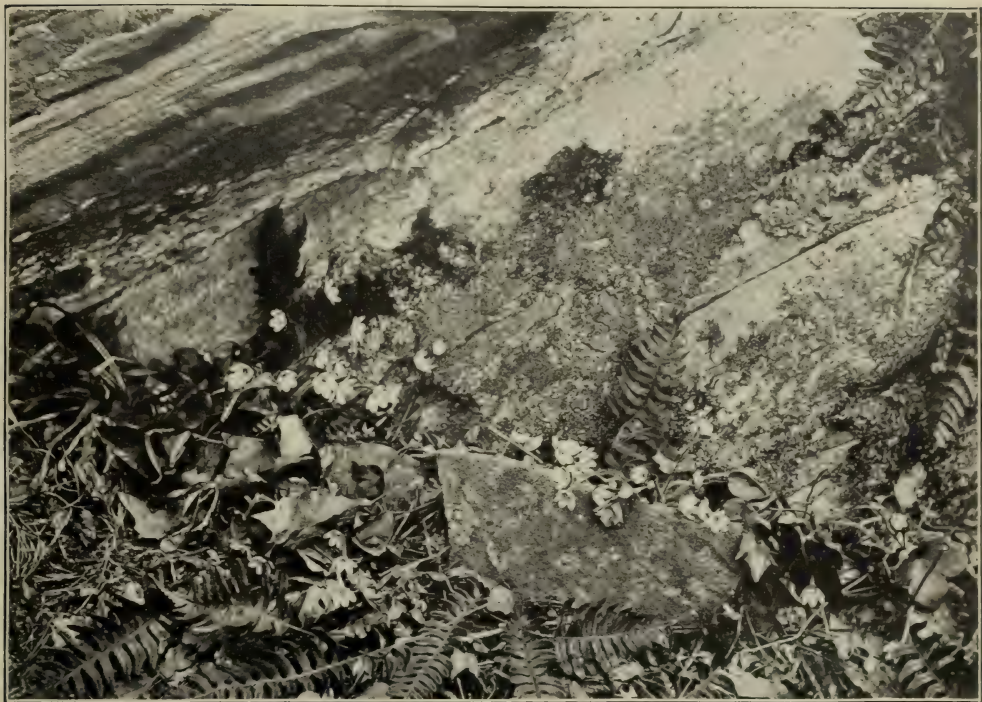
There was a chill in the air when I started, but the sun has warmed it now. I sit down on an old tree-trunk and eat every crumb of the four sandwiches my landlady thoughtfully provided for me, leaving not a morsel for the mite on the poplar bough, who is eyeing me so hungrily. The joyous healthfulness of the broad-out-of-doors, with the fragrance of growing plants and bursting buds all about you, is a delightful change from the routine of every-day affairs, as well as a seducer of appetite.

One need not be an artist to see the beauty of the sun-rays filtering down



WHERE I FOUND MY FIRST VIOLETS





HEPATICAS AND WINTER FERNS

through the delicate green foilage of those white birches yonder in streams of mellow light, or an experienced botanist to discover that little wet dell where myriads of yellow adder's tongue are nodding lily-like cups above their pretty mottled leaves. Near these I will find some of the pale yellow bells of the bell-wort, drooping gracefully beneath their curved stems, and, too, the favorite of my childhood, the quaint, erect, green and purple-veined canopies of the Jack-in-the-pulpit.

In these same woods, on a sunny slope, or at the base of a lichen-covered rock, the dainty hepatica, or liverwort, have pushed fuzzy little buds up through the light soil and dead leaves, and are now standing open-petaled to the sun. The freshness of their many hues contrast strikingly with their rusty, leathery leaves of last year, and the dull green of the winter ferns; a little later a bright new foliage will begin to show above the brown of the old. Further on,

near the spreading roots of an old tree, cluster the white and pinkish flowers of the delicate rue-anemone. Here, too, one sees gay circles of the pink, white, and purplish wind-flower, bobbing airily on slender, wiry stems. While springing up here and there through the dead forest leaves, like flakes of snow, appears the pure little star-flower.

Far up on a ridge, among coarse stones and underbrush, the roll-up-leaves of the blood-root, carefully wrapped in their warm bracts, are pushing sturdy noses above the moist soil and litter. In a day or two their light green leaves will warily unfold, disclosing a snug little bud at the end of each straight, slim stalk, which, with the warm sun shining on them, shoots rapidly upward, at the same time unrolling, one by one, eight spotless white petals. This lovely little flower, a kin of the poppy, lasts but a short time, and, if we do not keep a

keen lookout, we may not discover it until its snowy petals begin to fall from their yellow centres.

Here, where rocks crop out of the soil on every hand, one may look for the early saxifrage blossoms, growing close down to the base of the rocks, and high up in the crevices. In this neighborhood I have found the heart-shape leaves and feathery bloom of the foam flower, false mitrewort, and a little later the crystalline flowers of the true mitrewort which they resemble. Among these first arrivals we will see the fairy hearts of the white and yellow Dutchman's breeches, the white pink-veined petals of the spring beauty, the showy white and red painted trillium, and its cousin the reddish wake-robin.

As I wend my way into the open I detect many other early spring blossoms equally as interesting, and with each fresh discovery comes a new thrill of pleasure. Near the edge of the woods, beneath a clump of pines, min-

gling with the glossy green leaves and scarlet berries of the wintergreen, I suddenly come upon a mass of trailing arbutus, its beautiful waxy, pink and white clusters, half hidden from view by their own coarse leaves, are sending up to me a world of spicy sweetness that is most alluring. In our native woods these fragrant harbingers of spring are becoming more rare each year, owing to the careless uprooting of their plants by thoughtless flower-lovers.

Regretfully I retrace my steps homeward, just as the sun slowly slips behind the mountains, tired, but comforted, for there is no recreation that will sooth jaded nerves and tune the soul with the Infinite like a ramble in the sweet spring air and sunshine. By another week the mist of delicate green will deepen on the tree-tops and underbrush. Away up the hillside, like a trail of light, will be seen the flowering wreath-like branches of the wild-cherry and shad-berry trees. The edge



THE SUN-FLOWERS OF THE BLOOD-ROOT



of the little forest along the roadside will be white with blossoming dog-wood; in these pure flowers we may revel to our heart's content, for like the pink azalea that comes to us in

June, if gathered and left on their thick branches, and placed in a deep receptacle of fresh cold water, they will retain for us their dainty beauty for several days.



A BIT OF EARLY SPRING

## May

May days, the robins sing in maple branches,  
And locust boughs are sweet with fragrant bloom;

May days, the sun through shifting cloud waves dances

And every breeze is heavy with perfume.  
But whether pressing on with footsteps eager,  
Or buffeted in fortune's moiling mart,  
We pause, sometimes, though time be scant and meagre,

A little homesick longing in the heart.

May days, the fields are green with new-grown grasses,

And little lambs in pasture frisk and play,  
While every brook, o'er pebbles as it passes,  
Dances a measure, fetterless and gay.

But far removed from scenes of childhood pleasures,

Old memories stir and rising tear-drops smart,

For each, the Past holds something that he treasures—

There lies a homesick yearning in the heart.

L. M. THORNTON.



A CHILD'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

*Decorations—Citron leaves and stems, small candies to form blossoms.—See Page 776*

## Four and a Fireless

By Alice Lovett Carson

**A**S Gregory Hammond turned the key and admitted himself and his sister Katharine into his tiny apartment, the odor of scorched meat and vegetables was wafted unpleasantly to their nostrils. His call, "Coo-ee!" receiving no response, Gregory dropped Kate's suitcase, strode down the hall and opened the kitchen door in search of Penelope. A very red-faced, dismayed little wife was bending over the gas stove, poking gingerly with a long iron spoon at the malodorous contents of a big stew kettle. Two steps carried Gregory across the room; he flung up the window with a bang, and a rush of cold air relieved the steam-laden atmosphere.

"O Greg! I'm so sorry. I didn't hear you whistle."

He turned the piquant little face up for a kiss. "Here's Kate," he said.

Kate had followed her brother and now stood in the doorway, looking fresh and rosy from her walk in the chill November wind. She enveloped

Penelope in an embrace of warm furs and cool lips.

"My dear, it's so nice to have you here for our anniversary week. Do come out of this smelly kitchen." And Penelope led the way into the pretty dining-room, where the table was laid for three. "O Kate, I'm such a stupid! I've spoiled the dinner. After spending hours preparing meat and vegetables and putting the stew on to boil, I promptly forgot it. And now,—"  
her blue eyes filled with tears and her voice rose to a pathetic wail,—"I'll have to throw it—all—out!"

Kate smiled as she removed her furs and coat, unpinned her hat, and patted her pretty brown hair smooth. "What else have you got in the house?" she asked.

"Only cold potatoes and lettuce. O yes, there's a can or two of sardines."

"Sardines, salad, potatoes,—that sounds promising. Just lend me an apron, Pen, and I'll turn you out a royal supper in two shakes of the proverbial lamb's tail."



They both protested indignantly against this. "Why, you're a guest! You shan't—." But Kate shut herself up in the kitchen, which was now thoroughly aired out, and Penelope, much relieved, sank into the big arm-chair she had vacated.

"How did this happen, Penelope?" Gregory asked, frowning. Spoiled diners were becoming no novelty in the Hammond establishment, but it was mortifying that Kate should find them out and have to come to the rescue.

Penelope cast a rueful glance at him, and made a gesture—half in regret, half in pride—towards a chair on which lay a woman's hat in process of making.

"Genius was burning, and the stew burned in sympathy. I was so absorbed in an idea that came to me as just the thing for Mabel Turner's hat that I forgot the dinner. I was never meant for a housekeeper, Gregory."

She sighed, looking so pathetically little and helpless that her fond husband kissed her remorsefully.

"Here's a letter for you, pet," he said, tossing it over.

Penelope uttered a cry of delight as she drew a narrow slip of paper from the envelope. "Mrs. Basil Gaylord's cheque at last! O Greg, now I'm going to buy you those golf sticks for our anni—" She clapped her hands over her mouth too late to prevent the secret escaping.

"Pen, you shan't! Give me that cheque."

But she evaded the long arm stretched forth to take it, and sprang to her feet. A merry chase ensued through the parlor, dining-room and hall, which ended when Penelope darted into the bed-room, slammed the door to and locked it, leaving Gregory to pound in vain until Kate came to call them both to supper.

"Broiled sardines au gratin,—hot biscuits,—creamed potatoes,—egg salad,—coffee and little cakes! Kate, you

are a culinary genius!" Penelope gazed with unfeigned admiration and awe at the feast spread before them.

"I saw the cakes in a shop as we came along, and made Greg go in and buy them. The potatoes and other 'fixings' I found in your ice-box, Ma'am. Are the biscuits right?"

"Scrumptious! And the sardines are dreams!" Gregory munched with the enjoyment of a man who had not had such a home meal in months. "Now I see why the Belton School of Domestic Science pays you such a fabulous salary, Katharine. I suppose we couldn't induce you to take a permanent job here as housekeeper? All evenings off and as many 'followers' as you like? By the way, what's become of Thaddeus Morrell?"

Kate passed over the last query as if she had not heard it. "I'll place your application on file, Mr. Hammond, and let you know when a vacancy occurs in my engagements,—in other words, when I lose my present position. Seriously, Penelope, what you two children ought to have is a cooker."

"A cook?" Penelope was pouring coffee and did not catch the word. "What would we do with a cook, Kate, in our four-room-and-bath apartment?"

"A fire-less cooker, Ma'am."

"Oh!" Penelope considered the idea.

"I have heard of fire-less cooks," murmured Gregory, pensively selecting his seventh biscuit.

"You would find it a great help, Pen," went on his sister, ignoring Greg's irrelevancy. "You could prepare the dinner in the morning, start it, put it into the cooker, and have all the afternoon free for millinery, until it was time to dish up your dinner."

"Mabel Turner has one, and she certainly makes delicious things," said Penelope. "But, Kate, aren't they very expensive? I'm sure we couldn't afford one."

"Can you afford to go on burning up

good food? O forgive me, Pen," as the little wife colored up, "but I judged that today's mishap was not the first. Am I right?"

Penelope nodded, with flaming cheeks.

"A cooker soon pays for itself in the gas, time and labor saved, to say nothing of the good things it cooks for you," Kate went on hurriedly. "A three-compartment cooker, with appliances for baking as well,—in short, an all-round article,—costs fifteen dollars. Buying on installments it costs a little more. I happen to know so much about them because we recently bought a number for the School, and Thaddeus Morrell had the contract."

"Ah, so you do hear from Thad?" Gregory reflected that the pink flush on his sister's face was very becoming to her dark beauty. "I'm glad to know he's prospering. What firm is he with?"

"The Wonderworking Fireless Cooker Company, of Erie. He is their General Agent for the East and Middle West; but they are talking now of sending him to open branches in California."

After supper, Kate and Penelope washed and dried the dishes, and Gregory put them away. When he had departed with the last trayful of plates, Penelope shut the kitchen door hard, leaned against it and spoke rapidly.

"Kate, I'm going to order a cooker. Gregory never complains, but I'm sure he's been half starved this fall, for I've had a great many orders for hats, and you can't guess how many dinners I've burned in consequence."

"I see," Kate nodded. "And you don't want to drop the millinery?"

"I can't. Greg's had such a hard pull this year, acting as manager on a clerk's salary, you know. By the first of the year he'll get double what he does now,—but, O Kate, I don't want to bring him to an untimely grave before January!"

Kate pressed her hand understandingly. "I think you manage well to keep this place so neat and pretty, for a girl who's had no training or natural bent

for housekeeping. Of course, you oughtn't to give up your art—since it pays you well, besides,—so you are right to give yourself all the helps you can for housework."

Penelope was pleased. Praise from capable Kate was praise indeed. "This is a cheque I got tonight for seven dollars. That will pay the deposit and first month's installment on a cooker. I'd like to have it a surprise for Greg on our wedding anniversary, so won't you write Thad Morrell to be sure to have it reach here on Wednesday? That's the day."

Kate promised and tucked the cheque away inside her blouse. As she passed through the dining-room to stow it in a safer place, Gregory, lazying in the Morris chair, reached out and pulled her down beside him.

"Give me five minutes' chat with you, sis, before you go to bed," he said. Then he turned her left hand over and examined it with interest. "I see you still wear mother's wedding-ring. By the way, where's Thad's ring?" he inquired carelessly.

Kate pulled her hand away, laughing. "Do you suppose I wear it in the school-room, Gregory John Hammond?"

"O well, that's all right, 's long as you've got it. I thought you still had the poor fellow dangling on a string."

Penelope came in with her sewing and Kate, thus neatly caught, explained. "We have been engaged for some months, but it's not to be made public yet. Thad's plans are quite unsettled just now."

"Don't make him wait too long, Katharine, dear. By the time he's sold enough cookers to make you both rich, he'll be a living skeleton—and he's thin enough now, Heaven knows. Marry him and feed him up. Think of all the good cooking the poor man's missing."

The interview between brother and sister was snatched in the dark of the hall, after Penelope had gone to bed. "Here's a ten-dollar bill, Kate. I've been saving like—like sixty to buy Pen a silk



dress, but I expect she'll enjoy a cooker more, really. I rather think I shall like it myself. Tell Thad to send on his best fifteen-dollar article, and have it here—sure as fate—by Wednesday.”

Alone and safely locked in the parlor, where she was to sleep on the divan, Kate smiled as she smoothed out Gregory's “yellow-back” and laid Penelope's cheque beside it. “So I've become a conspirator,—and a double-faced one, at that. Now, the only question is how to manage—”

Thoughtfully she dipped her pen into the ink and wrote a letter which she addressed to Mr. Thaddeus Vance Morrell, Hotel Wilberforce, Albany. The lanky young man who ultimately opened and read that letter evidently thought it most satisfactory for he kissed it in secret and put it into the pocket nearest his heart, after vowing to fulfil the behests of the writer. Soon Katharine was able to report to both members of her conspiracy that the cooker had been ordered and would arrive without fail on Wednesday. But she did not communicate the further contents of Mr. Morrell's reply,—news which startled her and made her very thoughtful and absent-minded for the rest of the day. She wore an abstracted air, and wrote and tore up many letters before she composed one that satisfied her.

Meanwhile husband and wife were getting fat,—so they declared,—on the excellent cookery Kate provided, for she had insisted on taking charge of this branch of the housekeeping during her stay. Each morning she gave demonstration lectures on the preparation of simple meats and vegetables, with special attention to such things as could be cooked in a fireless. Penelope confessed her gratitude almost with tears.

“But it isn't so much that I don't know, Kate, as that I'm so forgetful,” she sighed. “I'd far rather trim six hats than work all day over a hot stove.”

To express her feelings adequately, Penelope turned to her own dainty art,

busying herself in secret with wire, buckram, velvet, silk and feathers. On the eve of the anniversary she came into Kate's “parlor-boudoir” with the result, a genuine “creation” of the millinery craft.

“Don't you think this a becoming hat, Kate? It's for you,—the prettiest one I could make. There, now you look like a bride!”

Kate wheeled about suddenly from the contemplation of herself in the mirror. “What do you mean, Penelope?” Her voice had a strange huskiness, and she pressed Pen's hands so tightly that she hurt.

“What makes you look at me so queerly, Kate? I only meant you looked sweet in it. What else could I mean?”

“I thought you might have—I didn't know but—Oh, it was just a foolish thought of mine, Penelope.”

“And you'll wear the hat tomorrow? It's a little ‘thank-you’ gift for what you've taught me, Kate. You're so wise and capable.”

“Pooh! That for my capability! I appreciate it more to have you tell me I'm pretty. Pen, did you really mean that?”

“Why, Kate, I always thought you were lovely!”

“So he says,” murmured Kate, with starry eyes.

“He? Who?”

Kate turned back to the mirror. “Penelope, you weaver of dreams, go to bed. I love this pretty bonnet and I will surely wear it tomorrow. But just now I have something important to do.”

Her sister-in-law pressed a kiss on her lips and departed, smiling softly to herself. Kate, after removing the new hat, stood for a moment gazing out at the moonlighted housetops. Her thoughts were a thousand miles away. A question, which had waited all day long for her answer, again rose in her mind, and Kate decided it then. Suddenly she turned, hurried noiselessly from the room, catching up a cloak on her way,

and let herself out of the apartment. Five minutes later she stood in the nearest telegraph office, dispatching a one-word message to Buffalo. Then she returned, walking on air, to her peaceful lounge, just as Penelope was smiling herself away into a rosy dream.

The impatient young man in a Buffalo hotel, to whom Kate's message was handed half an hour later, gave it one glance, let out an exultant whoop, and sprinted madly down the corridor to his room. Somehow he contrived to catch the midnight express to New York, and to wrest a berth from the reluctant porter, but sleep was for many hours absent from his eyes.

At breakfast next morning Gregory remarked that he had arranged to leave the bank early and take them both to the theatre. He would not listen to Kate's protests that he ought to have his wife to himself on their first wedding anniversary, and merely winked at her as he said, "I fancy there will be a surprise for you here when we come back, Pen." To this his wife, much mystified, responded, "You are not the only one who has a secret up your sleeve, sir." And Kate, glancing at each in turn, smiled too, whereat the other conspirators chuckled.

While they were dressing to go out, a messenger brought a telegram for Kate, who read it, scribbled a reply and announced to Penelope that she found she must start sooner, but would meet them at the theatre. Her mysterious actions were explained when, as Gregory and Penelope entered the lobby, Kate stepped up to them, followed by a tall, very-much-smiling young man.

"Thad Morrell! Well, where did you blow in from, and when, you old top?" Gregory cried, slapping his friend on the back, while Penelope beamed a welcome. She liked lanky Thaddeus Morrell, Gregory's boyhood chum, and now Kate's fiancé. No doubt Kate had met him at the station.

"Buffalo. At noon. Let me see your

tickets, Hammond."

Kate handed Penelope a bunch of violets which matched her mauve costume. "From Thad," she said. She herself was wearing pink roses with her grey suit and the pretty rose-and-grey bonnet that Pen had made.

Morrell, who had in the meantime engineered an exchange of tickets at the box-office, now led the way towards the right proscenium box. "This is a wedding celebration," he remarked, to all Gregory's remonstrances and Penelope's protesting thanks. After the play, he proposed a little supper at Renault's,—a supper so far from little that Penelope and Gregory declared the celebration was being carried much too far for their own peace of mind. But Thaddeus and Kate only laughed and prolonged the feast, so that it was nearly eight o'clock when the four finally returned to the apartment.

There in the private hall, where the janitor had placed it, stood the fireless cooker, still crated. Gregory pointed to it with pride. "There, Pen, this is for you!"

"That? Why, that's my present to you, Greg!" cried Penelope. "I ordered a fireless cooker!"

"So did I, and here—"

"Kate wrote to Thad for me!"

"She did for me, too!"

Husband and wife turned accusingly upon Kate, demanding an explanation. She sank into a chair, speechless with laughter, while Thaddeus grinned his enjoyment of the situation.

"Suppose we open it and find out whose it is," he suggested.

Gregory flew for the cold chisel, hammer and hatchet, and the two men uncrated the cooker. Then Thaddeus rolled it into the dining-room and Penelope fell on her knees before it with a cry of delight. She passed her hands over the velvety wood, admired the shining brass hinges, raised the lid and in awed silence took out the aluminum pots, the pie rack, the heating disks, the



lifter and other appliances. Then she looked accusingly up at Kate, who was watching with a queer smile.

"Katharine Hammond, this cooker never—never cost fifteen dollars!"

Kate pointed to an envelope which Thaddeus, unseen by Penelope, had slipped under one of the lids. Wonderingly Penelope drew forth two cards: "‘Mr. Thaddeus Vance Morrell’—‘Mrs. Thaddeus Vance Morrell.’ Wha-at!"

"We were married this afternoon," explained Thaddeus, when the tumult of eager questions and congratulations had somewhat subsided. "You see, it was planned long ago, and we even got the license last time I was in town and Katharine had these cards made, for we didn't know how soon it would be. Kate wanted to finish out her term at the School of Domestic Science. Then this matter came up of my going to California, and we set the date of the wedding for early in December, and Kate broke the news to her principal. Well, good people, when everything seemed settled. I received word the other day to start

immediately to open a branch in Los Angeles. Of course I wasn't going alone, so I begged her to come along—"

"And she wired ‘Yes’?"

"After keeping me on pins and needles till the last moment, she did. You can bet I made a quick dash for the express and little old New York, and there she was to meet me! We slipped around to your old rector—Dr. Munson—and did the deed. And that's all, Ma'am, except that we leave on the one o'clock express for Chicago, so, naturally, we had our celebration this afternoon."

"And you will find a certain cheque and a bill in the desk drawer yonder," his bride added, demurely.

Penelope, who could hardly forgive Kate for not allowing her to have some part in the wedding, kissed her again reproachfully. Gregory voiced her feeling by saying, "Seems to me you have been mighty mysterious about all this business, Mrs. Morrell."

She smiled. "Ah, but you forget—I've been conducting a four-fold conspiracy, Greg."

## Nesting Time

The sunny hours again slip by,  
The song-bird's a-trill and a-wing,  
And from sward and sylvan under-sky  
The melodious raptures ring,—

"Sweet—sweet—sweet",—

Come the bird notes clear and strong,  
How the gladness floats from the feathered  
throats

To merge in a mating song.

Heigho, for long dark days are gone,  
And out on the emerald wold,  
The blossoms that slept till Maytime dawn  
Are gay in their purple and gold;

"Sweet—sweet—sweet",—

Who prates of sorrow or wrong  
When the merry notes of such liquid throats  
Well up in a mating song?

Speed, South winds, on your fairest quest,  
By woods and by glimmering fell,  
And cradle each freshly-plaited nest  
That these rapturous hearts fore-tell,—

"Sweet—sweet—sweet",—

In chorus full, loud and long  
And the same sweet notes as when silver  
throats

Stirred the Eden ways with song.

ELEANOR ROBBINS WILSON.

# The Domestic Woman of Today

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

**A**N able statistician who has devoted much study to social and domestic economics is responsible for the statement that ninety per cent. of American housewives keep no servants.

It would, indeed, be interesting to learn what percentage of these servantless domiciles might be termed successful homes—successful from the point of capable management.

While the number might not be overwhelmingly in the majority, it is growing rapidly, for housewifery is fast taking its place in the list of respected arts. And, strange as it may seem, high prices, food adulterations, woman suffrage, and man's study of efficiency, have helped to boost it to its present pedestal. But as one of our present day sages has said, "We work from the complex to the simple; and the obvious is the last thing we learn."

We used to do a great deal of shouting about the old Biblical injunction, to "increase and multiply," and as a sort of maternal pat on the back, we were fond of quoting—"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that moves the world." But we have long since tried out to our satisfaction that fewer and more carefully reared children are rather to be desired. Large families we have had in plenty and through poverty, hardship, and ignorance ruined more Lincolns than we have made. Through long and colicky nights poor suffering mites of humanity were joggled into silence before we learned that the well-cared for and properly-nourished infant doesn't require rocking.

Thus, through a long and circuitous path, and by much stumbling have we come, face to face, with the homely fact that woman's farthest reaching influence comes from her being adequately

grounded in the rudiments of home-making. It is the woman, versed in the knowledge of the relative values of food-stuffs, the blessed art of cookery, and the hygienic management of a home, who is contributing more enduring quality to the warp and weft of the national fabric than any other factor. She it is who is sending forth from her home each morning the husband fortified for efficient service, and the well-equipped pupil to the school-teacher.

Not long ago, a Western railroad decided to dispense with the services of all of its employes who did not have happy homes. At first thought, it seemed a heartless ruling, but under the analytical X-Ray of reason was revealed the worthwhile motive. The man, harried and worn with domestic wrangles, or the man who is drowning his troubles in the spirituous potion, cannot measure up to the prescribed standard of trustworthiness. It isn't such a far cry from a poorly-prepared meal to a railroad accident, after all. Sometimes it only covers a dyspeptic grouch and a drink.

The index finger of the Present is surely pointing to the kitchen.

High prices, that powerful boomerang aimed at the working man's purse, has rebounded where?—to the feet of the cook. No other event of modern times has so thoroughly arrested her attention, and, in rallying to meet renewed onslaughts, she is fortifying her household with the bulwark of scientific management. She is learning the relative value of food properties, the science of cookery and the art of buying economically.

And, in bargaining for suffrage, who can gainsay that woman may not thereby be fashioning one of the strongest cudgels to help drive her sisters back to the hearthside?



The hue and cry of her equality is beginning to demand proof. Man, from his ages-old province of wage-earning, is challenging her claim, and where, oh, where, can she substantiate it, but from her time-trained realm of home-making? To clinch her argument, she has but to show him the craftsmanship of her housekeeping,—a household as well organized and smoothly running as are his own business interests. For home-making is undeniably as much a trade as carpentry, as much a profession as the law. Bishop John H. Vincent says that all efficient housewives should have conferred on them the degrees, A. D. and A. H. L., meaning, respectively, Artist Domestic and Artist of Home Life.

It is estimated that nearly ten billion dollars are spent annually in the United States by women for household maintenance; yet it has been expended with a lack of knowledge and reckless abandon that would stagger those in charge of any other large economic transaction.

But just as we have awakened to the daring wastefulness of our national resources and are trying to conserve our forests and mines, so are we now beginning to grapple with this tremendously appalling problem of the economic waste in families, due to the lack of woman's understanding of household science.

No one has given greater impetus to this movement than the late Ellen H. Richards, former assistant professor in sanitary chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whose efforts along these lines were untiring.

Scientific home-making is, unquestionably, the call of the hour, and during the past year the answer has grown to a mighty chorus. Today there are over 1200 institutions in the United States offering courses in home economics. In this number about 100 colleges and 650 high schools are represented. The University of California is the latest of the large institutions to swing into line and, at present, they are endeavoring to raise funds to endow a college of domestic

arts and sciences. This is the tell-tale straw of good news that shows the uplifting trend of domestic ideals.

In the past quarter of a century man has made great strides in the study of scientific efficiency—that problem of the sane direction of effort which makes all energy count.

In the brick-laying industry, for instance, within the last few years, a man studying brick laying operations has been able to reduce the bricklayer's movements from eighteen to five, thereby increasing the average number of bricks, laid by one man per day, from the old-time rate of 700 bricks to nearly 3,000.

Not long ago men had the same kind of shovels for every kind of work; now the shovel is designed to fit the work.

So the idea of wasted motion has gradually crept into the kitchen; and, answering the demand, have, also, come ranges at different heights, sinks, tables, stationery tubs, regulated for the convenience of the worker, and a variety of working implements that have almost halved the hours of culinary labor.

This all makes for the curtailment of monotony and domestic discontent,—the two goading lashes that so effectually, in the past, have driven the home-abiding women to the so-called larger world interests.

Formerly, the plain little domestic woman bewailed her lot; she longed to be out in the open arena of civic strife, combating the social evils. But now she knows, as a qualified home-maker, her vantage ground is unique. Her strike at death-dealing destroyers is often more sure than that of her sister of the forum.

The W. C. T. U. worker is, undoubtedly, rendering praiseworthy service; the woman in the home, serving properly prepared meals, is, indeed, lessening a man's desire for stimulants.

The preacher, stigmatizing divorce, hopes to drive home his message for world betterment; the maker of a happy home is actually helping to bring it about.

The call to eradicate disease is a cogent appeal, but the hygienically managed household is one of the strongest fighting factors in the process.

"Give the people knowledge and food, sunlight and fresh air," says one of today's clear thinkers, "and in the end you will have a race and even an entire globe, whence the germs of disease shall have been driven—as we have driven out ferocious animals and poisonous snakes."

One of the greatest fallacies of the feminine mind is the idea that monotony has pre-empted the kitchen kingdom. Monotony dogs the footsteps of all workers and responds as quickly to the call of routine in counting-room, office and market place as in the cook's territory. The success or failure of any given task depends on the worker's viewpoint. In other words, "it is not the place that maketh the person, but the person that maketh the place honorable."

No where has the touch of modernity fallen with more telling effect than in the housekeeper's domain. A whole new working régime has been called into practice and the old backache female

has, at last, "gone away back and sat down."

An up-to-date type of domestic woman is at hand;—large-minded, resourceful, equal to the problems of the present day ménage. She is making her business exceptional by doing it exceptionally well.

Like a cumbersome burden the heavier household responsibility is falling from her shoulders. Electricity has become her deputy housekeeper. The fireless cooker, the dustless duster, and all the amazing labor-saving devices are rallying to her assistance. A wider margin of leisure than she has even known is beautifying her work-a-day world, granting her time for the further cultivation of her mind, the social graces, and affording her the opportunity to lend her worthy support to the noble exponents of pure food and pure-food laws.

A cheer for the modern home and the progressive homekeeper! And a cheer for the leaders in the vanguard of practical housewifery,—the far-seeing women who have helped to lift the performance of common household tasks to the rank of honorable professions!

## In Excelsis

O holy hermit thrush!  
That singest afar  
And near at evening's hush,  
By pale morning star—  
Thy flute-like notes commingling with the  
moon-beam's bar,—

Thou spirit made of light!  
We are listening long,  
On the deep wooded hight,  
For that heavenly song,  
Which thrills like silver harp-strings as it  
trills along.

Prelude of distant waves,  
Beating on the beach,  
Softly the water laves  
Now that rocky reach;  
Quietly we seek for the lesson thou canst  
teach.

By longing, listening ear,  
We sense faith, hope, love,  
In strains so pure and clear,  
Mortal thought above;  
Beyond the summit of a human soul; yet  
near;

When the thrush stops singing,  
Our thought back to earth  
Peace of God is bringing,  
In the soul's rebirth,—  
Glory to God in the Highest! Peace on his  
earth!

BLANCHE BUTLER FORD.



# The Woman Who Had Nothing To Give

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

"HOW good you are!" said the little mother, as she stood looking at her baby, whose cries of suffering had softened to occasional sobs under the skilful ministrations of Mrs. Grant, who was rocking it softly in her arms and cooing to it as she sat in a low chair in Mrs. Wight's home.

"I—good!" exclaimed the other, glancing up at her suddenly and at once looking down again to hide the flash of scorn in her eyes at such valuation of herself. She, good, when she never had a dollar to give to any of the causes she believed in so much nor even to a personal want that pressed upon her sympathy. She could never forget how it had been when Mr. Wight died and his salary, which was all his income, stopped with his breath. The neighbors who liked the young fellow and his wife had made up a purse for her. Nobody was fonder of the young couple than Marianna Grant; but her share in this purse had been so small that she always cringed inwardly when she thought of it. She had tried in her own way to make up for this deficit, not for her own comfort but to help the little woman. She had gone to friends and also to persons whom she knew only by reputation and begged them to employ Mrs. Wight to sew, or in some capacity which would enable her to support herself, her little daughter of five and her baby then eight months old. Thus it came about that, long after the contents of the purse had been exhausted, the work which Mrs. Grant had secured for her kept the wolf from the door. But what had Marianna done, she told herself in comparison with the others? She had hated to beg a position even for another person. But really, what was it to go to a few ladies, even if at several places she did stand before the door getting up courage to ring; and

even if the weather was bad, the tramp long and wearisome and her own work had to be done when she returned home? A few steps, a few words, and when refusal appeared imminent, a pressure of persuasion which it seemed to her at the time she had been inspired to make, and the thing was done, and Mrs. Wight's support secured.

But it was not of this, but of the meagreness of her contribution, even though it had cost her the much-needed new trimmings for her hat, that she thought that morning, smothering a sigh as she looked up.

"It was well I grabbed the vaseline and the hot-water bag when Elsie ran in for me," she said. "They were just the right things and it would have lost time to go back for them. See how much better he is breathing, the darling. He'll soon be fast asleep. Then I must go; for I have bread in the oven."

"Too bad, you dear friend! I hope it hasn't burned," said Mrs. Wight. "You always think of yourself last."

"Wouldn't you think of a baby with croup before you did of a piece of dough?" retorted Mrs. Grant. Yet she was anxious about her bread; for she never wasted anything. Her husband's income was so small that it required all her skill in managing it, to keep him and the children in comfort, with never a luxury.

"Thank you so much," repeated Mrs. Wight, still watching the child, who was now asleep.

"Don't mention it," said Mrs. Grant, as she kissed away the single tear left upon the baby face. I love to have him in my arms, the darling; it's just a pleasure. But now I must run. I'll look in again this afternoon to see how he's getting on. But I don't believe you'll have any more trouble."

"I wish I didn't have to be away this morning," said the mother regretfully, as the other paused for a last look at the baby. "But Mrs. Horner has the dress-maker, and depends upon me to do some errands for her in town." For doing errands in the neighboring city was frequently a part of Mrs. Wight's work for her employers. "I have to match some colors," she added; "and that always takes time. But 'twill be all right. Elsie is a young nurse. But you'll be careful, won't you, darling?"

"Yes, mamma," answered the child of five, an anxious wrinkle upon her little brow.

"No, no, that 'll never do, as baby is now!" cried Mrs. Grant. "I think he's all right. But if he *should* choke up again, how is Elsie to leave him to run for me? Give me a good warm wrap for him, and I'll take him home with me. Then you'll not worry, nor I either. And, Elsie, come along, too, and have lunch with the children. They'll be glad to have you, and so shall I. And you'll keep me company in the afternoon."

It was true that Mrs. Grant never had money to give. But the contents of her bottle of vaseline, at need, a bite of food for the dear little girl who had many duties for so young a child—what were these things? They didn't count in the giving; or, certainly, Mrs. Grant never counted them.

Grateful tears were in the mother's eyes as she laid the sleeping child in the strong and tender arms outstretched for him. "Oh, thank you so much," she said. "Now my heart is light as a feather. And I'll come for him and Elsie the first moment I'm free. You know how it is?" she added wistfully. "But, anyway, it's a shame to burden you so."

"Burden! Fiddlesticks!" retorted Mrs. Grant. "It just makes me feel as if my Nat were a baby in arms again. I like it. So, run away to your business; and success to you."

When the children had eaten their

luncheon merrily, simple as it was, and were going to school again, the oldest daughter noticed her mother's sewing thrown over the back of a chair.

"Is that my new frock, mamma?" she asked, eyeing the unfamiliar color.

"No, dearie. I'm going to take yours tomorrow. But Mary Harding got into a muddle with her new gown, poor little thing. You know, her mamma is at the hospital, and Mary has a hard time. She said she could not afford a dressmaker. I'm trying to help her out with it; it's all I can do. You are willing to wait a day or two, aren't you, Lily, dear? Mary needs this, more than you do yours, at once."

"Yes, mamma," said the child resignedly. And with a sense she could not have explained of being on the right side and sure to come out well, she kissed her mother and ran off to school. For Mrs. Grant never neglected her husband and children for outside work of any kind, even if, occasionally, she deferred them when they would not suffer from the delay. She well knew they were worth all her care.

While Elsie sat playing with her doll, recalling the chatter of the Grant children about their school, and secretly glad that the following year she would be too old to be kept at home, Mrs. Grant saw a lady coming up the walk to her house.

Her sewing dropped into her lap with a smothered exclamation of dismay. This day of all days Mrs. Eastburn had pitched upon to come to take her to one of a series of fine entertainments, as she had promised to do some day. Mrs. Grant glanced from the child, who might safely have been sent to wait at the next neighbor's, to the baby. The baby! There he lay composing himself to sleep again after his luncheon, which he had been sufficiently recovered to enjoy. It proved that the entertainment was the last of the series. Mrs. Eastburn was so disappointed. Couldn't Mrs. Grant do *something* with the baby? Bring him with her? Never in that condition. No



iron cable could bind more firmly than the iron duty which bound her to that baby. She could not help remembering, as she sat, sad-eyed, after her friend had left, how very few entertainments came into her own life, and how much she had allotted upon this one.

But the baby waked and fretted a little, and she took him up. And Elsie remarked how the sun seemed always to shine in Mrs. Grant's house. Then Mrs. Wight returned radiant with success—but so soon after Mrs. Eastburn had gone!

Mrs. Grant did not speak of her disappointment. Home must be cheerful when the others came into it. And then, of course, it was babyish to mind losing a little pleasure. It was much more to her that the child seemed quite recovered as she gave him to his mother, and that Mrs. Wight was giving such satisfaction in her work. After the latter had gone, Marianna sat down again to the gown that Mary Harding had

botched, and wondered, as she worked, how much of the entertainment Mrs. Eastburn would remember to retail when she ran in on the way home, as she had volunteered to do?

The following month there came a call to give to a charity in which Mrs. Grant had great interest and faith. But it was not her duty to let Nat go without a pair of whole shoes, if the little fellow did seem to wear them out faster than any other child ever did. So, she had no money to meet the call.

"Some day, when the children grow up, they will help," she said to herself. "Then it won't be that, always, I have nothing to give."

Nothing to give! Her guardian angel hearing her, smiled so broadly that somewhat of the radiance overflowed into Marianna's heart and warmed it. She did not feel so badly as she knew she ought to do. She could not tell why, except that she was sure that some day it would be all right.

## Exterminating the Fly

By Mrs. M. A. Emmons

**I**T is suggested that the next most urgent step toward clean living is the extermination of the common house-fly, now aptly dubbed the "typhoid fly," which has rightly become a universal object of contempt. It has been convicted of being not only the bearer of typhoid by the wholesale, but all manner of abominable germs. The New York Medical Journal states that there is sufficient evidence, both experimental and clinical, to prove that tuberculosis, leprosy, cholera, carbuncle, swine-plague, tapeworm, cholera morbus and summer diarrhoea are directly transmitted by flies. It has, also, been conclusively proven that whenever and wherever flies are most abundant there intestinal diseases are most frequent, and the fly and

not the summer heat is the active agent in their spread.

The fly is well constructed to convey disease, as each foot is covered with long bristle-like hairs and each hair is covered with a sticky fluid. For this reason it would be impossible for a fly to associate so closely with filth without collecting quantities upon its feet. Laboratory experiments show that its wings and body are, also, germ-contaminated. In this case the germs live but a short time. If, however, it carries the germs in its alimentary tract they live much longer. When deposited in the fly speck they are most virulent, and many of them are capable of transmitting disease for several days after they have been deposited. Living germs of tuberculosis

were secured by Dr. Koch from fly specks on a chandelier in a home where a consumptive had dwelt.

On this account Mr. Fly should be securely debarred from the house. For he offers no apology as he stands on that slice of bread or cake industriously wiping his feet, disease germs falling from wings and legs over the food waiting to be eaten. Or, perchance, he may stumble into baby's milk. But mother quickly rescues him, tosses him to one side—which insures a speedy recovery—and feeds the milk to baby, who later falls a victim to one of the numerous children's diseases disseminated by Mr. Fly.

Even if the fly was not a disease carrier, his home life and personal habits are such as to grant him only disfavor. He is the scavenger of the insect family and is born in excrement and filth,—it is his home. Stable refuse seems to be the favorite nesting place; but it will also breed in moist garbage, carrion, or in human excrement, and from this last named habit becomes very dangerous to the health of human beings, carrying, as it does, the germs of intestinal diseases such as typhoid fever, dysentery and cholera direct from excreta to food supplies. Only ten to fourteen days are required for eggs to hatch and the mature insect to emerge, and since each female lays on an average one hundred and twenty eggs, the enormous numbers in which the insects occur are plainly accounted for, especially when one considers the abundance and universal occurrence of appropriate food.

Just about the time the boys begin to play marbles the old lazy female flies waken up, seek a bit of filth and lay their quota of eggs. In about two weeks there is the first crop—thereafter no danger of the stock being exhausted.

A swarm of lively flies in a community is much more to be feared than a bunch of snakes; for the flies find free access to the homes of high and low, sick and well, clean and filthy, and thousands of persons have died from fly-borne dis-

eases where one has died from snake-bite. They have been seen visiting the sores of cats and dogs and, flying away, light on the sores of human beings, contaminating them. Many valuable lives have been lost in this very way.

Where there is much dirt there is sure to be many flies. It is stated that a fly can smell a dirty house five miles away, and that he will make straight for it. However this may be, the fact remains that, if there is any filth about your house or premises or those of your neighbors, he has just come from it and will make straight for your dining table, if he can possibly get into the house.

In the market, in company with his despicable fellows, he plays a sportive game the livelong day from sputum, sores of animals and filth in the gutter, to exposed boxes of berries, candies, crackers, bread and meat, only to end his life by falling into the milk can, and for the sake of economy the milk is sold as food.

While it may not sound appetizing, dead germs are safer than live ones, and during the warm months, when flies and germs are most prolific, all commercial milk, especially that which is to be used as a drink or fed to children, should be Pasteurized by bringing the milk quickly to a temperature of 140° F. and keeping it at this temperature 15 minutes, then let it cool quickly. Milk is a medium in which micro-organisms grow with great rapidity and in a little while they may become the chief ingredient of the fluid, and since children, particularly, consume it in large quantities, every precaution should be taken to prevent contamination, and thus lessen the ever-increasing harvest of death.

A fly seeks its food entirely by smell and will crawl to it through any dark crevice. After feeding, it will fly up or seek the light. Unlike many of the pests of the human family, flies like the light. The housewife takes advantage of this inclination, and places her trap near a sunny window or door in a darkened



room.

Careful screening of a house will make a home practically safe from fly invasion, and is just as good an investment toward the health of the family as can be made.

The awakening of each house-holder, each community, and each city to the value of clean premises, clean neighborhoods, and clean cities as a measure of prevention, will do more to rid the country of flies than all the actual swatting can ever do. The fly nation, like any other, is founded on the home. Destroy it, and the pestiferous, pestilent-carrying fly is doomed. Now that we know where he establishes his home, intelligent, combined effort must be made to provide improved methods of disposing of stable-refuse, garbage and all waste. In the meantime, see that no decaying material of any sort is on or near your premises. Burn or bury all table refuse. If a garbage system is in effect, keep the receptacle perfectly clean, sprinkled with lime or kerosene oil, securely covered, the cover fitted with one of the improved fly traps.

Sticky fly paper, or a trap, baited with a little, sweetened, poisoned water, placed where flies are wont to congregate, will

prevent thousands of them from returning to their nesting places. Formalin or formaldehyde in water is cheap and effective. One teaspoonful of this liquid added to one-fourth a cup of water and exposed in a room or stable will be enough to kill multitudes of flies.

The American Civic Association recommends the burning of Pyrethrum powder where quick results are desired. The vapor stupefies the flies and they can then be swept up from the floor and burned. The powder should be moistened sufficiently with water to mold into cones. After drying, each cone should be placed upon a deep, flat dish and lighted at the top. All doors and windows must be securely closed before beginning operations.

Having made sure that your own house and food-supply is free from fly contamination, co-operate with the grocer, the baker, and especially the meat and milk merchant, until you secure the screening of all foods. You are thereby preserving not only the health of your own family, but of the community as well. For the nearer a community approaches cleanliness and good sanitation, the less they shall be troubled with flies, the more wholesome their dwellings.

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## The Joyous Way

Would you be just a child, a care free child!  
Then choose the brave brown brooklets way—  
Through fields, sun-kissed, 'neath willows  
    bending low,  
And where the rushes ever-whispering sway.

Sometimes it sings, oh join its music too,  
It tells of meadow secrets, Summer skies,  
The flights of birds, when day is sweet and  
    new,  
The booming honey-bees, and butterflies.

It dreams in shady nooks, then hurries on,  
Far from the busy town, its turmoil wild,  
Ah, follow, follow on the gay brooks way,  
To feel a child again, a care free child.

ALIX THORN.

# THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

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## WOMAN'S WORK

Every woman must have a definite and recognized work. It may be in her home, as a skilled mother and a successful housekeeper and home-maker, where she understands and scientifically operates the machinery of a home. And for this work, she must be paid money. For if she receives no money for her work, it is the world's acknowledgment that the work has no world value.

Or she must work in the world as a business woman. She must be in the one business or the other, if she ever is to gain an understanding of the primordial necessity of work.

Then will work be sanctified, because it will bring a true understanding between men and women, of that which is

vital to life. Then will come the highest intelligence, the true morality.

Not till then will be born a superman and a superwoman.—*Beulah Wood*.

## THE END OF VOLUME XVII

THIS is exclusively a woman's magazine. It is strictly designed for domestic use; it aims to present only that which is of especial interest and concern to women as housewives and homemakers.

In the last decade household economics has come rapidly to be the subject of foremost importance to all women. Hit-or-miss ways in housekeeping are no longer tolerable, for they are not wholesome. It is cruel to be ignorant. Acquaintance with foods, their properties and functions, should be made a part of one's education and daily thought. The ways and means of managing a home wisely is an economic subject that calls for intelligence. Women can not well afford to neglect these things. Here efficiency is needed. The housewife must be able not only to impart information but also to direct prudently the efforts of others.

The object of the Magazine is to incite to better service and higher efficiency in home life. The price is one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy. Is it not worth far more than that in many a home? It would be strange if a woman read a single copy and failed to find something of greater value to her family than ten cents represent; and she might find something ten times greater in value. In these days, certainly, money saved is money earned.

Note the excellent quality of the present number. See, also, the complete index for the year. Now is the time to subscribe for the new volume, XVIII, beginning with the June number, 1913.

As a special class publication, we have not the means, which the more general periodicals are able to command, to increase our circulation. We are well aware that our readers do not, and



should not, give any thought to our business affairs, and yet we are confident there are large numbers of housewives who would like the magazine, if it could be put before them. Would that our readers, as occasion offers, might show a copy to some neighbor or friend and thus let the Magazine speak for itself.

#### THE MYSTERY OF NUTRITION

**N**UTRITION is as delicate as well as a highly important process. We know something of the properties of foods and their functions, in building up and sustaining bodily tissues, but of the actual processes of assimilation and nourishment little is known. The strange chemical transformation somehow takes place in the system, but who can describe it? This, as life itself, is a mystery.

How a plant absorbs from the elements of earth and air the substances that go to produce fibre and shell and leaf and flower we do not know. We can see only results. Who can describe the subtle chemical process of nature in tinting the variegated colors of a flower? The growth of a blade of grass is inexplicable; likewise is the assimilation of food in the human body.

"In the orchard hang apples, almost infinitely varied in the flavor of their juices, also cherries, and pears, and apricots, and in the adjoining garden grow grapes and berries of a dozen varieties, each having its own peculiar delight in store for your palate. They are all formed from the same soil and the same air, but you must depend upon nature to furnish them. Chemistry, with all its analytical skill, cannot perform the miracle.

"Luther Burbank can gradually turn a field of yellow poppies into a field of crimson ones, but he cannot give the color to the flowers."

Blessed are the mysteries. There are things we do not wish to see or know. If this were not wise and best, it had not been so planned from the beginning. Mystery pervades life at every step. We

can not anticipate with certainty the events of a day or an hour. Uncertainty gives occasion to hope, and hope inspires courage and endurance. As soon as we arrive at consciousness, did we know the exact date of our demise, how wretched life would become. Likewise, could we know anything definite about a future life, life here might be utterly intolerable. It is simply our province to deal with conditions of life just as we find them.

#### THE ROLE OF WOMAN

In these days woman is very much in evidence. In this country, more than in any country, she has taken a definite place in industrial and professional life, and there are now few pursuits in which she does not compete with man. In Great Britain, although women are not so conspicuous as wage earners, they are more prominent by far in the field of politics, and have become a force to be reckoned with by statesmen. Some think that they have gone out of their proper sphere, and that they and the race at large will suffer by the departure from long-held customs and habits, while others are of the opinion that it is beginning to be recognized that they were not intended for domestic life alone, but have the right to be put on the same plane as men. The actions of the suffragettes in Great Britain certainly seem to favor the view that they are not altogether fitted for the responsibilities of life, but be this as it may, it is obvious that we must revise our views as to the rôle of woman. In America, at any rate, the rôle of woman is surely entirely different from what it was comparatively few years ago. In industrial pursuits, in numbers women almost rival men, and from the economic standpoint the change has brought about radical results, whether for good or evil it is hard to say.

In a medical journal it is from the point of view of health and of the good of the race that the question is to be considered, and here we appear to stand on

fairly firm ground. Considered from this aspect, the wholesale employment of women is an unmitigated evil. It goes without saying that if women refuse to bear and bring up healthy children they will not fulfill their physiological duty, and the nation must suffer. Woman's participation in industrial occupations has during the past decade effected great transformations, which have not tended to the advantage of her productive and reproductive strength. In short, industrial and professional work, to a great extent, unfit a woman for motherhood and domestic life, as is plainly shown by the unwillingness of the present generation of women to undertake the duties of motherhood and home. In addition it is distinctly against the interests of the race, mentally and physically, that a mother should engage in outside work. Infants should be breast fed, which is impossible if the mother is working away from home; when young they should be constantly under the eye of the mother for the sake of their physical, mental, and moral health, and if this is not done they, and ultimately the race, will suffer harm. At the present time a lamentable waste of women is going on, and the matter requires immediate attention. The fact must be recognized that the rôle of woman has changed, that this change is not for the better—at least, not from a medical point of view, and while allowing that the old state of affairs has gone, never to return, at the same time steps should be taken to endeavor to deal with existing conditions in such a manner that the race will suffer as little as possible. A necessary movement in this direction is to find out exactly how matters stand by initiating measures for the compilation and publication of national and international statistics relating to the participation of women in industrial pursuits.

—*Medical Record*

There is no way of permanently settling any great question involving the

welfare of human kind except on the basis of right and justice. Position, wealth, influence, laws, are helpless as a means of establishing a rule of human conduct, unless supported by principles of justice and righteousness.—*Elbert H. Gary.*

Violence is transient, hate consumes itself and is blown away by the winds of heaven, jealousy dies; but the righteous thought is a pressure before which malice is powerless.—*Hubbard.*

### Columbus

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores;  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"  
"Why, say: 'Sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day:  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
"Why, now not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone,  
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say—"  
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake  
the mate:  
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leapt like a leaping sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that  
night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! A light! A light! A light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*





MAPLE SUGAR-AND-NUT BISCUIT

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Cream of Potato Soup

**S**ET two potatoes, half an onion and one stalk of celery over a quick fire in cold water to cover. Let boil five minutes after boiling begins; drain and re-cover with boiling water. When the potatoes are tender, discard the celery and onion and press the potatoes through a sieve with the liquid in which they were cooked. There should be a generous pint in all. Add two cups of white sauce and, also, milk or white stock to make of the consistency desired. Remove from the fire and stir in the beaten yolk of an egg, diluted with half a cup of cream. Season with half a teaspoonful, each, or more of salt and paprika. At serving sprinkle with fine chopped parsley.

### Clam Chowder, Rhode Island Style

Cut a thin slice (about two ounces) of fat salt pork into tiny cubes, and let cook slowly until crisp and yellowed; add a chopped onion and stir and cook

until the onion is softened; add a pint of boiling water, let simmer five minutes, then strain over four raw potatoes, pared, cut in small cubes, parboiled five minutes and drained. Add, also, a pint of tomatoes, freed of skin and sliced, and let cook until the potatoes are tender; add a quart of clams, chopped, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful or more of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika and let heat to the boiling point. Serve with crackers.

### Inexpensive Lamb Cutlets, Breaded

For these cutlets buy about four pounds of forequarter of lamb. About half the forequarter will be needed. Let it be cut in such a way that the shank is in one half and the scrag or neck in the other. Take the scrag half, remove the shoulder blade, and cut, with the cleaver, at the back bone to separate into cutlets. Steam until tender, or poêle in a casserole, with vegetables,—onion, carrot and parsley,—and hot fat, until tender. Set to press under a weight un-

til cold. Cut in the places made with the cleaver before cooking; dip in a beaten egg, diluted with four tablespoonfuls of milk, then roll in soft, sifted bread crumbs and fry in deep fat until well colored. Serve, surrounded with little heaps of string beans, carrots, cut julienne fashion, and potato or turnip balls. The vegetables should be cooked tender—separately—and then tossed in butter, salt and pepper. If preferred the meat may be rolled in milk and then in flour and sautéd in hot fat tried out from salt pork.

### Lamb Chops, Aida Style

Have ready lamb chops, trimmed French fashion. Broil the chops and set

lean ham, cooked and cut in small cubes, and half a cup of fresh mushrooms, cut in small pieces and cooked five minutes in hot butter. Mix all together lightly and turn upon a buttered dish. When cool, shape as above, egg-and-bread crumb and fry in deep fat.

### Maple Sugar-and-Nut Biscuits

Sift together three cups of sifted flour, three slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a generous half-teaspoonful of salt. With two knives cut in from one-third to one-half a cup of shortening, then adding milk, a little at a time, mix to a dough. Turn the mixture upon a floured board; toss in the flour, then knead slightly and, at



PIECE OF FORE QUARTER OF LAMB FOR INEXPENSIVE CUTLETS

each on a rice croquette of the same shape as the chop. Put frills on the chop bones and pour around the croquettes a sauce made of tomato purée and Madeira, half and half, to which a few gherkins, cut in julienne shapes, have been added.

### Rice Croquettes for Lamb Chops, Aida

Put half a cup of butter in a saucepan; add three-fourths a cup of blanched rice and one onion, chopped fine, and stir until the butter is absorbed and the onion slightly yellowed; add two cups and a half of chicken or veal broth, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and let cook until the rice is tender, adding more broth if needed. Add half a cup of grated Parmesan cheese, half a cup of

last, roll with the pin into a rectangular sheet (half an inch or less thick) much longer than wide; brush with melted butter; sprinkle with half a cup of nut meats, broken in pieces, and two or three cakes of maple sugar, cut in thin shavings. Roll up like a jelly roll; make the roll long rather than thick; cut in inch and a half lengths. Set these on end, close together, in a buttered pan. Bake about twenty minutes. Serve hot, with butter, for tea or luncheon.

### Saratoga Corn Cake

Sift together two cups of pastry flour, one cup and a half of corn meal, half a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of soda. Beat two eggs; add two cups of thick, sour milk and stir into the dry ingredients, then



stir in three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Bake in a large, shallow pan about twenty-five minutes.

spoonfuls of cold water and dissolve in half a cup of highly seasoned chicken



INEXPENSIVE LAMB CUTLETS, READY FOR TABLE

about twenty-five minutes.

### Scalloped Tomatoes

Mix one cup and a half of soft bread crumbs with one-third a cup of melted butter. Put a layer of canned tomatoes in a baking dish suitable to send to the table; sprinkle with a few bits of fine-shaved, green pepper, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley; then scrape over a little onion pulp and dredge lightly with salt. Add a layer of the crumbs; continue the layers, having the last one crumbs. Bake about twenty minutes. A little sugar may be added.

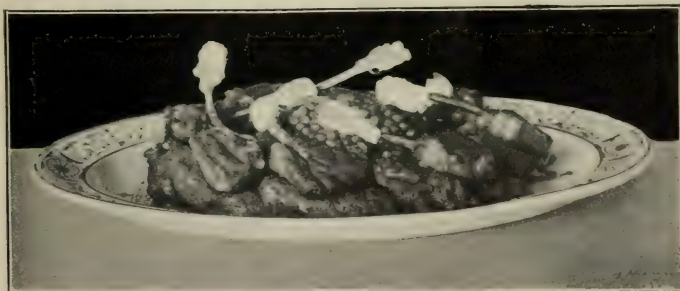
### Cold Ham Mousseline

Set a figure, cut from a slice of truffle, in the bottom of each of five timbale molds. Dispose a circle of cooked peas around the truffle and against the side of the mold. Soften half a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in three table-

broth or milk. Set the decorated molds in ice and water and sprinkle in each a few drops of the liquid gelatine mixture, to hold the peas in place. To the rest of the gelatine mixture add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, the truffle trimmings, cut small, and half a cup of fine-chopped, cooked ham. Stir over ice water until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in half a cup of cream, beaten very light. Turn the mixture into the molds, making it smooth on top. When unmolded serve with lettuce and French dressing.

### Potato Salad

Put into a mixing bowl one quart of half-inch cubes of cooked potato, one cup of tiny cubes of cooked carrot (cook the carrot in julienne shreds, then when cold cut in tiny bits), six flowerets of cooked cauliflower, broken into bits (pickled cauliflower may be used), eight



LAMB CHOPS, AIDA STYLE

tablespoonfuls of olive oil, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika and

eighths of two hard-cooked eggs and two peeled tomatoes. Finish the top with a sprig of parsley or heart of lettuce.



COLD HAM MOUSSELINE

one-fourth a teaspoonful of mustard. Chop together in a wooden bowl three slices of onion, five or six branches of parsley and one-fourth a cup of piccalilli; add these to the other ingredients and mix all together thoroughly, then shape in a mound in a salad bowl. Spread one cup of mayonnaise dressing over the mound. With capers or sliced olives outline the surface of the mound into four sections of the same size. Fill one section with the whites of two hard-cooked eggs, chopped fine; fill another section (diagonally across from the first) with the yolks of the eggs pressed through a sieve; fill the third section with fine-chopped parsley, and the fourth with whole capers. Set against and around the base of the salad lengthwise

### Tomato Jelly-and-Baked Bean Salad

Stew two cups and a half of tomatoes, two slices of onion, two cloves, three branches of parsley, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a red or green pepper pod, or half a teaspoonful of paprika, fifteen minutes. Press through a sieve. There should be nearly two cups of purée; add one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water; stir until the gelatine is dissolved, then turn into a shallow dish. Mix three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one and a half tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of grated onion and pour over one pint of cold baked beans; toss



POTATO SALAD



and mix together and turn into the center of a dish. Unmold the tomato jelly and cut it into small cubes. Pre-

and paprika and pour half over the bananas and the other half over the dates. Serve on heart leaves of lettuce.



TOMATO JELLY-AND-BAKED BEAN SALAD

pare two-thirds as much dressing as was mixed for the beans, pour it over the cubes of tomato and dispose these around the beans. Sprinkle the whole with fine-chopped parsley or parsley and green pepper mixed, and serve at once.

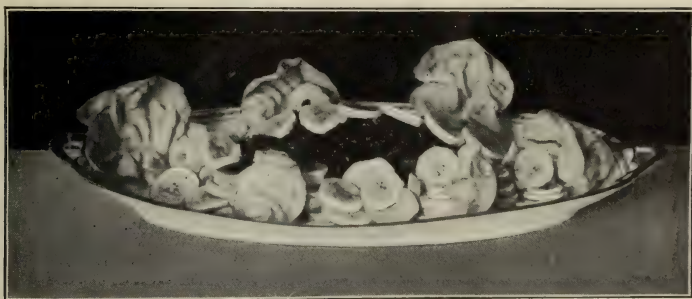
### Date-and-Banana Salad

Peel and scrape four bananas; cut them in thin slices and at once squeeze over them the juice of half a lemon. Pour boiling water over a pound of choice dates; stir and separate the dates in the water, then skim out to an agate plate. Set the plate in the oven to heat the dates thoroughly, then cut each in four lengthwise pieces and discard the stones. Over the dates pour a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Mix four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and a generous quarter of a teaspoonful, each, of salt

The bananas and dates may be mixed together or kept separate.

### Bar-le-duc Omelet

Beat four eggs until a full supoonful may be lifted; add two tablespoonfuls, each, of lemon juice and cold water, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of sugar; mix thoroughly. Have ready a tablespoonful of clarified butter in a hot omelet pan. Turn in the egg mixture; shake the pan until the omelet is set yet soft throughout, then spread over it a tumbler of bar-le-duc preserve; roll or fold and turn upon a hot dish. Dredge the top with powdered sugar and score diagonally with a hot poker. The above method of procedure gives a French omelet. If a puffy omelet be preferable, take the same ingredients; beat the whites of the eggs dry and the yolks until thick and light colored; to the



DATE-AND-BANANA SALAD

yolks add the lemon juice, water, sugar and salt, mix, turn over the whites and fold all together evenly; turn into the hot, buttered pan, let stand on the range a moment, then place in the oven to cook at a moderate heat until the egg is "set" throughout; the point of a knife inserted in the center of the omelet will show its condition. Score the omelet across the center at right angles to the handle of the pan and spread one-half with the preserves; fold the other half over and turn on to the dish; dredge with sugar and finish as above. Strawberry or other preserves may replace the bar-le-duc.

When the prune mixture is cold and beginning to thicken, put it into the mold. Set the first in place by spoonfuls, lest the decoration be disturbed. Serve with plain or whipped cream, or with boiled custard.

### Strawberry Tarts

Cut out round or oval shapes from flaky or puff paste; set these on a baking sheet, prick with a fork, then pipe a narrow band of chou paste on the edge of each; let bake about twenty minutes. For a basket of strawberries, hulled and washed, if needed, take a cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of boiling water;



JELLIED PRUNES

### Jellied Prunes

Let three-fourths a pound of prunes, carefully washed, stand covered with cold water over night. Cook in the same water, adding more if needed, until tender. Cut the prunes in four or more lengthwise strips, discarding the stones. Soften half a package, or one ounce, of gelatine in half a cup of cold water and dissolve in the hot prune juice; add two-thirds a cup of sugar and stir until dissolved; then add half a cup of orange marmalade, the juice of one lemon, the slices of prunes and enough water to make one quart in all. Decorate a mold with halves of blanched almonds; cover the almonds with seeded prunes, which should be set aside for this purpose.

cover and let stand on the back of the stove, stirring occasionally until melted and boiling; put in part of the berries and skim out as soon as the boiling point is reached; repeat until all the berries have been thus cooked. Let the syrup boil until very thick, draining in any syrup that may stand on the berries; return the berries to the syrup, let boil once, then use to fill the open space in the center of the tarts.

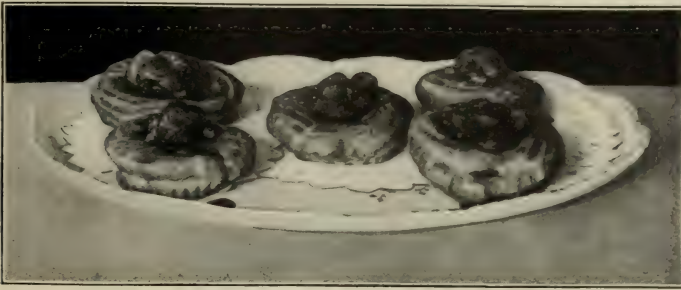
### Chou Paste for Tarts

Put half a cup of boiling water and one-fourth a cup of butter over the fire; when boiling, stir in half a cup of flour and continue to stir until the mixture leaves the side of the pan, then turn into an earthen bowl; beat in the yolk of the



egg and, when the mixture is smooth, beat in a whole egg. Continue the beating until the paste is smooth, and it is

solved, then stir occasionally and let boil to 242° by the sugar thermometer. Pour gradually upon the whites of two eggs,



STRAWBERRY TARTS

ready to use.

### Chocolate-Marshmallow Squares

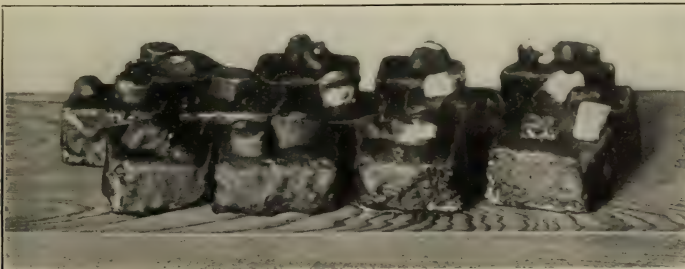
Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar, then, alternately, half a cup of milk and two cups of flour, sifted with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; lastly, beat in the whites of three large eggs, beaten dry. Turn into a large shallow pan lined with buttered paper. Bake about twenty-five minutes. When cold cut in squares; set a marshmallow, cut in quarters, above the cake and cover the cake with chocolate frosting. Leave part of the pieces of marshmallow uncovered. Either boiled or confectioner's frosting may be used. For boiled frosting, melt two ounces (squares) of chocolate; add one-half a cup of boiling water and one cup and a half of sugar; stir until the sugar is dis-

beaten dry. Use when cold, and before a crust forms.

### Chocolate Charlotte Russe

*(Bavarian Cream Filling)*

Melt two ounces of chocolate over hot water; add two-thirds a cup of sugar and one-third a cup of boiling water, and stir and cook until smooth and boiling. Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and when the water is absorbed stir it into the hot chocolate mixture; stir until the gelatine is dissolved, then add one teaspoonful of vanilla and stir in ice and water until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one cup of double cream and half a cup of cream from the top of a bottle of milk, beaten together until very light and thick. When the mixture will hold its shape, put it by spoonfuls into a



CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW SQUARES

quart mold lined with lady-fingers. Trim the lady-fingers to the height of the mold. When unmolded the charlotte may be decorated with maraschino cherries, cut in slices, and half a cup of double cream, beaten firm.

### Chocolate Charlotte Russe

Melt one ounce and a half of chocolate over hot water; add one-fourth a cup of boiling water and half a cup of sugar and cook until smooth and boiling; let cool, add half a teaspoonful of vanilla, one cup of double cream and one-fourth a cup of thin cream from the top of a bottle of milk. Beat until very light and firm, then use to fill glasses or paper cases lined with strips of lady-fingers. Trim the strips of lady-fingers to the same width and length. They should extend half an inch or more above the receptacle.

### Birthday Cake

Beat three-fourths a cup of butter to a cream and add the grated rind of a lemon or an orange; beat in one cup and a half of sugar, three-fourths a cup of milk, three cups of sifted flour, sifted again with four-and-a half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and, lastly, the whites of five eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a thick round loaf about fifty minutes. Boil half a cup of granulated sugar, half a cup of water and a tablespoonful of lemon juice three or four minutes, then stir in sifted, confectioner's sugar to make a frosting that will adhere to the

cake and is not transparent. Use a silver knife in spreading the frosting; dip it into hot water often that the frosting may be smooth over the whole surface. More sugar will be needed in the frosting, spread on the sides, than is required on the top. Decorate the sides of the cake with leaves and stems cut from citron, and with blossoms made from the tiny candies known as "hundreds and thousands." In the illustration these articles were used in representing crocuses (yellow and lavender), hyacinths (pink and lavender) and valley lillies. Add a little hot water to frosting, left over, mix, and into it dip the tip of a silver knife blade, then take fine-chopped blanched pistachio nuts and citron on the tip of the knife and press over the ends of the stems, as well as all about the base of the cake. With a larding needle trace the initials of a name on the top of the cake, then fill in the tracings with some of the chopped nuts and citron. Finish with tiny candles in candle holders.

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Corrected list of Ingredients for Devil's Food Cake, illustration given on page 696, April number of this magazine:—Half a cake of chocolate, one cup of brown sugar, two egg-yolks, half a cup of milk.—Half a cup of butter, one cup of brown sugar, two egg-yolks, half a cup of milk, one scant teaspoonful of soda, *two cups of sifted flour*, two whites of eggs. Use the whites of the eggs left from the custard part for boiled frosting.



CHOCOLATE CHARLOTTE RUSSE  
(BAVARIAN CREAM FILLING)



# Menus for a Week in May

(Providing nitrogen, phosphorus, iron and calcium in generous measure)

SUNDAY

**Breakfast**  
Cereal, Hot Dates, Whole Milk  
Eggs Shirred in Cream  
(With Bread Crumbs and Asparagus Tips)  
Parker House Rolls  
Cocoa Coffee

**Dinner**  
Boiled Leg of Lamb, Caper Sauce  
Plain Boiled Potatoes  
Boiled Spinach  
Frozen Apricots Sponge Cake  
Half Cups of Coffee

**Supper**  
Lima-Bean Salad  
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter  
Canned Pineapple  
Oatmeal Macaroons, Tea

MONDAY

**Breakfast**  
Cream Toast (Rye-Meal Bread)  
Baked Potatoes  
Broiled Bacon  
Doughnuts Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Lamb-and-Tomato Soup  
Browned Crackers  
Hamburg Steak  
Mashed Potatoes String Beans  
Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

**Supper**  
Lettuce, Date-and-Apple Salad  
Graham Muffins  
Brownies Milk Tea

TUESDAY

**Breakfast**  
French Omelet  
Broiled Bacon  
Baked Potato Cakes  
Fried Rice,  
Honey Syrup  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Lamb Soufflé, Tomato Sauce  
Boiled Parsnips, Buttered  
Jellied Prunes, Boiled Custard  
Oatmeal Macaroons  
Half Cups of Coffee

**Supper**  
Cheese Pudding  
Dried Peaches, Stewed  
Bread and Butter  
Milk Tea

SATURDAY

**Breakfast**  
Creamed Fresh Haddock  
au Gratin  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Home-made Pickles  
Fried Mush, Maple Syrup  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Chicken Soufflé  
Mashed Potatoes  
Asparagus, Hollandaise Sauce  
Fig or Prune Soufflé  
Boiled Custard  
Half Cups of Coffee

WEDNESDAY

**Breakfast**  
Salt Mackerel Cooked in Milk  
White Hashed Potatoes  
Pickled Beets (Canned)  
Saratoga Corn-Cake  
Dry Toast Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Cream of Potato Soup  
Lamb Cutlets Breaded (forequarter)  
Macedoine of Vegetables  
Tomato Jelly Salad Rhubarb Pie  
Half Cups of Coffee

**Supper**  
Cold Boiled Ham  
Potato Salad  
Ryemeal Biscuit Maple Syrup  
Tea Milk

THURSDAY

**Breakfast**  
Oatmeal, Whole Milk  
Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham  
Radishes  
Glazed Currant Buns Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Fricassée of Fowl  
Rice Cooked with Broth and Cheese  
Asparagus, Buttered  
Strawberry Tarts  
Half Cups of Coffee

**Supper**  
Salad of Baked Beans and Tomato Jelly  
Bread and Butter Canned Pears  
Chocolate-Marshmallow Squares  
Tea Milk

FRIDAY

**Breakfast**  
Cereal, Bananas, Whole Milk  
Eggs Cooked in Shell  
Nut-and-Maple Rolls  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Boiled Fresh Haddock, Pickle Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes  
Boiled Parsnips  
Lettuce, French Dressing  
Rhubarb Pie  
Half Cups of Coffee

**Supper**  
Stewed Lima Beans  
Yeast Rolls  
Rhubarb Baked with Raisins  
Chocolate Marshmallow Squares  
Tea Milk

**Supper**  
Cold Ham Mousseline,  
Lettuce, French Dressing  
Fresh Pineapple, Sugared  
Tea

# Inexpensive Menus for a Week in May

*"We must look to the food and not to medicines or mineral waters for the supply of iron needed in normal nutrition."—Sherman.*

SUNDAY

**Breakfast**  
Cereal, Bananas, Whole Milk  
Doughnuts  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Hamburg Roast  
Franconia Potatoes  
Buttered Parsnips  
Scalloped Rhubarb  
Coffee

**Supper**  
Baked Bean-and-Tomato Jelly Salad  
Graham Bread and Butter  
Cookies  
Canned Fruit  
Tea

WEDNESDAY

**Breakfast**  
Cereal, Whole Milk  
Fresh Fish Cakes, Sautéd  
Yeast Rolls (reheated)  
Pickled Beets (canned)  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Roast Shoulder of Smoked Pork  
Onions in Cream Sauce Baked Bananas  
(lemon juice, sugar and butter)  
Mashed Potatoes

Cottage Pudding, Strawberry Hard Sauce  
Coffee  
**Supper**  
Banana-and-Date Salad  
Bread and Butter  
Gingerbread Tea

MONDAY

**Breakfast**  
Salt Codfish, Creamed Baked Potatoes  
Fried Mush, Syrup or Molasses  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Steamed Forequarter of Lamb  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Creamed Carrots Radishes  
Baked Rice Pudding  
Coffee

**Supper**  
Macedoine of Vegetable Salad  
(carrots, turnips, potatoes)  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Stewed Peaches (dried)  
Tea

THURSDAY

**Breakfast**  
Cereal, Whole Milk  
Cold Smoked Shoulder, Sliced Thin  
Creamed Potatoes  
Radishes  
Graham Muffins  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Beef Stew Spinach  
Cream Cakes  
Coffee

**Supper**  
Scalloped Cheese  
Spinach (French dressing)  
Bread and Butter  
Tea

TUESDAY

**Breakfast**  
Lanmb-and-Potato Hash  
Saratoga Corn Cake  
Dry Toast  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Fresh Fish Chowder  
Philadelphia Relish  
Rhubarb Pie  
Cheese  
Coffee

**Supper**  
Succotash  
Ryemeal Bread and Butter  
Stewed Prunes  
Tea

FRIDAY

**Breakfast**  
Cereal, Whole Milk  
Eggs Cooked in Shell  
Bread Crumb Griddle Cakes  
Syrup or Molasses  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Salmon( reheated in can), Egg Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes  
Boiled Onions Pickles  
Frozen Apricots (dried or canned)  
Coffee

**Supper**  
Potato Creamed, with Cheese  
Sardines  
Beet Greens or Canned Beets  
Baking Powder Biscuit Tea

SATURDAY

**Breakfast**  
Cereal, Whole Milk  
Creamed Smoked Shoulder  
(chopped) on Toast  
Nut-and-Date Rolled Biscuit  
(baking powder)  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Corned Beef  
Boiled Potatoes  
Boiled Parsnips  
Boiled Cabbage  
Baked Indian Pudding  
Coffee

**Supper**  
Stewed Lima Beans  
(dried)  
Bread and Butter  
Baked Rhubarb  
Tea





## The Inexpensive Third Meal

By Janet M. Hill

The ordinary professional man who leads an active and even strenuous life, with its burden of care and responsibility, need not clog his system and inhibit his power for work by the ingestion of any such quantities of protein food as the ordinary dietetic standards call for.—*Chittenden*.

Dietary studies all over the world show that in those communities where productive power, enterprise, and civilization are at their highest, man has instinctively and independently selected liberal rather than small quantities of protein.—*American Journal of Physiology*.

**I**N the past we have quite universally considered food requirements with reference mainly to proteins, fats, and carbohydrates. We have been wont to assume that a dietary that furnished these food principles in sufficient quantities would supply the "ash constituents" liberally. Recent investigations have revealed the fallacy of such a supposition and have, also, made it evident that we must look to food and not to medicines or mineral waters for the source of iron and other mineral matters needed in normal nutrition. These ash constituents enter, in large measure, into the composition of vegetables and fruits, and we can not emphasize too strongly the necessity of a liberal provision for vegetables and fruit in our food supply. Van Noorden who believes in a generous use of meat in the dietary of adults says, in speaking of the feeding of children: "Vegetables and fruits are of the greatest importance for the normal development of the body and of all its functions. If we limit the most important sources of iron,—the vegetables and the fruits,—we cause a certain sluggishness of blood formation and an entire lack of reserve iron, such as is normally

found in the liver, spleen, and bone marrow of healthy, well-nourished individuals."

In these days of high prices we are trying, perhaps, to limit the number of dishes appearing in a meal. Perhaps we are inclined to cut out those things deficient in nutritive value, reckoned in calories, and count such things as oranges, raisins, prunes, dates, nuts, lettuce, spinach and celery as superfluous.

Iron is found in dried peas and beans, in green string beans, cabbage, corn, potatoes, spinach, turnips, apples, prunes and raisins; sulphur is present in peas, beans, potatoes and onions, while peas, beans, beets, carrots, parsnips, potatoes, turnips, apples, bananas, oranges, prunes, pineapples, almonds and walnuts contain more or less phosphorus and calcium; most fruits and vegetables are fairly rich in calcium, and some of the green vegetables are strikingly so. But when we consider that each of these mineral elements has a distinct use in the economy of the body and that an over-supply of the one will not make up for a deficiency of another, unless it be in the case of calcium and iron, we should understand something of the necessity of supplying our tables with a

liberal variety and quantity of vegetables and fruit.

The tendency of the time is to simplify the preparation of meals, but often we fail in this, because we are hampered by prejudices of our own or members of our families. With eggs (cheap at this season) for breakfast, meat or fish need not be presented but once a day; but an inexpensive form of protein should be supplied at the third meal. Milk is always satisfactory for young children, but do not supplement it with cake or pastry. These latter dishes are too often the nucleus of this third meal, be it supper or luncheon. This meal, especially if it be luncheon, is the time to present vegetables or fruit; let one or the other of these be the center around which the other dishes are grouped.

Salads, or articles of food dressed with condiments, acid and oil, are not a new feature in dietaries, for their use dates back as far as recorded history; but their general, every-day use is slighted beyond belief. A green salad, with coarse bread, should prove as "filling," eventually, as a hot, flour mixture, a steamed pudding or dumpling; and a salad of bananas and dates, or of dried beans, or even string beans, with coarse bread, should prove a substantial meal, and one that fills all physiological requirements. Salad oil, unless it be a brand of highly-refined olive oil, costs less than butter and must be considered quite as wholesome. If salad oils were more generally used, the price would be less. If oil is not approved by the family, why mention its use? No drop of oil is visible on a salad, carefully dressed, nor is there a very perceptible flavor of oil. With a banana or apple salad, let lemon juice, sprinkled over the freshly-prepared fruit, do away with all liability to discoloration. A salad is not an acid dish, but with dates and bananas, lemon juice may be used quite freely, as both fruits possess much latent sweetness. The combination with lettuce is a happy

one. Apples, figs or cooked prunes may replace the dates. A more detailed recipe will be found in the Seasonable recipes. For other salads, select from the lists of vegetables and fruits given above, though one will not err to use any vegetable or fruit in this manner. Carefully cooked spinach, pressed in a bowl and garnished with a hard-cooked egg, is a thing of beauty as well as a gastro-nomic treat. A fine macedoine of cooked turnip, carrot and potato, dressed in the usual manner, with a border of asparagus tips in carrot rings, should incite one to eat, even if the thought of oil be distasteful. All vegetable salads need a suspicion of onion in the dressing; the flavor should not be pronounced, though, if it be, this might be forgiven in any variety of bean salad. Fine-chopped parsley, wrung dry in a bit of cheese cloth, should be sprinkled over any salad in which onion in any form is used.

Young beet tops will soon be found in the markets in abundance. Such as are left over from a meal, where they were served hot, may be pressed in an earthen bowl. When unmolded surround with lengthwise quarters of hard-cooked egg. Serve with either French or mayonnaise dressing.

Prunes will be enjoyed either as a salad or as a compote, with a light cheese dish.

Alternate the salads, occasionally, with a dish of rice or macaroni. Both articles contain mineral elements. Cook them in milk, or in broth and tomato purée, with or without cheese. Such dishes are easily prepared and at small cost. If well-seasoned they will be eaten with great relish. If the day prove cold and rainy, a hot cream soup, with a foundation of vegetable purée, and a dish of croutons or toasted crackers, or scalloped onions, cabbage or tomatoes, will prove welcome; but discard soup on warm, sunny days. An exception might be made of a fruit-soup.



# “Mousing Around”

By Julia Davis Chandler

W HERE have you been so long? I have missed you all the afternoon,” said Cousin Josephine from New England. And Estelle responded:

“How you do take me back to old New England days, when there were homes and real afternoons; we don’t have afternoons here and now. It is hurry skurry all day until late dinner time; we have no midday dinner to measure off the morning duties, for luncheon hour is variable, and that meal may be taken anywhere on the way to a *matinée*. How funny it would be to dress for the afternoon and sit down quietly to needle work and reading aloud and poking the open wood fire until a proper little supper at six o’clock and to bed before ten, soon after the curfew bell. Instead, here I have on my broadcloth all day, and by night I have forgotten half the picture-galleries, concerts, calls, club meetings, charities, motor trips, and so forth that have filled my day and emptied my pocket book; until now I had not thought it was ‘afternoon’ and tea time. Do set the kettle going; where is the alcohol? I will answer your question, as to where I have been, by saying, ‘just *mousing around*.’”

“Well, dear, what did you nibble? if a mouse, or were you like a cat, looking for game?”

“Nibble? Oh, I whisked in and out of every mealbin, that is to say, all the attractive fancy grocery stores, hoping to find new things to amuse you while you are shut in sick and tired of the house. I shall not overwhelm you with costly terrapin, for any old turtle, cooked in rich broth, mostly brandy and sherry, too, would taste quite as fine. But I will go on with some ideas I did get. I found the cunningest loaves of health-bread at only two cents a loaf; surely the store-

keepers know how to cater to individual tastes and apartment living; don’t they now? And have you seen the biscuit-loaf? Not a round pan but a brick-shaped pan is used, so that the biscuits will pull apart, or slice, either. Then at a big delicatessen department I found jellied shad ornamented with carrots.’ I don’t like fish and meat jellies; they always make me think of the jellied gravy I used to scrape off my cold roast beef, when making sandwiches in a hurry for school. I don’t like jellied salads, either, of tomato and cucumber. Now, Josephine, see these lovely cucumbers. If they are expensive in winter, I’ll tell you what to do; infuse the ends and peelings in vinegar and use that for flavoring salads of potato, salmon and cabbage, etc., when no cucumbers can be had. Do this also with celery and horseradish, and have such vinegars always ready, out of season.

I brought home some Italian sweet fennel from Italian-town. High just now at mid-winter,—eight cents a root, but it ‘goes a good way.’ Just you wait until you taste it, cut up with apples and dates, in a salad in place of celery; or part celery, part fennel, or *finocchio*, as the Italians call it. It has a big white root like celery and feathery green tops much like asparagus; pretty for decoration it is, also.

“And in Little Italy I bought some Italian cheese *caciovali*, or *caciocavalli*, something like cackle it sounds, and looks like a crook-necked squash. It is a fine-grained cheese, nice with crackers or for grating in various soups and dishes. Then they have little cans of tomato paste or purée, all ready for soup, or tomato sauce for macaroni or chops. It is far easier than to buy one of our big cans of American tomato, and sift it and boil it down, when in a hurry,

and use so much gas. The smallest are five cents and hold a good deal of tomato purée, as thick as apple butter.

"I stopped at Farmer's Market, nearby, and brought home what I could in this lawyer-like cloth bag; handiest thing for any old thing from apples to library books. I found my honest, brown-eyed young man, in from the country, at his stall with some more of his mother's canned, sour morello cherries; thirty cents a solid quart jar, all pitted. Now you and I cannot bother this week with a cherry pie, but we'll drain off the juice and sweeten it for a beverage to be set forth in my best wine glasses. I don't press the fruit remaining, but leave a little juice to which I add plenty of sugar and let it stand a few days, then the cherries are a delicious sauce, or sometimes I add vinegar and cinnamon bark, and whole cloves, for spiced cherries, sugar also."

"I can get elderberry jelly right from the farm for twelve cents a glass, and I nearly wept, when he told me that at the farm they had cut down a lot of English black currants, because there was no demand at market for them, fresh or in jam. I said: 'Oh, why did you not tell me! I'd have come out and bought your crop and picked every berry.' Then I went on to the stand where the old man sells mushrooms, and see what I got for twenty cents:—a quart, heaped, of solid little bits of buttons,—too small for him to bother to peel, you know, that's why they were so cheap. We will have a mushroom omelet and pot the rest in butter. I watch the sales at stores and I never but once found a lot of French cepes, selling at two big cans for a quarter. Cepes are a mushroom with pores in place of gills beneath, very meaty; a can goes a long way. Here is a point; buy stems and broken mushroom in cans such as are put up for caterers and hotels, if you are to use them in a soup or ragout, or filling for turkey, and buy the whole big ones for serving around steak, etc.

"I found that the 'chain stores' were selling sweet herbs as low as one cent per box; now that is very considerate of them for 'we, us-and-company.' Who wants a bix box of each kind around! See, here are several. The dillseed and bay leaves I use for flavoring cucumber pickles. I buy the plain pickles, from brine or weak store vinegar, and put them into good cider vinegar with these flavorings, when I cannot be at home in summer to secure fresh cucumbers for pickles. Be sure to remove bay leaves before they give too strong a flavor.

Oh, I forgot to say, in Little Italy you can get the dried mushrooms and the loveliest Cos or Romaine lettuce far cheaper than in the more fashionable markets, and, dear knows, it washes. I look a bit askance at the Italian breads, pretty as they are, not knowing if the bake shops be clean, but the grocery and meat stores are very clean usually. Then one can get Italian parsley very much sweeter than the bitter, curled, low-growing parsley; it grows as tall as wild buttercups with foliage something like them. Have you tasted canned tunny fish? Nicer for some salads and sandwiches than fussing to skin and bone sardines. Tunny, in French, is 'Thon,' a Mediterranean fish used in both France and Italy. 'Al olio' means canned in oil. The fennel comes canned in oil at seventeen cents, but I prefer the fresh roots. The French, or globe, artichoke one can get canned in Italian shops far cheaper than at fashionable stores. Do not confuse either with celeriac, or cardoons, or kohl rabi, although kohl rabi can be used in place of artichokes, by cutting it in slices to resemble the 'fonds.'

"Grape fruit is cheaper this year than ever before, five cents apiece for good-sized ones. I had some sent up and shall make some marmalade for the shore bungalow. It is easy; take one grape fruit, one orange, and one lemon. I can use two oranges, if I wish it less tart. I am to slice these fine and let them stand in twelve cups of water for twenty-four



hours, and then add fourteen cups of sugar and boil slowly until firm enough. Oh, I cannot wait to go to the shore to put up more of that beach-plum jam; how strange that it is not more known and appreciated by epicures, the lovely, cherry-like, yellow kinds with carmine flecks on their cheeks, and darker purple-blue astringent ones. Those dear little trees make such thickets of beauty over the grey sand dunes along the roaring Atlantic, from Nova Scotia to Florida nearly, I guess. Hear me say, 'I guess'; that is your presence bringing out the real old-fashioned Yankee in me. I must cease this gastronomic rhapsody and enjoy my tea. Say, Jodo, dear, what do you think about trying to bottle lemon juice, as a syrup, to have ready for our tea? Like an old English novel, I once read, where the butler was always bringing tea with lemon syrup to the lady,—and never a meal mentioned in the entire book. I have sent to Florida for a box of orange petals, to perfume the tea-caddy; perhaps that is quite sufficient. How did I get that idea? Why, I have long known that the high-priced teas were perfumed in places where they grow by having rose and jasmine and

orange flowers packed with the tea when being cured.

"O, I could lecture upon flavorings, I believe: like the old expression, 'when in doubt play trumps,' so when in doubt I use vanilla. I put it in baked apples even with spices, and the squash pie, to take off that pumpkiny taste; and it is fine, of course, in cocoa and chocolate, and even in tea, some think.

"Did I not mouse around? And I have not told you half I learned at cooking class. I got this orange and grape and lemon marmalade there today."

"Let me go with you some day when I am able," replied Josephine, "for I want to get your habit of observation and willingness to sample new things. If we cannot travel around the world, we can surely find here the foods of almost every nation of the earth. I want to get some Chinese candy, of peanuts and sugared roots, and canned things, and taste Hungarian dishes, and Italian raviolis. And, perhaps, Tom and Jimmie will be here to take us to the place you spoke of, where they have a week of foreign cookery, with a different nation's dishes each day. The observing habit is well worth cultivating."

## College Cooks

(Adapted from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Aesthete")

[This chorus was used in an original farce presented by Home Economics Club at University of California, March 1913.]

If you're anxious for to shine in the culinary  
line as a cook of foods most rare,  
You must get up all the slang of the Eco-  
nomics gang and use it everywhere;—  
You must cook in novel phrases and if a fuss  
it raises, why, you really needn't mind,  
(The meaning doesn't matter, if it's only idle  
chatter of a transcendental kind).

And every one will say,  
As you're cooking every day,  
If these young cooks express themselves in  
terms too deep for me,  
Why, what very singularly splendid cooks  
these college cooks must be.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of course it doesn't matter if you haven't got  
a smattering of how to really cook,  
All you have to do is choose a few French  
names to use, you can get from any book,  
One can label common dishes in most anyway  
he wishes, you can burn or spoil each dish,  
Your guests will never care, if you'll make  
your bill of fare sound like an opera score;  
For, "College," they will say,  
Teaches you to cook this way,  
Since these young cooks express themselves  
in terms too deep for me,  
Why what very singularly splendid cooks  
these college cooks must be.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

# Aunt Priscilla, N. D.

By Alice Margaret Ashton

THE "year-old housekeeper" called her husband to read the letter with her.

"Dear Housekeeping Lady:

"If there is anything in your house that needs mending, will you not get it together and let me fix it? I shall esteem it a favor to spend a day in your sewing-room, for I am an old lady with nothing to occupy my time.

"AUNT PRISCILLA, N.D."

"Well, did you ever?" gasped the housekeeping lady. "She certainly will be welcome." And a few minutes later she read aloud her reply:

"Dear Aunt Priscilla, N.D.:

"You most assuredly will be welcome. How will the day after tomorrow do?

"What *does* N.D. stand for, anyway?

"Your delighted niece, D. K."

Next morning brought this card:

"I shall be with you by nine o'clock. N. D. stands for—Doctor of Needles!"

The housekeeping lady looked apologetic when Aunt Priscilla arrived. "This seems like a dreadful lot of things, and I expect most of them are past all mending. There are always so many things to see to which are more important, that the mending has to go, lots of times. But it is certainly dear of you to offer to help."

Aunt Priscilla opened her bag and took out her spectacles and thimble with a smile. "I am an 'N. D.,' and I suppose it is natural for me to believe in my profession, but I think there is hardly anything about the housekeeping that is of more importance than the mending.

"I have been mending for years and years, dear, or I wouldn't dare appear as a practicing 'N. D.'"

"Teach me about it if you can," offered the niece, with a laugh, "I have

always thought mending very far removed from a profession!"

"To begin with," began the Doctor of Needles cheerfully, "always divide a pile of mending into two classes—the garments that are still so good as to deserve the most careful of mending, and those in which there is still some wearing quality, but no beauty. Careful handling of the first class will make them practically as good as new; like attention to garments in the second class would be a foolish waste of time and patience.

"Here, we will take these two petticoats, for instance. This one is perfectly good and new except where the lace is torn on the flounce. With thread of the same size weave in the pattern, using your embroidery hoops to keep the work flat. It may take half an hour, but the skirt will then be as good as new; otherwise it is a 'ragged' garment, and soon past mending. Now this other petticoat with a torn band is several years old, and is too full for present-day fashions."

"Yes, it's always hanging below my skirt when I sit down," sighed the housekeeping lady.

"And the material is old and tender all over. It would be a waste of time to replace the band and take out the unnecessary fulness; so we will simply piece out the torn band and you can wear it mornings under your housedresses or in taking country walks."

"And save my good ones—that is an idea, certainly. This mended place in the lace isn't going to show; I thought I'd have to get a new petticoat for 'best.' You've already saved me three dollars and fifty cents, dear 'Doctor of Needles.'"

"My motto," continued Aunt Priscilla, "is a very old and trite one, with variations, but I wish you would bear it in mind. 'A stitch in time saves money,



time and patience.'

"Here are some applications. Use wash ribbon in your gauze vests and underwear, so that it need not be removed for laundering, and after adjusting it, tack securely in place at the front or back as the case may be; it never gets pulled out or lost then, and the garment will never be destroyed by using pins.

"Your husband wears out the heels of his socks; when getting new ones darn the heels with a single thread of cotton before letting him wear them. This will not show and they will wear much longer.

"Always re-sew the buttons on ready-made garments before wearing them; they are never fastened strongly, and there is seldom a button to match when one comes off."

"I've a drawerful of old shirt waists I have a mind to bring out," hesitated the little housekeeper. "They are not fit to wear, and I've hated to throw them away."

Aunt Priscilla received them eagerly. "Here are two lovely, sheer ones," she said after some study, "where the material has given way under the arms, which will mend beautifully. Place a piece of very thin material under the thin place and then stretch it in your hoops. Now darn back and forth on the right side, with a fine thread, going through both materials; cut away the new cloth at the back close to the darning, and when it has been laundered the mend will hardly be noticeable.

"This pile of waists are worn out in collars and cuffs; cut away the worn portions, finish the sleeve bottoms and the round or square neck you have cut, with odd lengths of lace or embroidery, or even plain muslin bands, and you have pretty and comfortable waists for morning wear for only a few minutes' work.

"Now these waists are worn too far on the shoulder to be of further use as waists. If you will try them on, however, I will cut them low and cut out the sleeves, leaving just a strap on the

shoulder, attach to each one of the nearly worn-out skirts, and you will have convenient little slips for morning wear."

"You fill me with wonder," sighed the young woman, hastening to remove her dress for the fitting. "I begin to see, now, how I have wasted my good things by wearing them mornings and on every sort of occasion."

"That is true, my dear. And you have also purchased cheap things for mornings when you had plenty of articles in the house that could have been mended and would have looked better. This little waist that I've just finished from one of those old ones looks much better than the cheap lawn one you are wearing this morning, and you might have saved—"

"Seventy-five cents," meekly. "Why do you not, also, have for a motto, 'A penny saved is a penny earned'?"

Aunt Priscilla laughed. "Let me give you some working rules:

Spend less time in making new garments and more in caring for what you already have.

Have a special mending place, with materials of all kinds convenient.

Mend whenever possible before sending garments to the laundry.

Repair in time.

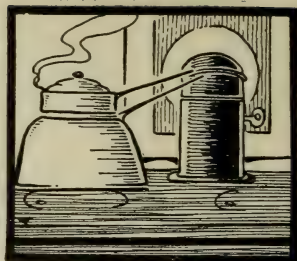
Watch out for new ideas—I saw a girl the other day who darns places at the top of her fine stockings where she fastens her garters, to prevent the stitches from breaking and 'running' the length of the stocking. This not only saves actual time, but money as well.

"Your linen is still good. But when you notice a thin place appearing, darn it carefully; do not wait for it to wear through. I'll come every week, if you wish, and help you."

"No," said the housekeeping lady, "you have given me a great many ideas and I must work them out myself—I'll know now where to go for help, if I need ideas or assistance. Do go and start some other young person toward becoming an 'N. D.'"



## HOMIE IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

### An Experiment in Catering

ONE of the unique features of our church is the monthly Teachers' Supper which, growing out of an emergency, has been for the past three years one of our most useful and popular institutions. We had planned for a series of lectures, but it was plain from the first that they were not going to prove a success; most of our teachers are very busy people and one of them voiced the feeling of the crowd when he confessed that "by the time dinner's over, home just looks too good to leave." We held council, and finally one of us, a housekeeper, suggested the experiment of a supper at the church, for teachers only, on lecture nights.

Two practical housekeepers were accordingly appointed as the heads of committees to serve on alternate nights, and they in turn "chose up," from the list of women teachers, helpers. The committees realized that they had a two-fold problem—to provide a satisfying meal for people who had, for the most part, only a lunch at noon, and to serve it at a price that would not grow burdensome to any—for a number of them are students living at home.

Our church kitchen is small and inconvenient, but it does boast two gas-ranges, both more or less decrepit. Sometimes the chairman and her helpers prepare the various dishes at home and assemble them in time for the meal, which is served promptly at 6:30; some-

times it is all cooked at the church. Those members of the committee who are employed all day come as early as possible, and they attend to setting tables, filling water-glasses and running errands. They also serve the plates, which are filled in the kitchen, with a liberal reserve for second helpings. At the close of the meal each person takes his plate to the serving-window and the janitor, by the terms of his contract, cleans up without extra pay; he receives his supper, however, and there are always enough "leftovers" to satisfy him for his work. The lecture is given very informally, while we all sit around the table, and the speaker always seems to enjoy the experience—and the supper.

A typical menu includes meat, potatoes, salad or a relish, bread, butter and coffee. The meats which we have found cheapest and best for our purpose are beef-loaf, Swiss steak or pot-roast, all with plenty of brown gravy (by request of the men). On cold nights we sometimes serve Frankfurters, broiled, with horse-radish, and hot potato salad. Sometimes we substitute for the meat, home-baked beans or scalloped oysters; as warm weather comes on we have cold tongue or ham with creamed potatoes and lettuce salad. We are very fortunate in having on our list of helpers a woman who makes delicious bread, and who offered to make it for us at cost, as her regular share of the work. We



have never attempted dessert beyond fresh fruit or an annual treat of pumpkin pie. The salad is usually cabbage with green pepper or pimiento; this is varied by substituting for the salad, Philadelphia relish or sliced dill pickles.

In the beginning we set the price at fifteen cents, and it has never been changed. It will be seen that the meals are very simple, with no great variety at any one meal; but everything is home-cooked and of good quality, and we study to give the proper balance to each meal. There is very little fluctuation in attendance, and, of course, this regularity is a great factor in economical buying. Our average number last year was twenty-four. During the fall, when things are cheapest, we come out quite a little ahead; this surplus is put away for the inevitable day when "eggs are up," or when we want a more pretentious supper for some special occasion.

As to results, our superintendent says that we have gained wonderfully in "esprit de corps" and in the quality of our Sunday-school work; the whole force looks upon the "Teachers' Supper" as a highly prized "emolument of office," and I am sure that to some of them it comes as a bit of wholesome and much needed social life; as for the "women-folks," well, we feel repaid by the close friendship that comes from working out a common problem together; but aside from this we have a practical reward in the increased efficiency acquired through our self-imposed course in domestic economy.

G. C. H.

\* \* \*

### Peaceful Home Life

I HAVE long thought that the main cause of nervous breakdowns, and many other modern ailments, is mostly due to the constant "go" of the American wife and mother. For, she, far more than the woman of any other nation, keeps continually on the go, until it is nothing short of miraculous that the majority of us are not in the madhouse.

There seems to be no *real* home life, all is rush and bustle, scurry and haste. One must 'phone, to catch even a glimpse of one's friend, and even the one extra guest for dinner means more flowers, an extra dessert, more 'phoning, more hustle and bustle.

In years gone by one called upon a friend and spent a restful, happy hour with her beside the open fire, chatting of books, flowers, gowns, and so on. Perhaps a cup of tea, with a slice of cake, or an appetizing sandwich was brought in, and we sauntered contentedly homeward in the dusk, hearts brighter for the little visit. Now, we jump into a motor, rush madly from house to house, a card is left hastily, and we continue the mad rush, until, "wild with a headache," we fall into a seat at some shop, gulp a bite of some confection, and continue our scramble, reaching home out of sorts with the world and with ourselves. Mothers in America seldom find time for their children, while in far-off Japan, one would find the little mother out in her wee garden, her little ones near by, playing or studying. She spends the peaceful afternoons with embroidery, or reading tales of historic interest to her offspring. Under the fragrant plum blooms, or the beautiful cherry blossoms, secure from noise and disturbance, home life is a living poem. The boys are taught games that will at the same time educate, the girls are shown the intricate stitches of wonderful needlework; the names of all flowers are learned, and the beautiful legends concerning these and other of nature's wonders are dwelt upon; while each month has its own significance, and festivals are often held in honor of these legends.

Naturally in this complex age, we cannot enjoy all the quiet and peacefulness of life as of yore, but surely some few hours might be spent in relaxation and real rest. In the modern rush, the average woman is *not* imitating the extremely wealthy, as she fondly imagines, for they pay more attention to their children and

to rest than is thought.

One woman tries vainly to crowd the life of society leader, business woman, servant, etc., into her one life, and the result is, inevitable,—a collapse. Young girls ape the dress and manners of the woman of the world, and dance, or carouse, away the hours that should be spent in refreshing sleep. School doesn't mix well with late suppers, luncheons, balls, boys and card parties, and unless the girl has the strength of an amazon, she cannot stand it. Just the age that should bring her happiness and abounding health will bring her, instead, an operation and its consequent effects. Therefore, in place of envying our grandmothers their fresh comely faces, let us bring into our own over-filled lives a little of their old-time, restful pursuits, their flower-scented dreams, and soul-beautifying thoughts.

E. C. L.

\* \* \*

### Fowl as Substitute when Spring Chickens Are Scarce

**P**OUR one quart of boiling water over the fowl, salt to taste, cover with tight-fitting lid, and let stew slowly until tender.

Dip each piece separately in thin paste, made of one tablespoonful of flour dissolved in water to which has been added the beaten white of an egg. Have skillet, containing one heaping tablespoonful of lard or butter, hot, in which to fry the fowl quickly. It will become a beautiful tint of brown in about five minutes; it will retain its juice and have a most delicious flavor.

### Dressing to Serve with Dish

Pour two cups of hot broth over two quarts of stale broken bread. Sprinkle with sage and pepper or any seasoning suitable to taste. Let stand fifteen minutes, then pour over the top two well-beaten eggs, then stir slightly with fork, being careful not to mash the bread (as mashing the bread makes dressing soggy and indigestible); turn into buttered pan

and bake fifteen minutes in hot oven.

It will come out light of weight, fluffy and a delicate shade of brown.

\* \* \* J. W. T.

**I**N the March number of your magazine I noticed some one wishes to use oil in making peanut butter. Now, if the inquirer will run her peanuts through the food chopper two or three times, they will be oily enough. I never use butter or oil and my peanut butter is delicious.

MRS. TOWERS.

\* \*

**T**HE following recipe is repeated from page 465 of the January number of this magazine. No flour or other thickening ingredient was mentioned in the list of ingredients previously given. Four teaspoonfuls of soda were indicated in the previous recipe.

- 1 cupful of sugar
- 1 cupful of shortening (I prefer butter)
- 4 teaspoonfuls of sour milk
- 1 even teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in the milk
- 2 eggs
- 2 cupfuls of rolled oat flakes
- 2 cupfuls of flour
- Spice to taste (I prefer cinnamon and cloves)
- 1 cupful of raisins
- 1 cupful of nuts, chopped or cut up

Drop on buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

The recipe makes two dozen cookies.

L. L.

We think the recipe could now be still further improved by cutting down the soda one half, and adding a level teaspoonful of baking powder with the flour.—EDITOR.

\* \* \*

### A Woman's Clothes

**C**LOTHES bespeak the character of the wearer, and a woman's dress speaks for or against her more effectively than she can speak for herself.

A woman's dress shows the care it receives. Many women ruin their gowns by neglect. The careless, shiftless woman does not wear out her gowns, she destroys them by not caring for them while she is not wearing them.



## Care of Gowns

When a garment is removed, it should be hung on a hanger and placed in the open air or in a closet with an open window. Each garment should be hung so that the air can penetrate all parts of it. The gown should remain in the fresh air until all traces of dampness have disappeared. Careful airing avoids the musty odors so frequently found in closets. Each dress must be hung with a two-fold view: First, so it will be well aired; second, so that it will retain its desired shape.

Skirts should not be hung by the loops that are supplied by the factory or dress-maker, but on hangers that will support the sides evenly and not draw the material out of shape.

Waists should be hung on heavily padded hangers. Princess gowns get stringy when hung on hangers. These should be packed away in boxes, if they are not worn every day.

Delicately colored dresses should be packed away in blue tissue paper or encased in blue bags. The case will protect the garment from dust and keep it from fading. Coats, etc., should be hung on padded hangers and covered with cases or a curtain.

A pole set across one end of the closet, high enough to lift the garments at least a foot from the floor, will accommodate all one's clothing, provided it be on hangers.

For cotton waists, shirt waist boxes are desirable, I might almost say indispensable. Lace waists should be stuffed with tissue paper and laid in boxes. Hats should be carefully brushed and kept in paper bags or hat boxes.

Colored gloves should be aired, mended and stretched into shape and placed between folds of tissue paper. White gloves should be cleaned and then packed away in blue paper.

Veils should be stretched into shape and placed on a roller.

Belts should be wound on spools or kept in a box, which is at least fifteen inches long.

Shoes and slippers must be brushed and put into cases and not thrown into a corner in the dark closet or under the bed. In short, *never* place anything on the floor in a closet. Suspend it from the ceiling in bags, if need be, but keep the floor clean and dust free.

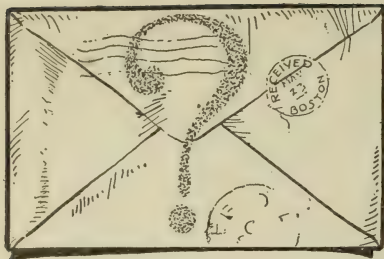
Whenever a garment is not to be worn again the next day, it should be carefully examined before putting it away. If it needs hooks, buttons or a few stitches, supply the need. Washable gowns and skirts should be examined, to see if they need laundering. The best laundry rule is as follows: If the garment is clean, pack it away; if it needs pressing, press it; if there is any question about the cleanness, send it to the laundry; a slightly soiled garment looks much more soiled after having been packed away for a time. Stockings must never, never be packed away partly soiled.

## Worn Out Dresses and Hats

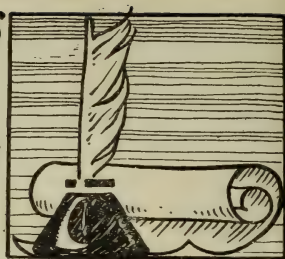
Worn out dresses usually hold some buttons, ribbon or lace that can be used again. Never hang a discarded dress in the attic; it is poor economy and bad housekeeping to do so. Rip the dress, remove the buttons and sew them on a card; wash or clean the ribbons and laces and roll them on a cardboard roller. Then burn the waste material. The useful parts will be ready to use at any time and take far less room in storage. The same is true of old hats. A rose or feather can often be used several seasons, if proper care is given to it between seasons. Never allow old clothes to accumulate in soiled heaps in the store room. Wash and brush as carefully as possible and pack in dust-free boxes. When packing away cotton and linen goods, be careful to have the clothes washed very clean and do not starch them.

Label all boxes. Labels save time and patience.

H. K.



# QUERIES & ANSWERS



**T**HIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. **BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE**, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1999.—“Do you know of a dish called ‘Tin Type Fish?’ If so kindly give recipe.”

## Recipe for Odd Fish Dish

We do not know of such a dish as the one referred to above.

QUERY 2000.—“Can recipe given last year for Candied Grape Fruit and Orange Peel be used for figs?”

## Candied Figs

Small, whole figs might be candied by the recipe referred to; except that we see no reason to use the salt. Simply cook the figs in boiling water until the skin is tender, then finish as in the recipe. Possibly, after cooking until the skin is tender, the figs might be cut in slices and candied, but we fear the seeds would be washed out into the syrup; this, however, might not be objectionable. Where fresh figs, in plenty, are available it might be tried.

QUERY 2001.—“Recipes for Braised Celery and Scotch Eggs.”

## Braised Celery

The celery should be such as is without much fibre, white and tender; trim off the tops, leaving stalks about eight inches from the top of the root, also the root neatly, and remove green leaves; wash in several waters with great care, to remove earth, etc., and yet not break or separate the stalks; cover with boiling

water, let cook fifteen minutes, then drain and rinse in cold water. For three or four heads of celery cut a slice of salt pork into bits and pour over it boiling water to cover; let stand a few minutes, then drain, rinse in cold water and sprinkle over the bottom of a casserole or agate dish suitable for the oven; over the pork slice an onion and half a carrot, then two slices of bacon; on this bed set the blanched celery, cover and set into the oven to draw out the moisture; after the moisture has evaporated cover with hot, white broth and let cook very gently until tender; drain off the liquid and keep the celery hot; remove the fat from the liquid, reduce it by simmering if necessary, season as needed, and pour over the celery laid on a hot serving dish.

## Scotch Eggs (Mrs. Lincoln)

Cook one-third a cup of stale bread crumbs in one-third a cup of milk to a smooth paste; mix with one cup of lean cooked ham, chopped fine; add half a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, a few grains of cayenne and one raw egg. Mix well; remove the shells from six hard-cooked eggs and cover with the mixture. Fry in hot fat two minutes. Drain and serve hot or cold.

QUERY 2002.—“Recipe for Swedish Timbales?”



# Fritter Batter for Swedish Timbale Cases (*The Book of Entrees*)

2 yolks of eggs	½ a teaspoonful of
½ a cup of milk	salt
½ a cup of pastry	
flour	

Beat the yolks; add the milk and gradually stir into the flour and salt sifted together. Let stand an hour or more before using. The cases should be thin and crisp. Articles in cream, Bechamel or Hollandaise sauce, and articles cooked Newburg style are served in Swedish timbale cases.

## Remarks on Frying Swedish Timbale Cases

If thick and soft add more milk. To fry the cases, have fat deep enough to cover the iron form. Let the iron heat with the fat; that is, put the iron in the fat as soon as fat is melted and let the two heat together. Drain the iron and dip it into the batter to a little more than half its height; dip the iron at once into the fat, covering the whole cup; this prevents the batter from spreading away from the iron cup at the top. Avoid dipping the iron twice into the batter (for one case) as it makes the case too thick. The cases are done when crisp and delicately colored.

A pretty finish to the cases may be made by dipping the edge into white of egg, beaten slightly and strained, and then into fine-chopped parsley or pistachio nuts. This should be done after the cases are reheated and shortly before serving them.

QUERY 2003.—“Recipe for a Rich Layer Cake to be used with either a chocolate or cocoanut filling, also recipe for cake to be cut in squares and frosted all over.”

### Rich Layer Cake

¾ a cup of butter	2 teaspoonfuls of
2 cups of sugar	baking powder
¾ a cup of milk	6 whites of eggs
3 cups of flour	

### Cake to Cut in Squares

½ a cup of butter	1½ cups of flour
1 cup of sugar	½ a teaspoonful of
Grated rind and juice	soda
of ½ a lemon	4 egg-whites
4 egg-yolks	

Mix in the order given, sifting the soda into the flour, and sifting together into the mixture. The cake with chocolate-marshmallow frosting, given in the seasonable recipes, on page 775, may be used for a layer cake with any kind of frosting or for cutting in squares to be frosted.

QUERY 2004.—“Kindly advise where one may obtain information on such subjects as, advantages and disadvantages of a vegetable diet, and the important points to be considered in arranging a well-balanced diet.”

### Books on Dietetic Subjects

Elements of the Science of Nutrition, Lusk; Food and Dietetics, Hutchison; Food and Diet in the U. S., Langworthy; Chemistry of Food and Nutrition, Sherman; The Principles of Human Nutrition, Jordan.

QUERY 2005.—“What is Bombay Duck and where may it be procured?”

### Bombay Duck

Bombay Duck or Ducks come in tins; they are a variety of fish put up in Bombay; the price is forty cents a can. The fish is used in the preparation of appetizers or hors d'œuvres. This novelty is imported by Crosse and Blackwell of London, England. Tins may be purchased of dealers in fancy groceries in Boston and New York.

QUERY 2006.—“Recipe for Maryland Biscuit.”

### Maryland Biscuit

With the tips of the fingers work a teaspoonful of butter into a pint of flour, then mix with milk or water to a very firm dough. Beat the dough with a mallet about twenty minutes or run it through a biscuit brake until it is beautifully smooth and velvety. Cut into rounds, prick with a fork (some cutters

prick the dough as it is cut into rounds); bake about half an hour in a moderate oven. These biscuit will sometimes split evenly and the texture is similar to that of crackers. Some cooks prefer to mix the biscuit with buttermilk into which one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda has been stirred.

---

QUERY 2007.—“How may one distinguish the coral and the liver of lobsters? What filling other than lobster may be used to fill a lobster shell?”

### Coral and Liver of Lobster

The coral of a boiled lobster is firm in texture and bright red; usually it must be removed with a skewer; the liver is soft and greenish in color. When dressing the lobster, pull off the large and small claws and twist the tail from the body; set the body on the head, the back toward the right hand, insert both thumbs, grasping the shell with the two hands, then gently pull the body apart; the unedible portion, the lady, will be found on the shell in the right hand; shake out the greenish liver. Usually everything that may be shaken out is edible and is called liver.

### Filling for Lobster Shell

A creamed or deviled preparation of halibut or other white fish or of crab-flakes or shrimps might be used as filling for lobster shells.

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QUERY 2008.—“Why should vanilla and pineapple juice used to flavor ice-cream make the cream bitter?”

### Pineapple Juice and Bitter Ice Cream

Uncooked pineapple juice contains a principle that digests protein. Mixed with milk and cream, it will act on the protein in composition, and during the chemical change a bitter taste is evolved. For the same reason fresh pineapple juice can not be used with gelatine or eggs. If the pineapple be cooked, the action of the digestive principle is de-

stroyed. A slice of tender, fresh pineapple is sometimes recommended as a suitable dessert after a Welsh rabbit or other cheese dish, from the fact that the digestive principle in the pineapple will aid in digesting the cheese.

---

QUERY 2009.—“Why do yolks of egg thicken liquids in which they are cooked?”

### Why Eggs Thicken Liquids

The albuminous matter in an egg is coagulated or thickened on the application of heat, and in this manner the liquid with which the egg is mixed is thickened. A right understanding of the principles involved in the cooking of an egg is essential to good results in the simplest as well as in the most complex cookery. One who can not differentiate, in taste and in practice, between a “hard-boiled” and a “hard-cooked” egg can lay no claim to the name of “a good, plain cook.”

---

QUERY 2010.—“Why should sponge cake be baked in an unbuttered pan?”

### Unbuttered Pan for Sponge Cake

The minute cell walls of a hot cake are moist, and if the cake be left to hold up its own weight while cooling, even though well-baked, the cells will flatten somewhat from the weight above them. A sponge cake, baked in a pan that has not been buttered, may be turned upside down, with top edge of pan resting on a dish at each side, or, in fact, on the top of the pan, without dropping from the pan. Hung in this way from the bottom of the pan, the cells are elongated and the cake is lighter than when cooled in the ordinary way. A butter cake or any cake, baked in a buttered pan, will fall from a pan thus suspended.

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QUERY 2011.—“How may a large quantity of grated horseradish, put up with vinegar in fruit jars, be kept from turning black?”

### Keeping Grated Horseradish

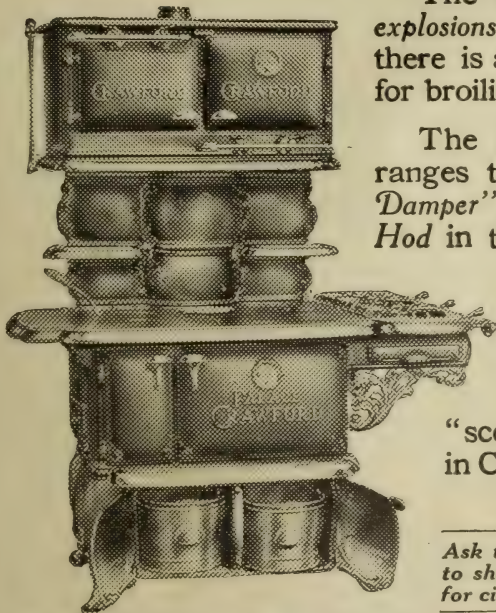
Possibly, the horseradish would remain white, if it were mixed with lemon



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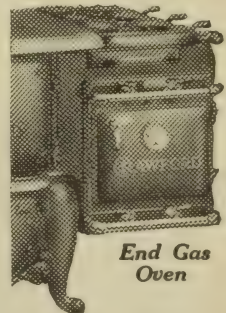


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juice instead of vinegar. If this does not prove effective, try scalding the horseradish in the lemon juice.

QUERY 2012.—“Is a tube pan the best pan for baking an Angel Food Cake? Lately my Angel Food Cakes fall, though I bake them nearly two hours.”

### Trouble with Angel Cake

A tube pan is the best kind of pan for Angel Cake. Think you are trying to bake in too cool an oven. An Angel Cake calls for a hotter oven than does an ordinary sponge cake, in which yolks are used.

QUERY 2013.—“Recipes for Chicken à la King and Crab Flake Timbales.”

### Chicken à la King, Waldorf Style

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a blazer or frying pan; add half a green pepper, chopped fine, and a cup of fresh mushroom caps, peeled and broken in pieces; stir and cook three or four minutes; add two level tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt and cook until frothy; then add one pint of cream and stir until the sauce thickens. Set over hot water; add three cups of cooked chicken, cut in cubes, cover and let stand to become very hot. In the meanwhile cream one-fourth a cup of butter; beat into it the yolks of three eggs, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and half a teaspoonful of paprika. Stir this mixture into the hot chicken and continue stirring until the egg thickens a little. Serve on toast.

### Crabflake Timbales

1½ cups of crab flakes	1 teaspoonful of salt
3 eggs	2 cups of thin cream
½ a teaspoonful of paprika	

The crabflakes may be fresh or canned, chopped fine; add the eggs, beaten without separating the whites and yolks, salt, pepper and cream. Cook in small molds on many folds of paper and surrounded by boiling water until firm in the center.

Serve, unmolded, with Hollandaise or Cream sauce. The water should not boil after the timbales are set in the oven.

QUERY 2014.—“Recipes for Canning Beets, Peas, Corn, String Beans and Asparagus.”

### Canning Vegetables

Vegetables for canning should be freshly gathered and used at once. Only young tender vegetables can be canned successfully. The length of time for cooking will vary a little from year to year, and depends, also, on the manner in which the cooking is carried out. In certain household canners the cooking is done under a heavy pressure of steam; this shortens the time of cooking. In a steam cooker the pressure of steam is less than in most canners, but is higher than when the cooking is conducted in a wash boiler fitted up with a rack on which the jars are set. Vegetables may be cooked in an open kettle and then transferred to jars, but usually cooking in the jars is preferable.

### Canned Beets

Cook the beets in a saucepan as for the table. When tender rub off the skins (in a sauce-pan of cold water) and set into jars; fill to overflow with boiling water, adjust rubbers and covers, set the jars on folds of cloth in a steamer and let cook fifteen minutes to half an hour, then tighten covers.

### Canned String Beans

Prepare the beans as for the table, then pack into jars; set the jars into the steam cooker or other appliance, the covers beside them. Put lukewarm water into the cooker. Cover and let the jars heat gradually, then fill to overflow with boiling water; again cover and let cook until the beans are right for the table; add salt—a teaspoonful to a quart—to boiling water and replenish the jars as needed; adjust the rubbers and covers and let cook about half an hour. Often



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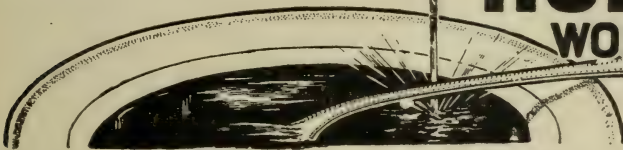
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two or three hours in all, of cooking is required.

### Canned Peas

Put the shelled peas into cans, filling the cans to the top. Set the cans on a rack, covered with a cloth, over cold or lukewarm water, and let cook until the water boils. Fill the jars with boiling water to which a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water has been added; adjust the rubbers and covers, but do not fasten them. Cover and let cook one hour. Then tighten the covers and remove from the kettle; or let cool in the kettle, covered. By experimenting it is probable that the time of cooking may be cut down somewhat. Peas do not require as long cooking as string beans. Very small string beans, cut in halves, lengthwise, may be canned in about one hour and a half, especially if a patent canner be used. Larger beans, cut crosswise, often need from three to four hours' cooking.

### Canned Corn

In canning corn, the time may be materially shortened, if only the pulp be taken, the hull being more difficult to sterilize. To prepare, score the kernels lengthwise of the ear, then with the back of the knife press out the pulp, leaving the hulls on the cob. As the pulp expands greatly in cooking the jars must be filled only two-thirds full. When cooked about an hour, stir down the corn; use one can to fill two or three others, adjust rubbers, and covers loosely, and let cook another hour; then see that all are in good condition. The covers of any cans that do not need further attention may now be tightened. If covers are displaced or jars need attention, cook fifteen minutes after adjustment, then seal.

### Canned Tomatoes

Fill the cans with whole, peeled tomatoes; have ready tomatoes cooked in an open kettle; use the liquid from these

to fill the open spaces between the tomatoes. Cook in the same manner as the other vegetables. About half an hour of cooking will suffice. Fill to overflow with hot tomato, adjust rubbers and covers and let cook about ten minutes longer. Do not cook too long before filling the jars to overflow, as the sterilizing process must be continued ten or fifteen minutes after the adjustment of the rubbers and covers.

### Canned Asparagus

Use only the tender portions of the stalks. Set these in the jars with the heads up; put lukewarm or cold water in the cooker; when heated to boiling, fill the jars with boiling salted water, adjust rubbers and covers and let cook nearly an hour; tighten the jars before removal from the kettle.

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QUERY 2015.—"In the March number, in recipe for Maple Sugar Frosting, is the 240° F. mentioned hard or soft ball."

### Hard or Soft-Ball Stage

The soft-ball degree is from 236° to 242° F. A little sugar and water boiled to 240° F. when gathered together in cold water forms a rather firm "soft-ball."

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QUERY 2016.—"Recipe for Ice-cream, in which condensed milk is used, in place of cream, and there is no taste of canned milk."

### Ice Cream with Condensed Milk

Mix one quart of milk, one can of condensed milk, and one tablespoonful of vanilla. If the condensed milk is sweetened, no additional sugar is needed. Crush one Junket tablet and dissolve it in one or two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Have the milk heated to a lukewarm temperature, less than 100° F. Stir the tablet mixture into the milk; let stand until jellied, then freeze as usual. This makes a particularly good ice cream; the Junket tablet may be omitted, but though such ice cream is good, it is not as creamy and velvety as when the tablet is used.



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# The Fireless Cooker in the Hot Months

By Olivia B. Strohm

**N**O woman who has not used a Fireless Cooker can begin to realize what it will mean to her to have one of them in her kitchen during the hot months. It is like release from slavery to get away from the hot stove and out on to the shady side porch or into the garden knowing that, while you are keeping cool and comfortable the cooker is cooking the food perfectly, that there will be nothing burned, nothing over-done, nothing spoiled.

When it comes to canning time the cooker means hours of release from standing over the hot stove. It means that you can make beautiful jams and marmalades and put up dozens of cans of fruit that you wouldn't think of putting up, if you had to do it in the old way.

I'm not going to say anything about the saving of fuel; I know it's a big item, but I am thinking now of the relief that comes from not having the whole house heated from the cooking so that it's almost impossible to get it cool again.

I want to tell you something the cooker has done for me.

Before I got mine I had practically given up putting up fruit. You know the fruit always ripens in the hot breathless June and July days and I went to bed in the hot house so many nights utterly done up only to dream all night of myself standing over that hot stove with a stirring spoon in my hand and fruit boiling over on the stove and the entire kitchen a sticky mess, that I got so I fairly hated canning time.

And then I got my fireless cooker and began all over again. Nowadays I put up more fruit than I ever did and make more jelly. I do it with ease and comfort. I don't use up a lot of gas or coal and, when winter comes, I have rows of fine fruit and jams for the family that

cost us about half of what they would cost, if we had to buy. I also put up my vegetables for winter. Instead of paying 10, 15 and 25 cents a can for imported peas, asparagus, beans and other supplies, I put up my own, when the vegetables are at the best and cheapest, and cut the cost materially.

I wish every woman who is still doing her work without a fireless cooker could see the fine lot of Apple Butter, Chili Sauce, Pickles, Preserves and other luxuries I have put up with my cooker and never a single can spoiled yet.

There is a lot of misunderstanding about Fireless Cookers, as I have found out from neighbor women who haven't used them. One woman recently said that she didn't see the need of a fireless cooker, when you have to spend so much time starting the food, and that you might as well go on and cook it.

Of course, that's a great fallacy. All you do is to get the food heated clear through, put it in the cooker and forget it. It's the hours of waiting and hanging over a hot stove that does a woman up and that's just what the cooker saves you.

There is something else I want to



Ordinary dusting scatters but does not remove dust and germs. Use cheese-cloth dampened with tepid water to which a little **Platt's** Chlorides, the odorless disinfectant, has been added. Wring out till dry so that it will not streak the wood work, etc.



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speak of. Almost every woman who talks to me about the cooker asks, if I can get a good brown color to meats and fowl when cooked in a fireless cooker.

Of course I can. The heat is so confined, it becomes so intense that as a matter of fact meats and fowl done in the cooker turn more beautifully and regularly than when done in the oven.

Here is something else: Last week my husband and I went with a party of friends to the theatre. He wanted to bring his friends up to the house after the theatre and wished that we could give them a little hot lunch.

We did. I started the lunch, put it in the cooker, dressed and went to the theatre. When we got home there was the lunch, piping hot and done to a turn, waiting for us.

To me it seemed that that one experience was worth the price of a cooker. It gave me freedom. I went to the the-

atre and enjoyed myself just as though I had a dozen servants in the house getting the lunch.

In fact, I have come to look on my fireless cooker as a servant, a servant that is always cheerful, always ready, always at work and that takes half the slavery of housekeeping off my shoulders.

## The School That is to Be

Frederick T. Gates, of New York City, Chairman of the General Education Board, sees in the present tendency toward the socialization of the public school the promised development of a new art—"the art of recreation for young and old, for all pursuits, for all seasons, for both sexes, indoors, out of doors. Some sweet, healthful, happy, adapted recreation shall enter into the program, not occasionally, but every day, for young and old alike. Ultimately, there will be professors of popular recreation. They shall be sent to us from the colleges, to teach us all the ways of relief from strain and tedium, precisely adapted. And all together we shall have our weekly half holiday for community recreation."

One of the first concerns of the new school shall be for the promotion of health as the basis of all well being and well doing. "We shall ferret out the local causes of ill health in the family and in the community, also in plant and animal life," says Mr. Gates, writing in *World's Work*. "We shall call to our aid, of course, the experts from the chemical and agricultural colleges and universities, our schools of forestry and of veterinary medicine. They shall examine and report. They shall lecture and demonstrate before us and be in constant correspondence with us. We shall submit to them our too difficult problems and they shall solve them for us.

"Closely associated with health is the daily supply of food. 'I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat.' It should

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Ask your Dealer.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE**  
Child's Sample Pair by  
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**GEORGE FROST CO.**  
MAKERS, BOSTON.



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# This new book of recipes by Mrs. Rorer sent free.

## McILHENNY'S TABASCO SAUCE

MRS. SARAH TYSON RORER has just prepared a new book of recipes, hitherto unpublished, in which will be found directions for making many unique and delectable dishes, and other information of value to those interested in good cooking.

This new book of Mrs. Rorer's will be sent free to anybody anywhere upon request. Just send your name and address on a post card to Department H-2, McIlhenny Company, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Of course, the prime purpose of this new recipe book is to attract more favorable attention to our Tabasco Sauce, and to promote its use more widely instead of dry pepper as a seasoning for all dishes requiring pepper.

It is now generally admitted among cookery experts that pure, unadulterated liquid Tabasco pepper is far superior to cayenne or black pepper because of intense seasoning power, delicious flavor and wholesomeness.

McIlhenny's Tabasco Sauce is the original and only genuine liquid Tabasco pepper, and is being used to great advantage by famous chefs and good housekeepers throughout the civilized world.

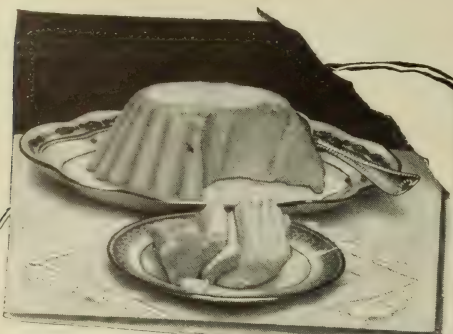
It is more wholesome and a better seasoning than cayenne or black pepper, and makes a most delightful table sauce.

Order a bottle from your grocer today; and don't forget to send for Mrs. Rorer's new recipe book.

*McILHENNY COMPANY, Dept. H-2  
Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.*



2.



## Mr. Mittson's "Proof of the Pudding"

Mrs. Mittson was very fond of marshmallow pudding, but her husband was not enthusiastic.

"I want to like what you like, Margaret," he used to say, "but somehow your marshmallow pudding lacks something. I don't know what it is."

To herself, Mrs. Mittson said, "I'll buy that other flavoring Mrs. Pearsall spoke of." And at next Sunday's dinner, she ventured her favorite again.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Mittson with plain signs of surprise and satisfaction, "this surely is different—Burnett's Vanilla, you say? Then I'll change the old adage—'The proof of the pudding is in

# Burnett's VANILLA

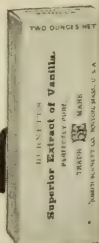
It is by high quality in the flavoring that a dessert that might otherwise simply "be eaten"—or be wasted—is often changed into a dessert that gives real delight. Burnett's Vanilla, *because it is the best*, is thus a practical economy in dessert making. Prepared from the choicest of pure Mexican beans. Experi-

enced cooks, when they ask for vanilla, always specify "Burnett's."

Let us send you our Recipe Book of 115 tempting desserts. Please mention your grocer's name in writing for it.

**JOSEPH BURNETT CO.**  
Dept. K, 36 India St., Boston, Mass.

Western Package  
Eastern Package



be sufficiently varied, regularly provided, suitably and appetizingly cooked. Every girl and every boy shall be taught what to eat, and how to cook. At least three times a day throughout his life, every one of us must eat, and the question of healthful and nutritious diet is perhaps the most important single question in life. Nor lives the man to whom this very thing is not by providence designed to be no inconsiderable part of his daily satisfaction. . . .

"We shall teach all that it is necessary to know about the sanitation of a home, from cellar to garret, the need of spotless cleanliness within it, of neatness, taste, and beauty about it. We shall show the value of ventilation, light, warmth and the best methods of securing them. We shall study the question of drainage, sewage, the disposal of waste, the water supply, infection, its source and prevention. We shall plan model kitchens and model sanitary arrangements, model rural homes. We shall render the home and all its surroundings tasteful, comfortable, and healthful."

## A Civilization-Wide Warfare

For several years past fly extermination has been essayed, on the basis of this insect's now well understood germ-conveying proclivities. Americans, being a people much moved by slogans, "Swat the Fly" is one which has excited a vast deal of industry, with somehow not very appreciable diminution in the number of flies. With a better understanding of the conditions the wiser slogan "Starve the Fly" has supplanted the other. As we have repeatedly said, it is vastly more to the purpose to destroy the breeding places of flies and their filthy pabulum than to kill individual insects while the filthy lying-in chambers of mother flies are permitted to exist.

This year the antily campaign is already on, it being recognized that hibernating mother flies, which may be fecun-





The Handling of the Raw Milk used in the preparation of

*Gail Borden*  
**EAGLE**  
 BRAND  
**CONDENSED**  
**MILK**  
 THE ORIGINAL

is entirely by scientific methods. Immediately after being taken from the cows the milk is removed to the Milk House, entirely separated from barns or other buildings, where it is promptly cooled. Every precaution is taken to insure an absolutely pure product.



As a Food for Infants and General Household Purposes Eagle Brand Has No Equal.

Send for "Borden's Recipes,"  
 "Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme,"  
 "My Biography," a book for babies.

**BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.**

Est. 1857

"Leaders of Quality"

New York

Buy advertised goods—do not accept substitutes

# The New NESNAH Desserts

Can be "Made in a Jiffy"

With the aid of fruit, berries, whipped cream, etc., the practical housewife can serve Nesnah in an endless variety of dainty and attractive forms.



You simply dissolve it in milk or cream, let stand a few moments, and you have, ready to serve, a most exquisite dessert.

It is the one tasty, delicious food-dessert. Not to be confounded with gelatine preparations.

## NINE FLAVORS

VANILLA  
CHOCOLATE  
ORANGE  
LEMON

PISTACHIO  
RASPBERRY  
MAPLE  
CARAMEL

COFFEE

**10c** a Package

At All Grocers

Sample sent free  
—full-size package  
on receipt of 10  
Cents. State choice  
of flavor.

Prepared by

**"The Junket Folks"**

Box 2507

LITTLE FALLS  
N. Y.



dated, must be destroyed before April, when they would have an opportunity to lay the season's initial batch of eggs. To begin thus early would seem to be a logical step, since it has been computed that one over-wintering mother fly could (mathematically at least) found a tidy genealogical tree which would, by the end of the fly season, amount to several billions of branches, twigs, and budlets.

The Bureau of Entomology in the Department of Agriculture at Washington is ready to furnish to all citizens detailed information as to the procedures which should obtain. The Fly Fighting Committee of the American Civic Federation, in New York City, is also ever ready to be of service, and its literature has been requested and sent not only throughout these United States but also to France, England, Italy, Ireland, India, Egypt, the Philippines, Korea, Australia, Hawaii, Singapore, Venezuela, and other regions. This association has for years worked for agitation, education, and organization against the fly. Mr. Edward Hatch, Jr., its president, arranged for the manufacture of the gruesomely-fascinating film entitled "The Fly Pest," which has been shown in moving picture halls and "nickelodeons" throughout the country. Lantern slides illustrating the subject are loaned to responsible persons applying to the committee in New York. A traveling exhibit, consisting of photographs and placards warning against the fly, is also to be had of this committee by local organizations. It urges the individual worker against the fly to interest his neighbors, so that they may co-operate with him in the antily propaganda. The lay press will no doubt, as heretofore, give support. Fly ordinances should be framed. Civic societies, labor organizations, women's clubs, granges, and churches should become active in this good work. Prizes may be offered under the auspices of boards of education to school children uniting on "The House Fly as a Carrier of Disease." Hotel and restaurant keepers and factory owners



"The Perfection of Olive Oil."

# RAE'S LUCCA OIL

In Tuscany, which is justly called the "Garden of Italy," the **Very Finest Olive Oil** for eating purposes is made, and is generally known and described in commerce as **Lucca Oil**; it cannot be equalled much less surpassed, by anything produced in the rest of Italy or France."

**S. Rae & Co., of Leghorn, Guarantee their Finest Sublime Lucca Oil** to be absolutely pure Olive Oil of **Superlative Quality**: — the produce of **Tuscan Olive Yards** only.

SOLD IN BOTTLES AND TINS OF VARIOUS  
SIZES BY FIRST-CLASS GROCERS



An Illustrated Pamphlet  
"The Olive in Tuscany"  
will be mailed you on request

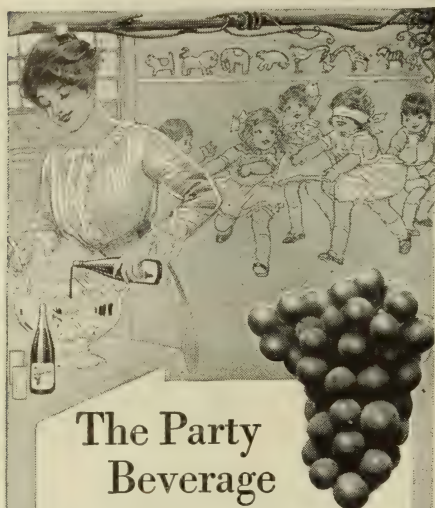
**JAMES A. HAYES & CO.**

Agents and Importers

9-11 Commercial Street, Boston



Buy advertised Goods — do not accept substitutes



## The Party Beverage

Welch's is a treat that is *good* for children. It contributes to happiness and health. They may not consider quality as you do, but the quality is what gives Welch's the delicious taste over which they smack their little lips.

## Welch's

"The National Drink"

For the children's party make this simple punch. They will enjoy it, and you know how much children like to have the same things "grown-ups" enjoy.

**WELCH PUNCH:** Take the juice of three lemons and one orange; one pint of Welch's, one quart of water and one cup of sugar. Mix, garnish with sliced fruits, and serve very cold.

Order a case of Welch's of your dealer and have a supply in the home. If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for \$3.

Sample 4-ounce bottle, by mail, 10c.

**The Welch  
Grape Juice Co.**  
Westfield, N. Y.



should certainly become interested.

The part which the fly plays in the transmission of the bacteria of tuberculosis, typhoid fever, "summer complaints," and infectious dysenteries, has now long been known, and need not be dwelt upon here. With regard to the filth, it should be recalled that upward of ninety per cent. of fly-breeding takes place in horse manure; this fact should of course not lead to the neglect of the spittoon, the garbage can, the unclean dairy, the putrescent animal in the public streets and gutters, and the privy.

## A New Era

I want to live in a city where the daily wages of women and girls will support life; where the lost job means something other than the street or starvation. I want to live in a world that thinks of its people rather than of business, of consumers rather than producers, of users rather than makers, of tenants rather than owners; in a world where life is more important than property, and human labor more valuable than privilege.

As women are consumers, users and tenants, rather than producers, makers and owners, I have hopes for a society in which women have and use the ballot. I want woman suffrage, because I believe women will correct many of these law-made wrongs that man has made. For women will vote in terms of human life, rather than in terms of special privilege. Woman does not know the meaning of "bulls" and "bears," of "long" and "short," of stocks and bonds. She will not tremble when Wall Street threatens to close the banks and the factories if its privileges are disturbed. She may get hysterical over dirty streets, inadequate schools, crowded street-cars, and monopoly prices, but she will not be terrorized by the scare headlines of a subsidized press. Women read the foolish gossip of the fashion page, but they do not read the foolish gossip of the stock-market page. They may vote in ignorance, but, at least, they won't think



# Good News for ICE CREAM LOVERS



With an *ALASKA* Freezer, it is easier to make the *better* kind of ice cream than to make the other kinds in other freezers.

The *ALASKA*, with its wonderful aerating spoon dasher, whips air into every particle of the cream. This

feature, together with the high and narrow cans used, quickens the freezing to three minutes and makes the most delicious, smoothest ice cream you ever tasted.

The principle of beating cakes, eggs, candy, salad dressing, etc. to make them light and smooth is old. The *ALASKA* freezer contains the only real advance for years in applying this principle to the making of ice creams.

It has covered gears—no danger of pinching the fingers. It's perfectly hygienic—no square or deep sockets in can to catch and hold dirt and sediment.

Our *NORTH POLE* is well called the "Best low-priced freezer" on the market. It is all metal with galvanized steel tub (not tin) and close fitting cover to keep in the cold and keep out the warm air. It will not rust—will last for years. It is easy to operate, practical and will freeze cream smooth and light in four minutes.

Insist on having an *ALASKA* or *NORTH POLE* Freezer. They are better and cost no more, will save you ice, salt and time and give superior results.

If your dealer doesn't keep them, write and let us give you the name of one who does.

Send today for new free booklet, "Good News for Ice Cream Lovers," containing recipes for creams, ices and novel desserts compiled by famous ice cream makers.

**THE ALASKA FREEZER COMPANY**  
549 Lincoln Ave., WINCHENDON, MASS.

**NORTH POLE  
ALL METAL FREEZER**



The  
War on  
Flies



## The First Fly Calls for Tanglefoot

Spread a sheet of Tanglefoot when you see the first fly. For these winter survivors may breed countless armies later.

Tanglefoot will save you from untold annoyance from flies this summer. No other method has proved half so effective.

### 300,000,000 Sheets Used Yearly

A mighty army of Tanglefoot is ready to help you. Each sheet can destroy 1,000 flies. And Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but seals it over with a varnish that *destroys the germ* as well as the fly.

So Tanglefoot is a double protection. Now after 30 years, hardly a household in America would be without it.

### Don't Risk Poisons

Every summer fatalities are reported from their use. In several states the sale of poison is forbidden except by registered pharmacists.

The poison does not kill the germ on the fly. Poisoned flies drop into your food, into baby's milk, are ground to dust in the carpet.

Fly traps, too, are unsanitary and disgusting to care for.

### Tanglefoot the Safe Way

You take no chances when you use Tanglefoot. It is the non-poisonous, sanitary way of fighting flies. In sections bothered by fleas, too, it is a veritable boon.

Don't be without Tanglefoot this summer, if you want to enjoy freedom from these pests.

### Preferred for 30 Years

The original Tanglefoot always bears this trademark. It contains one-third more sticky compound, hence lasts longer than the no-name kinds sold merely as fly-paper, or sticky fly-paper. Ask your grocer or druggist for Tanglefoot for this season's war on flies.

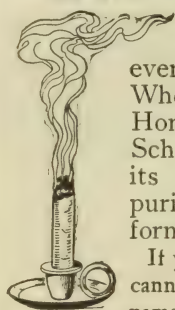
**Made Only by THE O. & W. THUM CO.**  
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A little gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

## ***The Odors of Cooking!***

can easily be dispersed by burning the little candle—

### **Egyptian Deodorizer**



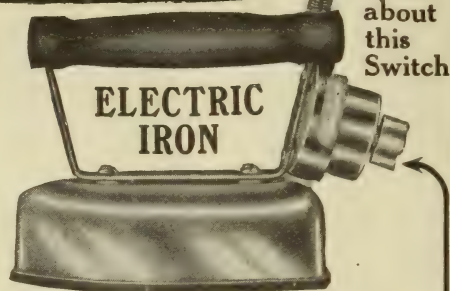
Millions of people are wondering how they ever got along without it! Wherever it is used—in the Home, Office, Sick-Room, School, Public Building, etc., its fascinating perfume is purifying, enriching, transforming the atmosphere.

If your local dealer in toilet articles cannot supply you, send us his name, and 25c. in Parcel Post stamps, for a box of 16 candles and metal holder.

**PAUL MFG. CO., 14 Blackstone St., Boston, Mass.**

*Makers of the famous Cando Silver Polish*

# **Delco**



**Read  
about  
this  
Switch**

### **The Iron With Three Heats**

Experience with other types of electric irons in which the heat is not properly controlled has been most unpleasant and costly. The Three Heat Switch on the Delco Iron enables you to control the heat as required, High, Medium or Low. Reduces the amount of current used to a minimum and obviates all danger of scorching. This important feature makes the Delco the only perfection on the market. Beautifully nickeled and furnished with stand, cord and plug.

#### **TRY IT TEN DAYS FREE**

Use a **DELCO** next ironing day. If not perfectly satisfied send it back at our expense. Write today and you will agree that "It pays to have a **DELCO**." Sent prepaid to any part of the U.S. for **\$5.50**. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**DIAMOND ELECTRIC CO.**

**40 FREDERICK ST., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.**

themselves wise when they merely vote the opinions of those who control the agencies for making false public opinion.  
—*Frederic C. Howe.*

### **The Correct Amount to Drink**

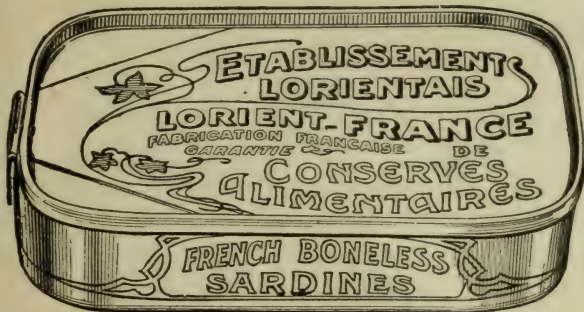
"About two-thirds of the body is composed of water . . . and the best way of supplying water to the body is by drinking it in its pure state," says Dr. Chalmers Watson in his "Book of Diet," which is published by Thos. Nelson and Sons.

This interesting book contains a great deal of information on drinking, and in it the author illustrates how health depends largely upon the measure of liquid one consumes. "As a general rule it may be said that at least one and a half pints of pure water (three tumblers) should be taken daily," he writes, and in prescribing water he gives as a useful method a full tumbler of hot or cold water on an empty stomach (a) the first thing in the morning, (b) an hour before the mid-day meal, and (c) the last thing at night. If this direction were carried out there would probably be very much less gout, rheumatism, and other troubles.

On various other beverages the author holds that for ordinary table use a water must not contain more than one per cent. of mineral matter. Tea, he considers, should not be taken more than, at the most, twice daily, and always freshly made. The habit of taking early tea, on waking, is not to be commended, although this permissible and often advisable in the case of elderly people.

Betty was playing in the sand-pile. She began to throw shovelfuls of sand upon the flower-bed. Her father remonstrated. "Aren't you going to be my good Betty any more?" he asked. "Yeth," answered that young lady, continuing her occupation, "I'll be your good Betty when I'm fru frowing thand."—*Harper's Magazine.*





## THE ONLY GENUINE FRENCH SARDINES

In the New SANITARY TINS

Are packed by  
Etablissements Lorientais-Lorient, France  
PERFECT FISH IN PURE OLIVE OIL  
If your grocer does not keep them please  
refer him to

**Meyer & Lange, New York**

Sole Agents for the United States

## Little Wonder Coffee Percolator

FIFTY CENTS

This Little Wonder Aluminum Coffee Percolator fits in any coffee pot and instantly converts it into the equal of a five or ten dollar percolator.

The fabric bag holds the ground coffee, the boiling water rushes up the tube into the bag and percolates through the ground coffee, producing a coffee as clear as wine, of beautiful color and of delicious flavor.

Perfectly simple, easily operated, saves money. Made in three sizes, 6, 7 or 8 inches high. Money back if not satisfied. Agents wanted. Write for circulars. Mailed postpaid on receipt of 50 cents.

**ECONOMIC PERCOLATOR CO.**

267 Broadway

Dept. D

NEW YORK



As used in Coffee Pot.

## FOR THE SAKE OF THE PERISHABLE THINGS

*Built for SERVICE—not display*

The EDDY is lined with zinc—because in 66 years of refrigerator building we have found it the only sanitary lining. With soldered joints, it is non-absorbent and easily kept clean.

Glass or porcelain linings are showier—until they crack and chip. Their cemented joints absorb moisture, grease, odors. Crevices appear—catch-alls for dirt. In

## Eddy Refrigerators

every vital point—pure dry cold, ice economy, sanitation, drainage, convenience of arrangement, durability—has been brought to scientific perfection.

*Sixty sizes. Freight prepaid if your dealer cannot supply you. Send for our catalogue—it tells the REFRIGERATOR TRUTHS.*

**D. EDDY & SONS COMPANY**

333 Adams Street, Boston



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# TRY A CHANGE OF FLAVOR

There are wonderful possibilities  
for delightful new desserts,  
puddings and sweets in

## Mapleine

(THE FLAVOR DE LUXE)

In every recipe that calls  
for a flavoring Mapleine can  
be used just the same as you  
use other flavors.

Mapleine also flavors white  
sugar syrup for the hot cakes.

Send 2-cent stamp for our  
Mapleine Cook Book and  
then order a two-ounce bot-  
tle at 35c (in Canada 50c)  
from your grocer.



**CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO.**

Dept. R SEATTLE, WASH.

These trade-mark crescent lines on every package

**CRESCENT FLOUR** DIET FOR  
DYSPEPTICS

And Cures  
**KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES AND OBESITY**

Makes delicious foods for everybody.

Unlike other goods. Ask grocer. For book  
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**FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.**

Every  
Home  
Needs  
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Great



Step-  
Saver  
-the  
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This table on wheels makes housework easier because it goes  
just where needed. Taken in turn to refrigerator, pantry, stove  
and table, it serves the meal by one trip, another clears it away.  
Stands beside sink while washing dishes and puts them all away  
at once. Saves thousands of steps daily. Beautiful permanent  
black gloss finish. Height 31 inches. Two extra heavy oval steel  
trays 23 x 28 and 21 x 25 inches. 8 inch rubber tire wheels.  
Price \$10, express prepaid. Pacific Coast \$12. Booklet free.

WHEEL TRAY CO., 415 West 61st Place, CHICAGO.

Also hotel dish carts

## Milk Bread

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 cake of Compressed<br>Yeast           | sugar  |
| 1 quart of milk scald-<br>ed and cooled | 2 tablespoonfuls of<br>lard or butter,<br>melted |
| 3 quarts of sifted<br>flour             | 1 tablespoonful of<br>salt                       |
| 2 tablespoonfuls of                     |  |

Dissolve yeast and sugar in luke-  
warm liquid, add one and one-half quarts  
of sifted flour. Beat until smooth. Cover  
and set to rise in warm place, free from  
draft—about one and one-half hours.  
When light, add lard or butter, rest of  
flour, and salt. Knead until smooth and  
elastic. Place in well-greased bowl.  
Cover, let rise again until double in bulk  
—about two hours. Mould into loaves.  
Place in well-greased bread pans, filling  
them half full. Cover and let rise again  
until double in bulk, about one hour.  
Bake forty to fifty minutes.

This makes three one-and-one-half-  
pound loaves.

## White Bread

### Quick Method

- |                                  |                                       |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 2 cakes of Com-<br>pressed Yeast | 2 tablespoonfuls of<br>lard or butter |
| 1 quart of lukewarm<br>water     | 3 quarts of sifted<br>flour           |
| 2 tablespoonfuls of<br>sugar     | 1 tablespoonful of<br>salt            |

Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm  
water, add lard or butter, and half the  
flour. Beat until smooth, then add salt  
and balance of the flour, or enough to  
make dough that can be handled. Knead  
until smooth and elastic. Place in greased  
bowl, cover and set aside in a moderately  
warm place, free from draft, until light  
—about one and one-half hours. Mould  
into loaves. Place in well-greased bread  
pans, filling them half full. Cover and  
let rise one hour, or until double in bulk.  
Bake forty-five to sixty minutes.

BEST  
BY  
TEST

USE

**Saunders**  
FLAVORING  
EXTRACTS

10¢ AND 25¢

Buy advertised Goods—do not accept substitutes



# WHEN BUYING Table Napkins LOOK FOR THIS GOLD LABEL

Don't ask for "napkins"—say **NIKPAN NAPKIN**

Next best thing to linen—But cost only 60c to \$2 per dozen, (according to size), **hemmed ready for use.** Many sizes and patterns.

If not at dealer's, write us his name and we'll send you free sample.

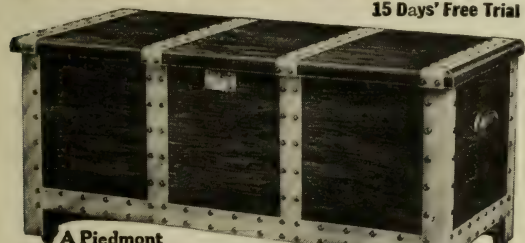
WM. M. AUSTIN & CO. 54 Leonard St., New York

Ask to see NIKPAN Tray Cloths and Bureau Scarfs. Also Table Tops (36 x 36 and 44 x 44)



## Moth-Proof Cedar Chest

15 Days' Free Trial



**A Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest** protects furs and woollens from moths, mice, dust and damp. Ideal wedding, birthday or graduation gift. Factory prices. Freight prepaid. **Book Free** Write for 64-page, finely illustrated catalog and book. **15 days free trial** Story of Red Cedar. Postpaid, free to you. Write today. **PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 185, STATESVILLE, N. C.**

Better bread and more of it—that is a good modern ideal.

## Fleischmann's Yeast

helps it to come true. It makes it easy to make good bread. Our new Recipe Book tells how.

**The Fleischmann Company**

701 Washington Street

New York City



**Minute Tapioca**  
You'll Like It.  
Everybody Likes It.

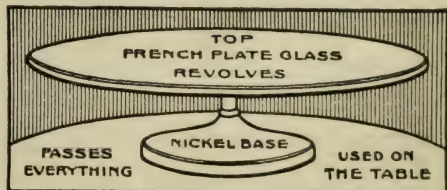
Used as Standard in  
"Practical Dietetics"

the standard text-book in most cooking schools and training schools for nurses. The original quick cooking tapioca. Requires no soaking. Cooked in fifteen minutes. Sold everywhere in packages bearing the picture of the Minuteman. If you want a generous trial sample, send your grocer's name and yours on a postal for

**Sample Free** and Minuteman Cook Book . .

MINUTE TAPIOCA CO., 613 W. Main St., Orange, Mass.

## A Model Waitress



**Servette**

solves the waitress problem and gives perfect table service.

SERVETTE is a revolving arrangement whereby you help yourself without disturbing others. It stands in the center of your table and enables the diners to eat and converse without interruption.

No maid need be present to place a restraint on conversation—neither need the hostess be jumping up every minute. Doubles the pleasure of mealtime. It's a necessary table appointment for everyday use and when guests are present.

Handsome and ornamental. Comes in two parts—top of French Plate Glass (Sterling Silver or Solid Gold Filigree if desired) and base of nickel. A splendid gift for Wedding, Anniversary, Birthday etc.

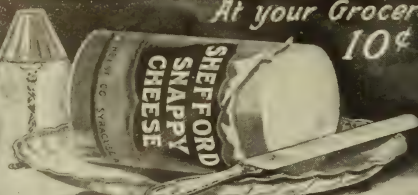
Try SERVETTE for Ten Days—if not satisfied your money will be refunded. Prices (prepaid) \$8.50 and up.

WRITE FOR HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET DESCRIBING THE MANY USES OF SERVETTE . . .

**The McGraw Manufacturing Co.**  
14 SOUTH ST., MCGRAW, N. Y.



At your Grocers  
10¢



# SHEFFORD TRADE MARK SNAPPY CHEESE

*A Dainty Aid to Digestion—One of 20 Ways*

**If Not at Your Dealers Buy by Parcels Post**

Shefford Snappy Cheese

Pimento Snappy Cheese

Shefford Welsh Rarebit

We will assort parcels post orders as desired

One Dozen in Carton - \$1.20 prepaid  
Half Dozen in Carton - .60 prepaid

Snappy Cheese fresh from our Factory and curing plant is carried by Grocers in largest cities and towns.  
If you don't find it easily, get your friends to join you and send an order directly to us.  
A Booklet "20 Ways to Serve" Free on request.

*Shefford Cheese Co. Syracuse, N.Y.*



## 1847 ROGERS BROS.

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*



Send for  
catalogue "E-8".

**The Cromwell**

A design of beautiful simplicity.  
Sold by leading dealers.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.  
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

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SAN FRANCISCO

## Every Can of Mustard is Dated

Before it leaves our factory. In connection with our system of records, this allows us to determine the source of the seed contained in every can, so that in case of any complaint concerning flavor or quality we can instantly put our hand on the cause of the defect and prevent its recurrence.

Here is one reason why **Stickney & Poor's Mustard** is always uniform in color and flavor. It helps explain why you get the same results every time you use it.



Almost every grocer sells it in  $\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. cans at 10c. and 20c. Write for our book of receipts; you will be delighted with it.

**Stickney & Poor's Other Products** are: Pepper, Cinnamon, Cloves, Ginger, Mace, Pimento, Sage, Savory, Marjoram, Celery Salt, Curry Powder, Paprika, Tapioca, Nutmeg, Cassia, Allspice, Whole Mixed Spice, Pastry Spice, Turmeric, Thyme, Soda, Cream of Tartar, Rice Flour, Potato Flour, Sausage Seasoning, Poultry Seasoning and Flavoring Extracts.

**STICKNEY & POOR SPICE CO.**

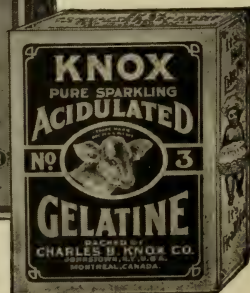
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THE NATIONAL  
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Why not serve a different ice, jelly or other sweet at each social gathering? You can do it with **KNOX GELATINE** and the dishes will be "Dainty—Light—Cool and Tempting"—delightful alike to eye and palate.



RECIPE BOOK  
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Containing choice recipes for desserts, Salads, Candies, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, etc., sent **FREE** for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2 cent stamp.

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The free recipe book referred to in this advertisement is by Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor of the Boston Cooking-School Magazine

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Adds the finishing touch to a dainty luncheon or the most gorgeous dinner. An incomparable dressing for any salad—for fresh lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, cabbage, celery, beets, cold slaw, cold beans or peas—for meats, fish—for eggs or cheese dish, etc. Many uses—many reasons for using.



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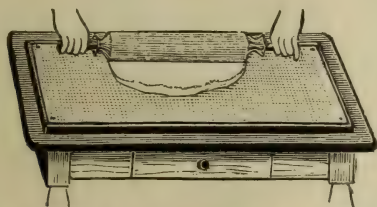
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Formerly of F. A. WALKER & CO., the Oldest Kitchen Store in New England  
410 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.



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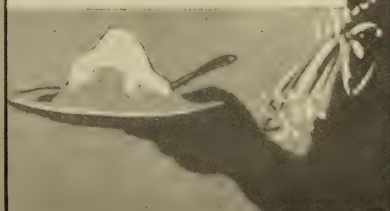
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Then you know it's pure.  
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## Triple Motion White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer

It will be smoother, richer, more whole-  
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# Your Wife Wants

a Plain Cabinet Glenwood, it is so Smooth and Easy to Clean. No filigree or fussy ornamentation, just the natural black iron finish—"The Mission Style" applied to a range. A room saver too—like the upright piano. Every essential refined and improved upon.

## The Broad, Square Oven

with perfectly straight sides is very roomy. The Glenwood oven heat indicator, Improved baking damper, Sectional top, Revolving grate and Roller bearing ash-pan are each worthy of special mention.

## The Glenwood Gas Range

**Coal, Wood and Gas Range.**  
This Range is also made with Elevated gas oven, or if gas is not desired, with Reservoir on right end. It can be furnished with fire-box at either right or left of oven as ordered.

burner top, is made to bolt neatly to the end of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood coal range. It matters not whether your kitchen is large or small—there's a Plain Glenwood made to fit it.

# Glenwood Ranges

Write for free booklet 48 of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood Range to  
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## Perfect Cooking

**With Least Trouble and Expense**

The Chambers Fireless Cooking Gas Range is an improved gas cooker combined with a fireless cooker, and does the work of both—better than either. Retains goodness and flavor. Pays for itself in better food and and 50% fuel saving.

Sent on trial. 20 sizes and styles. Catalogs FREE.

**DOMESTIC EQUIPMENT CO.**  
36 W. Lake St., Chicago



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If drugs and tonics cure hair troubles, why don't all Barbers and Druggists have fine hair? **DANDRUFF — BALDNESS — FALLING HAIR**, all Hair and Scalp Troubles Cured and Prevented **WITHOUT** Drugs, Tonics, Oils, Shampoos, Lotions or Apparatus. Easy method. Use at home. Either sex—any age. Results guaranteed. Testimonials sent on request. Full Personal Course Two Dollars. **Chas. E. Smith, H. D., 1150 Merchants Exchange Bank B'd'g, Lake Preston, S. D.**

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Style No 1

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# Brown Your Hair With Walnut Tint Hair Stain

Light Spots, Gray or Streaked  
Hair Quickly Stained to a  
Beautiful Brown or  
Black.



## Trial Bottle Sent Upon Request.

Nothing gives a woman the appearance of age more surely than gray, streaked or faded hair. Just a touch now and then with Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain and presto! Youth has returned again.

No one would ever suspect that you stained your hair after you use this splendid preparation. It does not rub off as dyes do, and leaves the hair nice and fluffy, with a beautiful brown color, or black if you prefer.

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, is easily and quickly applied, and it is free from lead, sulphur, silver, and all metallic compounds. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction.

Send your name and address, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 1910 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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# ELECTRO SILICON

Silver  
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will make your silverware a joy to look upon. Does not scratch or injure the finest surface. Easily applied—economical. Refuse substitutes. Send address for

## FREE SAMPLE

Or, 15c. in stamps for full sized box, post-paid.

The Electro Silicon Co.  
30 Cliff Street, New York City.

Sold by Grocers and  
Druggists Everywhere.

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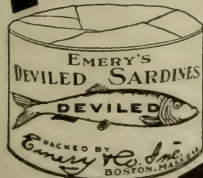
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Is just the tasty treat  
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Something New—Nutritious—  
Appetizing—Wholesome.

The whole fish product, seasoned with spices, oils, vinegar, etc. Prepared by experts. Packed in enamel-lined, air tight, 10 and 15 cent packages—thoroughly sterilized.

The Best of one of the Cleanest Fish That Swims  
ALL READY TO SERVE SPREADS LIKE BUTTER



Deliciously good dishes easily prepared at home or on outings. Our leaflet giving attractive recipes prepared by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, editor of this magazine, sent free on request.

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## "Voilà le grand secret de la cuisine française"

("Here is the great secret of French Cooking.")

Many cooks famous for the delightful aroma, the appetizing, tasty zest, the distinctive "different" flavor, the rich color of their food, guard their use of Kitchen Bouquet as a valuable secret, and it is.

## KITCHEN BOUQUET

gives a reputation for good cookery

It adds the "touch" to gravies, hashes, soups, stews and like dishes that has made French cooking famous.

Send to-day for your Sample bottle.

A generous trial bottle and book of recipes sent free, if you will give us your grocer's name.  
Kitchen Bouquet in 25c bottles at grocers'.

THE PALISADE MANUFACTURING CO.  
353 Clinton Ave. West Hoboken, N. J.



**I**N laboratory practice, *aseptic* cleanliness of persons and things is a fixed law. Doctors and chemists use Ivory Soap to secure this degree of cleanliness because the purer the soap, the better its action as an antiseptic.

Likewise, in the home where Ivory Soap is used for

the bath, the toilet and for cleaning better-than-ordinary things, the same aseptic cleanliness is secured.

That is why the cleanliness produced by an Ivory Soap bath feels as good as it looks—why it is glowing, refreshing, healthy, in contrast to that cleanliness which is the mere absence of dust and soil.

A piece of Ivory Soap  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches dissolved in a gallon of water makes a one per cent solution which is excellent for sterilizing articles in the home, such as manicuring instruments, combs, razors, utensils used by the sick, etc.

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Ask for it by it's full name  
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cious natural flavor,  
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*As there are many inferior  
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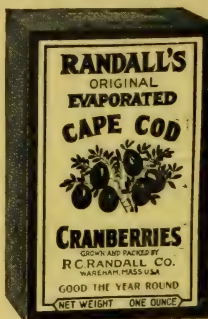
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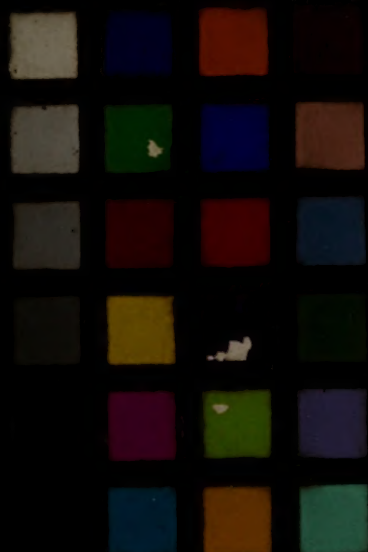
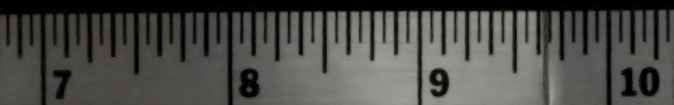
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